











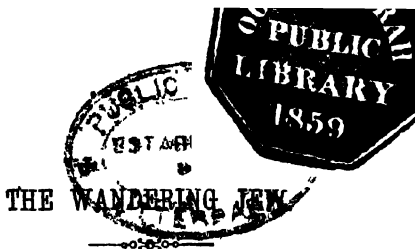


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## EPÎLOGUE.

### THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

THE polar sea embraces with a girdle of everlasting ice the extremities of Siberia and North America—the furthest limits of the two hemispheres, which are separated by Behring's Straits. September draws to a close; the gloomy and stormy equinox has returned; night will be soon succeeded by one of those polar days, so short and sad. The dusky blue is partially illumined by a cheerless sun, whose faint disc, hardly seen above the horizon, grows pale by contact with the dazzling snow which is spread over these extensive wastes. Northward, this desert is bounded by lofty black rocks, at the foot of which lies a congealed ocean, whose waves are now turned into huge hazy mountains of ice, their blue summits being enveloped in snowy mist. Eastward, betwixt the two points of Cape East, is observed a space of dark green along which ponderous blocks of ice are slowly proceeding. This is Behring's Straits. Beyond the Straits stand the granite masses of Cape Wales, which constitute the furthest point of North America. These dreary wastes do not belong to the habitable world. Human beings could not exist in these bleak regions. Still, traces of footsteps are discernible on the snow. On the side of America are prints of a little foot, signifying progress towards the rocks, from which are seen the bleak

wastes of Siberia. On the side of Asia, a larger footprint indicates the progress of a man. These imprints also point towards the strait. It might be surmised that this man and woman, on their arrival at the extremities of the globe, from opposite points, had desired to obtain a glance of each other across the strait which divides the two worlds. More astonishing still, this man and woman cross these wastes during a dreadful tempest. Two or three barren trees, the growth of ages, had been torn up by the hurricane, and scattered far and wide. During this elemental warfare, mountains of ice had been shook to their base, hurling mass upon mass with a noise like loud thunder; yet the travellers proceed on their way without turning aside for one moment from a direct line.

But who may those two beings be who traverse these wastes calmly during these convulsions and upheavings of nature?

Designedly, or through chance or fate under the soles of the man's foot are seven nails, leaving the figure of a cross, and wherever he steps he leaves its impression behind him:—



On observing these deep indents upon the frozen snow, one would be led to imagine that they had been impressed by a foot of brass on a marble surface. Dismal darkness without twilight succeeds the day. Through the dazzling reflection of the snow, the unblemished waste is seen to spread itself under a sombre blue sky. Faint starlight vanishes in this icy vault; solemn silence reigns continually. In the direction of Behring's Straits, the horizon is tinged with a faint gleam—a soft light similar to that which appears before the rising of the moon—it increases, and assumes a roseate tint. Thick darkness overspreads all other

parts of the firmament. In the midst of this total darkness a strange and confused sound is heard. The aurora borealis, a magnificent and frequent meteor in the polar regions, suddenly appears. A semi-globe of dazzling light is formed on the horizon, from the centre of which issue immense columns of light, and shoot up high in the air, and illumine every part to which their brightness can penetrate; then dazzling refractions of light glide over the snowy desert, crimsoning the crystal tops of the icy mountains, and tinge with a deep red the dark lofty rocks.

Shortly after this meteoric display, the aurora borealis, gradually grows paler, and eventually loses itself in a luminous mist. Then, by a singular illusion the two continents appear to be so near, that it seems almost possible to connect them by a bridge. Two human beings now appear, surrounded by transparent vapour, which extends from shore to shore. A man on his knees on the Siberian cape, seems to be extending his arms towards America, with an expression of unutterable despair; a young and beautiful woman appears on the American promontory, and in response to the despondent bearing of the man points up towards heaven.

For the space of a few seconds these two forms are beheld, faint and vapoury, in the parting gleams of the aurora borealis. The vapour then becomes thicker, and all disappear.

Where do those two beings come from, who meet in the polar regions, at the extremities of the two worlds? Who are those two creatures, brought together for an instant by an optical illusion, who seem everlastingly separated?

## CHAPTER. I.

## THE WHITE FALCON INN—MOROK.

NEAR the close of October, 1831, although it was still daylight, a lamp with four branches shed its faint light around the walls of the granary, the only window of which was closed, for the purpose of shutting out the light of the declining day. A ladder, whose end reached higher than the trap-door, served for a staircase. Iron chains, spikes, saw-teeth, shackles, and long tubes of steel fixed into wooden handles, were thrown indiscriminately about the floor; and a small portable stove stood in one corner, piled up with dried wood and charcoal, ready to be lighted.

Close to this strange medley of implements were a coat of mail, a battle-axe, two long pikes, with stains of blood upon them; two Tyrolean carbines, seemingly cocked and loaded. Blended with these warlike instruments, were those of a different character; rosaries, chaplets, medals, *agnus dei*, founts for holy water, images of saints, and a quantity of pamphlets printed at Friburgh, in which sundry modern miracles are related; likewise an autograph of J. C. dedicated to one of the faithful, and one with horrible predictions concerning impious and revolutionary France, for the years 1831 and 1832. On a painting on canvas that was suspended from one of the beams of the roof, was an inscription as follows:—

“The astonishing conversion of Ignace Morok, commonly called the prophet, who came to Friburgh in the year 1822.”

This picture is separated into three compartments, and portrays three phases in the convert's life.

First, there is the representation of a man in the habiliments of the savage tribes of Northern Siberia: deer-skin, with a grim countenance, a long white beard, and a black cap on his head. Bending forward in his

sledge, he is urging forward six large dogs, to escape from a herd of foxes, wolves, and bears. Underneath are these words:—

“In 1810, Morok was an idolator, and fled from the pursuit of ravenous beasts.”

The representation on the second compartment is that of a man clothed as a catechumen, prostrate on his knees before another in a long black gown. An angel with a forbidding mien, holding a trumpet in one hand and a flaming sword in the other, is seen in one corner of the picture. The angel is uttering these words:—

“The idolator Morok fled from the pursuit of ravenous beasts, but wild beasts now flee from before Ignace Morok, who was converted and baptized at Friburgh.”

The convert is represented in the third compartment with a haughty and proud air, his head upraised, his left hand resting on his side, his right hand stretched forth, while ferocious beasts crouch at his feet in frightened submission.

Beneath are these words, as a concluding moral of the power that mind effects over physical strength:—

“Ignace Morok is converted: ravenous beasts lie in submission at his feet.”

Near the picture are several pamphlets, giving a detail of the wonderful power that the converted Morok acquired over animals: he displaying this power daily, not to exhibit his own courage, but to glorify the Lord.

There escaped from the trap-door of the granary an offensive odour, and every now and then a terrible growl was heard. Morok was gone in the loft. He was clothed in a long red pelisse, trimmed with sable fur; his complexion was bronzed with the sun, to which his wandering life from childhood had subjected him. His hair was of a yellowish hue, and hung straight and matted upon his shoulders, as is customary in the tribes of the Polar regions. He had a keen black eagle-eye, the iris surrounded with a white circle.



Morok was seated before a table, and, opening a little casket filled with crosses and other relics of a devout nature; and also several sealed packages, he took one of the packets, put it into the pocket of his robe, and shutting the secret drawer, placed it on a shelf. This took place about four o'clock in the afternoon, at the "White Falcon," the only *auberge* of the little village of Mockern, situated near Leipsic."

A noise, like distant thunder, annoyed the prophet, who, leaping to his feet, shouted, "Be still, Cain!"

A third tremendous shouting induced the prophet to proceed towards the trap-door, and, addressing an animal by the frightful appellation of *Death*, commanded it to be quiet; but, notwithstanding the threatening tone of the prophet, he could not obtain quietness; on the contrary, the barking of several dogs became intermixed with the howling of the wild beasts.

Morok got hold of a spear, and was just going to descend the ladder, when a man opportunely made his appearance. The face of the new comer was tanned from being exposed to the sun. He had on a white broad-brimmed hat, a jacket, and green trousers. His gaiters, enveloped with dust, and a bag strapped to his back, showed that he had travelled a considerable distance.

"May the devil take these animals," he cried, as he entered, "Three days' absence appears to have made them forget me." This was spoken in German.

Morok inquired, in the same language, but with a foreign accent, and with great anxiety, "Good or bad news, Karl?"

"Good news."

"You met them."

"I did, yesterday; not far from Wittemburg."

"Praise to God!" cried Morok, clasping his hands in a satisfied manner; "were they described correctly?"

"Oh yes, true to the letter. The two young ladies wear mourning, the aged man has moustaches, and a blue bonnet."

"And where have you left them?"

"About a league from here. In half an hour's time, they will be here."

"Did you converse with them?"

"I attempted to do so, but failed."

"In what way?"

"Hear me. I followed them yesterday till evening; then I met them as it were by chance, and accosting the old man, in German, I said, 'Good-day, and a pleasant journey, comrade.' Instead of replying, he looked sternly at me, and, lifting his stick, pointed to the other side of the way."

"He may be a Frenchman, and not understand German."

"He can speak German as well as you; I heard him give orders for all that he and his companions wanted."

"Did you not try to converse with him, before retiring to bed?"

"I did, but he answered me in such a strange manner that I thought it best not to reply. I would caution you to be on your guard; that man has a sinister look. Although he has grey moustaches, he seems vigorous and resolute; and he who encounters him will find his match; therefore, master, be careful; be watchful."

"My black panther, Java," said Morok, with a cautious smile, "is powerful, and never fails to perform his work."

"Yes—Death is still as spiteful and destructive as ever. It is peaceable only with you."

"Notwithstanding the vigour and strength of the old man, it is thus that I shall be able to overcome him."

"Still I would advise you to take care of yourself, master; for, believe me, you will never convert into a lamb the old wolf who will shortly be here."

"Cain, my lion, and Judas, my tiger, crouch before me, and roll at my feet, do they not?"

"To be sure they do, because they possess means—"

"It is because I have *faith*—that is all," interrupted Morok. "The Lord gives me power to overcome the most savage beasts, why then should he not enable me to prevail over men, who are perverted and wicked?"

Karl, either from believing the assertions of his master, or the inability to argue the matter with him, humbly replied, "You are more learned than I, master; what you do is always done well."

"Did you keep the old man and the two young girls in sight all the way?"

"I did, or nearly so; I know the country, and by taking shorter paths across to the mountain, I arrived at the highway before they did, and then doubled my pace, so that I might be here before them, and be the bearer of what you call good news."

"All right. I will reward you; for if these persons had escaped me,—" the prophet shuddered, and the disturbed features and flattering voice showed that he attached great importance to the information he had just received."

"Oh, by-the-bye," said Karl, "a Russian courier, who passed all the way from St. Petersburg to Leipzig, without halting, to see you; perhaps it was for—"

"Who informed you," interrupted Morok, "that the courier had any connection with these travellers? You are mistaken; and you should know nothing but what I tell you."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, master; I will say no more about the matter. I will go and assist Goliath to feed the beasts, for it is about supper time; it will not do you know, to forget the worthy giant."

"Goliath is not within; moreover he must not know of your arrival. Neither the old man nor the young ladies must ever see you—their suspicions would be aroused if they did."

"Where shall I have to go then?"

"You must go into the stable, and stay there for my orders; probably you may have to start for Leipzig to-night."

"As you please, I have in my bag a sufficient quantity of provisions; but, master, bear in mind what I told you respecting the old man with the grey moustaches. He is a determined fellow, and I fear would turn out a troublesome customer. Beware of him."

"Don't be uneasy on my account. I am always prepared."

"May good luck attend you, master," said Karl, and departed to the stable.

After waving his hand to his servant, the Prophet paced up and down the loft for some time; then opening the casket containing his papers, he took out a letter, which he perused with great attention. From time to time, he walked towards the closed shutter, and listened with great anxiety; he was impatient for the arrival of the three persons in whom he appeared deeply interested.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE TRAVELLERS.

DURING the time the foregoing scene was passing at the "White Falcon," the three personages whose arrival the prophet had so impatiently waited for, were quietly pursuing their way through verdant meadows bounded on one side by the public road which led to the village of Mockern. In a pathway cut through the meadows, two young ladies, probably not more than fifteen, were seated on a white horse, led by a tall old man, with bronzed face, and grey moustaches, who, from time to time gazed on the two delicate young ladies with anxious solicitude. Following behind was one of those dogs which the northern Siberian tribes use to draw their sledges, and which, in size and shape, resembled the wolf.

Scarcely anything could be more affecting and interesting than this little party. One of the young girls

held the loose reins in her left hand, whilst her right arm was passed round the waist of her sleeping sister, whose head was resting on her shoulder, and whose form swayed gracefully to the horse's movements. These two sisters were twins—orphans—and were called Rose and Blanche. They were so similar in form and features, that it was puzzling at first to distinguish one from the other. Rose was at this time—according to the plan of their protector, a veteran soldier, fulfilling the duty, which was taken in turns, of supporting the other. Their sweet faces were partly concealed by black velvet bonnets, beneath which a profusion of ringlets of a light chestnut hue, flowed gracefully upon their delicate shoulders. Their rosy cheeks, and coral lips were indications of health; their large bright blue eyes, from which innocence and gentleness beamed, bespoke the sweetness of their disposition; whilst their pure and white brows, small noses, and dimpled chins, gave to their features an air of candour and amiability.

When the little group was overtaken by a storm, the old soldier would wrap around his charge a mantle made of the skin of rein-deer, and pull over their faces a hood made of the same impenetrable material. On this day the weather was calm and serene, so the mantle loosely encircled the knees of the interesting orphans, while the hood hung behind the saddle. Rose with her right arm encircling the waist of her sleeping sister, gazed upon her with an expression of tenderness almost motherly.

The guide and protector was an old republican soldier of the Imperial guard, about fifty years of age; his countenance morose and grave; his limbs powerful, and a heart known only for its fearless nature. But despite the grim countenance of Dagobert—for he was so nicknamed—he showed the utmost tenderness for the orphans—a tenderness almost maternal. There is heroism in affection. The old soldier possessed at once the heart of a mother and that of a hero. The

guide would occasionally turn round to the horse which bore the orphans, and, patting it on the back, encouraged the mute animal by kind words. Two scars, one on the side, the other on the neck, was evidence that it had been his companion on the battle-field. Although six months had elapsed since they commenced their travels, this courageous beast proceeded on its way as lightly as when it first started. Jovial, whose long teeth at once told his age, indulged in a singular trick that amused those who witnessed it. For the sake of contrast, the dog was named Rabat Joie, (Mar-joy,) and being constantly at his owner's heels, at times came within reach of Jovial, who without ceremony, seized the dog by the back, and carried it several paces. Rabat Joie submitted willingly to the joke for a short time, but if carried on too long, the dog would manifest his displeasure by growling, which induced the horse to carefully place his canine friend again on the ground.

These statements will evince the friendly feeling that existed between the twin sisters, the old soldier, the horse and the dog.

On approaching near the village of Mockern, Dagobert gazed round in seeming astonishment; and when the noise of the water-mill caught his ear his countenance became sad, and he passed his hand over his bushy whiskers; then suddenly stopped his pace, apparently in grave reflection. At this moment Blanche awoke, and, raising her head, kissed her sister; then casting her eyes upon Dagobert, she placed her white hand upon his shoulder, and said in a soft and gentle tone, "What is the matter with you, Dagobert?"

The old soldier turned round, a large tear trickled down his bronzed cheek, and was lost in the thick moustache.

"You are in trouble," cried the orphans; "do let us know the cause."

"It will make you sad, my dear children. Well, eighteen years since, at the close of the battle of Leip-

sic, I carried your father, who was shot in the shoulder, and had two sabre-wounds on the head, to this tree; I was also wounded in two places.\* We were captured by a renegade Frenchman—a marquis who had gone over to the Russians, and who afterwards—but, hold, you shall know all.” After a short pause, the veteran, pointing with his stick to the village of Mockern, continued: “Oh yes; well do I remember the spot. On these heights, your heroic father, who led us, overthrew the Russian cuirassiers. Had you beheld him at the head of our brigade, charging in front amidst a shower of balls! He was a brave commander.”

\* While the old soldier was indulging in his rhapsodies, the orphans dismounted from the horse, and knelt at the foot of an old oak. “Do not be troubled,” said Dagobert, seeing the tears falling down the crimson cheeks of the orphans. “Probably we shall see General Simon at Paris. This is like an anniversary; I intend, therefore, telling you many—a great many things concerning your father.”

“Alas! my mother—my dear mother!” exclaimed Rose, “we shall never see her more.” The old veteran took hold of both their hands, and looking tenderly in their faces, said, “Do not cry. It is a fact that your mother was one of the best of women. When she lived in Poland, she was called the ‘Gem of Warsaw,’ but she should have been called the ‘Gem of the World,’ for it would have been no easy task to find her equal. But, my children,” he continued, after subduing his emotion, “you must remember your mother’s dying words, which were, ‘To think of her often, but not to mourn for her.’”

“Be pacified, Dagobert, we will cease weeping,” said Rose; and the orphans dried their tears, and appeared composed.

“That is right, my daughters,” the veteran said, on seeing them more cheerful. “I am glad when I see you smile, and hear you conversing together pleasant-

ly. But we must now hurry on towards Mockern, so that we may be there before night-fall. I must secure you a lodging; with regard to myself, now that our purse is nearly empty, I must content myself with lying at your door, on a straw mattress, with Rabat Joie for my companion."

"And more, Dagobert," said Rôse; "to save our little store, you tell us that you must attend to our domestic affairs yourself, and when we arrive at a resting-place, you commence washing as if it were not—"

"What!" interrupted the veteran; "I permit you to soil your pretty little hands? Don't you know that a soldier in camp always washes his own linen? and in washing and ironing I was always considered *au fait*. Until we arrive at Paris, I will continue as I have commenced; when there, our papers and the medal round your neck will do the rest."

"On her death-bed, our mother gave this to us," said Blanche, taking from her bosom a small bronze medal, on which was the following inscription:—

"Victim.  
of  
L.C.D.J.  
Pray for me,  
Paris,  
13th February 1682."

"Paris,  
3, St. Francis-street.  
In a century and a half  
will be  
the 13th February, 1832.  
PRAY FOR ME."

"What is the meaning of this inscription, Dagobert? Mother did not know."

"We will speak about it to-night. Come, my dear children; one more look at the spot where your father fell, and then to horse."

The orphans cast a sorrowful look at the spot, and then, with the assistance of Dagobert, remounted Jovial.

On arriving at Mockern, the veteran inquired of a man for the cheapest inn in the village, and the "White Falcon" was pointed out to him.



Morok impatiently opened the aperture on the left, which commanded a view of the "White Falcon." He anxiously gazed around for the orphan girls and the soldier, but not seeing them, he paced impatiently backwards and forwards, with his arms folded. Being a native of the north of Siberia, Morok in his youth had been exceedingly intrepid, and one of the most daring hunters. In 1810, he forsook that calling and became the guide of a Russian engineer, engaged in surveying the polar regions. Subsequently he was employed as an imperial courier, in subjection to the caprice of a despot, who would despatch him on a frail sledge from Persia to the Frozen Ocean.

Morok, after pacing several times up and down the loft, stopped suddenly, held his head towards the window, and listened. The prophet had the keen sense in hearing of a savage. "They come! they come!" he exclaimed; and his eyes gleamed with pleasure. Certain of his prey, Morok retired from the aperture, and began to reflect how he should carry out his plans; then approaching the ladder, he called out, "Goliath."

"I am here, master," was answered in a hoarse voice.

"Then come here," said the prophet.

"I am just come from the slaughter-house, and have brought the meat."

This fellow, who was correctly named Goliath, was above six feet high, with an Herculean frame. His deep-set eyes and low forehead, his matted hair and bushy beard, gave him the appearance of a savage. Between his teeth he carried a piece of meat, weighing ten or twelve pounds. He adopted this plan of carrying the meat, that he might have his hands at liberty in ascending the ladder. When he arrived in the loft, he opened his mouth, dropped the piece of beef, and licked the blood from off his moustaches.

"Were you about when those travellers arrived at the inn?"

"I was, master, I was on my way from the slaughter-house."

"Well, what do they appear like?"

"They appear like two girls on a white horse, and an old man with large moustaches. But where is my cleaver? the beasts are hungry, I also am hungry—and—"

"Did you perceive into which apartment they were shown?"

"They were conducted into the building from where there is a view into the fields. But—"

A terrible roar interrupted Goliah, making the walls of the loft shake.

"Hear you that, master?" cried Goliah, "hunger maddens them; they should have had their suppers two hours since."

The prophet, without heeding him, said, "The young girls, then, are in the building at the bottom of the court."

Having no thought for anything but the beasts and his own supper, Goliah remained silent.

"Reply, you brute!"

"If I be a brute, I have the strength of brutes," retorted Goliah, in a husky tone; and when contending with brutes, I generally perform my part."

After a momentary pause, Morok said, "Goliah, you must not feed the animals this evening. Attend to me; obey, and hold your tongue." Then pacing thoughtfully up and down the loft, he continued, "You know the burgomaster's house, where I was this morning. Proceed there, and ask the servant, if I shall meet with her master if I call to-morrow early."

"Oh, the misery of hunger!" cried the giant; "must I go there before I feed the beasts? I would Karl were here; he could perhaps tell me why you won't allow me to feed them. The eyes of Death are already like two balls of fire; permit me to give it only a mouthful."

"You must not feed the panther; if you are hungry," said Morok, pointing to the raw meat, "there is a sufficiency of meat—eat."

"I seldom eat without my beasts, nor do they without me."

The prophet placed his hand on the shoulder of Goliath, and said in a friendly tone, "There are florins to be gained to-night."

"How?" inquired Goliath, with an air of pleasure.

"By proceeding to the burgomaster's; but before you set out, kindle the fire, put the end of this iron into it, then speedily return, and wait for me here."

Morok then descended the ladder, and vanished.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MOROK AND DAGOBERT.

AFTER Dagobert had arrived at the inn, and attended to the comfort of his little charge, he commenced with the greatest nonchalance to wash the different articles that would be required for his next day's journey. The old veteran's chief thought was to economise the orphan's light purse, and spare them trouble. These feminine occupations form part of a soldier's duty; a day of battle brings into use needles, thread, buttons, and scissors; a wound in the body is sure to bring with it a rent in the garment. Dagobert then, as before said, to the amusement of a number of beer-drinkers seated at the window of the *auberge*, was busy washing. At this moment Morok made his appearance, advanced towards the washerman, and attentively looking at him, said,

"It seems, friend, you do not place much confidence in the washerwomen of Mockern."

The old soldier looked up, knitted his brow, and went on with his washing in silence. Puzzled at receiving no answer, the prophet continued,

"I am not mistaken, my brave fellow, when I say you are French. Those scars on your arm, and your

military appearance, evidently proclaim you are an old soldier of the Empire. For a hero, your present avocation is rather derogatory."

Dagobert continued silent, bit his lips, while the quick manner with which he rubbed the soap upon the handkerchief he had in one hand, plainly showed that he was irritated.

Morok, not to be foiled in his design, continued, "I feel certain, my brave fellow, that you are neither deaf nor dumb; therefore, I wish to know how it is you will not give me a reply."

Losing control over himself, Dagobert turned quickly round, and said, in a deep, hollow voice, "I know nothing about you, sir, nor do I wish to do. Leave me." He then went on with his washing.

"My good fellow," said Morok, "if you will take a glass of wine, we can establish our acquaintanceship. I have been a soldier as well as you; and a recital of our campaigns will probably make us friends, and cause you to be more civil."

Dagobert could scarcely curb his irritated feelings; but as he perceived in the looks of his interlocutor a desire to provoke him, he thought it best to be silent.

"What is the reason you won't take a glass of wine with me? We can talk about France; it is a fine country. I was there for a long time. I feel delighted when I meet with a Frenchman, especially when he can handle soap as you do. If I had a housekeeper, I should assuredly put her under your tuition."

This taunt, coupled with the insolent look that accompanied it, plainly told Dagobert that a serious quarrel might arise, to avoid which, he grasped the bucket, and carried it to the other end of the porch, hoping in this way to terminate a matter which tried so much his patience.

Morok still persevered in his taunting and insulting remarks respecting the occupation in which Dagobert was engaged; and two or three times the old soldier was on the point of resorting to force to silence the

prophet, when he suddenly withheld his ire on thinking of the orphans. At last the affair began to assume a serious aspect; and spectators began to assemble from all sides of the *auberge*, forming a circle around the two disputants.

"I say again," cried Morok; "that you are not civil; and I charge you with being an uncouth fellow. Can you say anything to that?"

Dagobert coolly replied, "Nothing!"

"Nothing!" retorted the prophet: "but I tell you at once, that when an honest man offers a stranger a glass of wine, that stranger should be taught manners who returns the kindness with insult."

Big drops of perspiration gathered upon the forehead of the old soldier, while the bushy tuft of hair hanging from his under lip worked convulsively. Still he overcame his rage, and seizing one of the handkerchiefs, he began to wring it, humming an old barrack ditty with apparent indifference.

The prophet turned round to the spectators, and said, with a sarcastic sneer, "It is well known that the soldiers of Napoleon were pagans, who turned churches into stables, and did many times a day unholy things in the eyes of the Lord, and who were justly slaughtered and drowned, (like the Egyptians,) at Beresina: but we scarcely knew that the Lord, to punish these miscreants, had now taken away their courage, which was all that they formerly possessed. There stands the man who has insulted one of God's anointed servants; he pretends not to be aware that I must have an apology, or else—"

"Or else," repeated the old soldier, without deigning to look at the prophet.

"Or else I will demand satisfaction. I told you I also had been in the battle-field. We shall find swords here, and to-morrow, at day-break, meet me behind these ruins, and we can then see what colour our blood is—that is to say, if your veins contain any."

It was never anticipated by the spectators there

would be such a *dénouement*; and they expressed their disapproval. "Fight! ridiculous!" cried one; "you seem anxious for a wooden doublet. Are you not aware that the law here forbids duelling? Should you be taken with arms in your hands, the burgomaster will forthwith imprison you, and you will have to stay three months before your trial comes on."

"Would you inform against us?" asked Morok.

"No, not we," said the burghers; "but we would advise you to refrain from breaking the law, or you will get into prison."

"I do not care for the prison," said the prophet; "let me have swords, and to-morrow I can think of what the burgomaster can say or do."

"And what use would you make of swords?" coolly asked Dagobert.

"Get one into your hand, and let me have one in mine, then you will see how I respect the honour of the Lord," said Morok.

The old soldier shrugged his shoulders, gathered his clothes together, tied them in a handkerchief; then, wiping the soap, put it carefully into a little glazed bag, and, whistling his favourite air of 'Tulenont, began to walk away.

Morok, afraid that his provocation would not take effect, advanced towards Dagobert, stood firmly, as if to stop him; then, crossing his arms upon his breast, and measuring him from head to foot with a contemptuous look, said: "Is it thus, that one of the brigand Napoleon's old soldiers is only fit to be a washerwoman; and refuses to give satisfaction?"

"It is true," the old soldier replied, with a firm voice, his face pale with rage, "it is true; he refuses to fight."

Dagobert, who was ever renowned for his bravery, could not have showed his love for the orphans more touchingly, than by submitting to this insult.

"Bah, sneaking coward! your conduct shows you are one," cried the prophet.

At this fresh insult the old soldier appeared to lose his patience, and was just on the point of giving way to his passion, when a sudden thought restrained him, and he continued silent; his forehead bathed in perspiration. The grim and terrible look of Dagobert awed Morok and those who witnessed it, and they drew back a little. Solemn silence reigned for a short time, which was ended by one of the spectators, who said:

"The old soldier, I'll be bound, is no coward. To refuse to fight frequently shows as much courage as to accept a challenge. For my part I think the prophet is wrong. This stranger, if detected fighting, would be subject to imprisonment."

"Besides," added another, "he is travelling with two young ladies, and therefore it would be wrong for him to fight for a trifle. If he were slain, or taken prisoner, what would become of the poor ladies?"

The old soldier turned to the last speaker, who was a tall man, with a pleasant countenance, and holding out his hand, said, "I thank you, sir, sincerely."

The man cordially grasped his hand, and said, "You must come and drink with us; and we will force this devil of a prophet to recant of his bad usage of you."

Morok, chagrined at the turn matters were assuming, looked disdainfully on those who had forsaken his cause; then changing his tactics, deeming such advisable for the furtherance of his projects, he advanced to Dagobert, and said, with a look of penitence:

"These gentlemen are perhaps in the right. I have carried matters too far; I lost command of myself. I was wrong; humility is pleasing in the sight of the Lord."

This show of repentance was applauded by the spectators, who strongly urged the old soldier to take a glass of wine with them.

"I sincerely thank you again, gentlemen," said Dagobert; "you are honourable, and know that if I

accepted a glass of wine, it would be my duty to give you one in return. Poverty is no crime; I have not the means to fulfil that duty, therefore I cannot conscientiously accept a glass of wine. • We have a long way to go, and must be careful of our little store."

This was uttered with such an air of sincerity and candour, that the party pressed Dagobert no further, being sensible that to do so would be rudeness.

"I feel sorry for your situation," said the tall man. "I should have been glad for you to have taken a glass of wine with us. Good-night, my brave soldier, it is getting late, and the landlord of the White Falcon will soon turn us out."

"Good-night, gentleman," said the old soldier, going towards the stable to give his horse his second and last feed for the night.

The prophet walked towards Dagobert, and said, in a submissive tone: "I confessed that I was wrong, and begged your pardon, but you did not respond. Have you now anything to say to me?"

"Should it ever be my lot to meet you when my children no longer require me," said Dagobert, in a gruff voice, "I will say two words to you, but they shall be short and to the point." Then quickly turning his back upon Morok, he walked slowly out of the court-yard.

The buildings of the White Falcon formed a parallelogram; one of the extremities being the principal building; the servants' dwelling, in which were rooms let out at a low price formed the other. A vaulted passage through the building led to the open fields, and on each side of the court were coach and cart sheds, surrounded with granaries and hay-lofts. Dagobert went into one of the stables with a feed of oats for his horse, put them into a small sieve, and going near Jovial, began to shake it. To his surprise his travelling companion refused his provender. By the light of a lantern, he saw that the poor animal was in the greatest terror, his head in the air, his ears lying flat, his hair bristling, and trembling over his whole frame.



It was a large stable, and was only lighted by a lantern, hanging from the ceiling, which was covered with cobwebs. At a short distance from Jovial were three powerful black horses, calm and quiet, which belonged to Morok. The old soldier was struck with the contrast. He patted Jovial, who shortly became quiet, and flicked the hands of his master.

"Yes, yes, now I like to see you do so," said Dagobert.

Instantly a terrible roaring, that appeared to come from the stable, terrified Jovial. He broke his halter, leaped over the bar of his stall, and sprung into the court-yard. The old soldier started at the roaring of the beasts, which at once explained the reason of Jovial's terror. A thin partition alone separated the stable from the menagerie. Morok's horses, accustomed to these roarings, remained perfectly quiet.

"Oh, I see how it is," said Dagobert. "This is the cause of Jovial's fear." Then taking the sieve, he added, "There must be other stables here. Once installed, he will eat his corn. We shall start early in the morning."

Jovial, at Dagobert's call, immediately came to his master, who, having inquired of an ostler for a vacant stable, was pointed to one for a single horse. Completely at ease, and eating his provender, the old soldier closed the stable door, and went to his supper, that he might return to the orphans, whom he had, to his regret, left alone so long.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### ROSE, BLANCHE, AND DAGOBERT.

A small dilapidated room in one of the most remote buildings of the *auberge*, the only window of which looked into the open fields, was occupied by the orphans. A small bed, a table, and two chairs, was the

only furniture it contained. There was a lamp, which shed its dim light upon the two lovely faces of the sisters, and upon Rabat Joie, who was stretched at full length near the door, and who had twice growled surlily in looking at the window. The orphans were laid on the bed, laughing and chatting, for, notwithstanding their early sorrows, their naturally cheerful dispositions buoyed up their spirits. The recollection of their mother caused no bitter feelings, but produced a soothing melancholy, which was pleasant. To them their revered mother was not dead; she was only absent for a while.

With regard to religion, the orphans were nearly as ignorant as Dagobert, (for in the desert where they had lived, there were neither churches nor priests,) they believed that God, who was just and good, favoured the poor mother who had left her children behind her; that she always beheld them, always heard them, and frequently sent guardian angels for their protection.

The orphans were this evening, while waiting for their guardian, busily occupied in conversing about a secret which appeared to interest them much. They were discussing the necessity of revealing the secret to Dagobert, when they were interrupted by the angry growling of the dog, which fixed its eyes upon the window. Rose clung close to her sister, saying,  
 "There must be something the matter. Do you not hear Rabat Joie?"

Blanche reached out her little white hand over the bed, called to the dog, which approached her, keeping his eyes fixed on the window, and then laid his sagacious head upon the counterpane.

"Who are you angry with, Rabat Joie?" asked Rose, patting the dog's head. "Poor beast, he always is restless in Dagobert's absence."

"Don't you think he is later than usual?"

"I dare say he will be currying Jovial."

"Poor Jovial; he is always happy. We forgot to bid him good-evening; but no doubt Dagobert would do so for us."

"Dagobert is ever fully employed, and we are so lazy. I wish we were rich, then we would not permit him to do anything."

"We rich! Alas! dear sister, we shall ever be poor orphans."

"There is the medal."

"That is true; there is something connected with it. Dagobert promised to tell us all to-night; and he said had it not been for the medal, this journey would not have been undertaken."

Two panes of glass were shattered at this moment, which so alarmed the orphans that they cast themselves screaming into each other's arms, while the dog, rushed, barking furiously, to the window.

Holding their breath from fear, the orphans could not gain courage to look towards the window, where Rabat Joie continued barking.

"Oh! what can be the matter?" cried the orphans. "Where can Dagobert be?"

"Hearken! some one is coming! The footsteps are not Dagobert's. Rabat Joie, defend us!"

The tread of a heavy foot was heard on the wooden staircase, and a peculiar rustling noise resounded along the thin partition that divided the two rooms, which ended with a heavy fall that shook the door. The terrified orphans looked at each other in silence. The door was opened: Dagobert stood before them. The sisters kissed each other with joy, as if they had escaped some impending danger, and gazing on Dagobert, Rose said, in a faltering tone:

"We could not recognise your step, it was so heavy; and then the sound behind the partition!"

"You little cowards! did you imagine that I could carry my bed upon my back up stairs with as light a step as yours?"

"What simpletons we are!" The faces of the orphans, before pale, now resumed their roseate bloom.

"What is amiss with Rabat Joie?" demanded the old veteran, seeing the dog at the window.

"We cannot tell. Two panes have just been broken. It was that which first alarmed us."

The old soldier went to the window, listened, then said to the dog: "Jump out, my brave fellow, and if you find any one, seize him, and do not relax your hold till I come to your assistance."

The dog did as he was bid, but not finding any one, came back again.

"Well, my good fellow, did you perceive any one?" asked Dagobert.

The dog barked, the meaning of which Dagobert interpreted as a negative answer, and he added:

"Take another turn, then; and go into the courtyard. Search well."

The old soldier looked at the orphans, and inquired how the window had been broken.

"It appeared to us as if a shutter had been slammed against the window."

Dagobert examined the lattice, and perceiving a hook used for fastening the window in the inside, said: "There is a strong wind; perhaps the lattice has been violently closed by it, and the hook has broken the window. That is it, I believe. For what purpose could any body play such a trick. Now, my childeren, do not be alarmed; it is nothing, after all. You are aware that I have something to tell you to-night."

"And we also have something to tell you, Dagobert," said Rose. "Something of great importance.—It is a secret, a secret which affects us both."

"Affects both of you! I believe that. You are, as the proverb says, 'two heads under one hood.'"

"That is true," said Rose, laughing, "when you put both our heads under the hood of your great pelisse."

"You saucy hussy, you are always too many for me. But to your secret, my young ladies, since you have made up your minds to reveal it to me."

"Will you tell it, sister?" asked Rose.

"Not so, Miss Rose," said Dagobert; "it is your

turn, as elder sister to-day ; and the revealing of such an important secret, as you say it is, necessarily devolves upon the eldest."

"Well then, in the first place, my good Dagobert," said Rose, "now we are going to tell you our secret, promise that you will not scold us."

The old soldier gave the required promise.

Rose continued : "You must know that we had a visitor the last two evenings. This visitor had brown hair, and large blue eyes. Gabriel is his name. Is it not a pretty name ? You know, Dagobert, that Blanche and I always sleep clasping each other's hands. Well, two nights ago, on falling asleep, we had a dream. We saw a beautiful angel with a long white robe, flaxen hair, and large blue eyes. We joined our hands and were going to pray, when he said, in a mild tone, that his name was Gabriel ; that our mother sent him to be our guardian angel, and that he would ever be with us. Then, after stopping a short time, his eyes fixed on ours, he retired, telling us he would visit us the next evening. When he came again the following evening, he spoke a long time, giving us, in the name of our mother, good and pleasant advice. The next day, Blanche and I spent all our time in calling to remembrance every little word that our guardian angel had spoken."

"Well, well, dream on, my little dears," said Dagobert ; "but the time is come when we must speak of other matters. I must tell you everything."

After a pause, the old soldier said, "Your father, General Simon, was son to an honest tradesman, he enlisted as a private soldier, rose to be a general, and afterwards a marshal of France. It is now nineteen years since he fell dangerously wounded near the tree I pointed out to you. I ran to his assistance, but in a few minutes afterwards we were captured by a Frenchman, a renegade colonel in the Russian service. Your father disdained to yield to a traitorous countryman, and crawled towards a Russian grenadier, and placed himself in his custody."

The orphans expressed their admiration of their father's bravery.

The old soldier continued his narrative: "The general's horse was killed under him, and I gave him Jovial, who had not been wounded that day. We were taken to Warsaw, where your father formed the acquaintance of your mother, who was called the Gem of Warsaw. Your father and mother became mutually attached to each other; but her parents had promised her to another, and that other—"

At this moment Rose gave a piercing shriek, and trembling, pointed to the window.

The old soldier, on hearing the shriek leaped to his feet, and cried, "What is the matter, Rose?"

"See, see," said she, pointing to the window. "I saw a hand move the pelisse."

Dagobert rushed to the window, looked out, but could see nothing.

"I am positive I saw a hand stretched toward the pelisse," said Rose.

The old soldier offered to get out and reconnoitre, but the orphans begged him not to leave them.

"Well, then," said Dagobert, seating himself with his face to the window, "we will continue our recital. Behold your father a prisoner at Warsaw, enamoured of your mother, whose father was endeavouring to force her to marry another. In 1814, the return of the Bourbons to France, and the banishment of Napoleon to the island of Elba, seemed to put an end to the war. At this time your mother said to the general: 'The war is over; you are at liberty. Your emperor is unfortunate; you owe him everything; go to him. I cannot tell when or where we may meet again; but I will wed no other but you; I will be faithful till death.' Before going away, your father called me and said, 'Dagobert, you must stay and watch over Miss Eva; should her father persecute her past bearing, she will need your aid to enable her to accomplish her flight. Our letters must pass through your hands.

I shall see your wife and child in Paris, and will encourage them, and tell them what a friend you are to me.' Many letters passed between your mother and the general during the time he was on the island of Elba. One day your mother received a letter informing her that Napoleon had left Elba; and thus the war began again, and that campaign was a terrible one. At Montmirail your father fought like a lion, and the troops rivalled each other in deeds of heroism. The emperor, in the presence of the whole army, honoured your father on the field of battle by the title of Duke of Ligny and Marshal of France."

"Duke of Ligny!" cried Blanche. "Marshal of France!" exclaimed Rose, both in equal astonishment.

"Yes," continued the old soldier, "Peter Simor, the son of a tradesman, duke and marshal. A step higher would have made him a king," cried the veteran, with pride. "Such was the way Napoleon treated the children of the people. But after the battle of Montmirail, there came a day of mourning—a day when, said your father, old soldiers, like me, wept—yes, wept! on the eve of battle. That day, my children, was called *Waterloo*."

The old soldier appeared so overwhelmed with grief, at this point of the narrative, that the orphans started.

"At length," continued Dagobert, with a heavy sigh, "on that accursed day your father fell, at the head of one of the divisions of the Guard, covered with wounds. He recovered of his wounds after some time, and then asked to go to St. Helena, another island where the English had sent Napoleon. He was refused permission to go. Exasperated against the Bourbons, the general set on foot a conspiracy in favour of the emperor's son; the conspiracy was discovered, the general taken prisoner, and brought before a certain colonel, whom he hated. The colonel treated your father with contempt and scorn, which caused the general to say to him, 'If you are not a base poltroon,

you will give me liberty for an hour, that we may vent our hatred at the point of our swords.' Your father was set at liberty: they met the next morning, and the colonel was left for dead on the ground. As your father was wiping his sword, a faithful friend called upon him to fly for his life, telling him there was not a moment to lose. Luckily he did so; for fifteen days after he was condemned to death as a conspirator. He then went to Warsaw, saw your mother, whose parents were dead, married her, and I am one of the witnesses. Behold them happy—but for a short time. The Russians began to impose the badge of slavery on the Poles. Your father, though a Frenchman, was a Pole in heart, and felt for the wrongs of the Polish people. One day a friend of his, a brave and worthy colonel of the lancers, was condemned to exile in Siberia for conspiring against the Russians. He escaped; your father concealed him in his house. This came to the ears of the authorities, and in the middle of the night, a carriage stopped at the door, your father was seized, and taken out of Poland, and they threatened him with imprisonment for life if he were ever seen again in it. These are the last words that I heard him say: 'Dagobert, I leave you in charge of my wife and child;' for your mother was then advanced in pregnancy. Notwithstanding this, she was exiled to Siberia, and the only grace which they accorded, was, to permit me to accompany her. Three months afterwards, in a miserable village, she gave birth to you, my poor little orphans."

"What of our father?"

"He dare not return to Poland; and your mother could not flee with her two babes; the general could not communicate with her, for he did not know where she was."

"Have you had any intelligence of him since?"

"Only once, my children."

"And who gave you that intelligence?"

The old soldier remained silent a short time, and



then answered, with a strange expression of countenance: "from one who is like nobody else. But I will explain myself by relating a circumstance that occurred to your father during his campaign in France. Napoleon ordered him to take a battery that was annoying our army. After several failures, the general put himself at the head of a regiment of cuirassiers, and charged up to the cannons' mouth. When all the gunners were slain or wounded, your father chanced to be standing before a cannon, when a wounded soldier crawled with a match in his hand, and placed the light to the touch-hole; at that moment, a man of tall stature, in a peasant's dress, threw himself before your father. The cannon exploded; your father said, 'I shuddered, and dare not look at the horrid sight of the mutilated remains of the man; but when I directed my gaze to the spot, what was my astonishment to see the being who had saved my life, standing calm and unmoved, directing a mournful look to the wounded soldier who had fired the cannon. In the heat of the engagement I lost sight of this mysterious being.'"

"Why, Dagobert, how was this possible?"

"The general has frequently told me that he could never account for this strange occurrence, which is as mysterious as it is real. Your father must have taken particular notice of him, for he said that he was about thirty years of age, with long dark eyebrows, which joined each other, so that he seemed to have a black mark on his forehead. Remember this, my children, I will tell you why shortly."

"We will not forget, Dagobert," said the orphans,

"Pay attention; when your father fell at Waterloo, he was left for dead on the field. In the night-time, when delirious from fever, he again saw this being by the light of the moon, leaning over him, staunching his wounds, and looking sorrowfully upon him. But the being, being deranged, turned away his head, and said,—'after such a defeat I no longer wish to live.' It appeared to him as if he heard the mysterious being

say, 'you must live for Eva.' That was the name of your mother."

"What a strange circumstance. Did our father ever see him again?"

"He did, he brought news respecting your father to your poor mother."

"And when was that? we never knew of it."

"You will probably remember the morning that your poor mother died—you were at the pine forest with old Fedora. I was digging in the garden, when I heard a strange voice ask in French, 'Is this the village of Milosk?' being answered in the affirmative, he asked for Madame Simon; I then went towards him, and asked him what was his pleasure with Madame Simon. He answered that he brought communications of importance from General Simon, who was in India, to the general's lady. After having informed your mother, so that she might not be taken by surprise, I took him to her apartment. He remained with her a few minutes; she then called to me, and told me of the good news she had received from your father. Her eyes were gushing with tears, and before her was a bundle of papers—a kind of journal which the general had written every evening to console her—"

"Where are those papers?" asked Rose.

"They are in the bag. I have taken out two or three, which you shall read presently."

"How long is it since our father was in India?"

"From what I learned from your mother, I understood that he proceeded there after having fought with the Greeks against the Turks. He was certain to join the weak side. On reaching India, he embraced the cause of a poor Indian prince, whose territory, the English, without any just reason, were ravaging. In a short time, he brought the prince's troops into such a state of discipline, that they often routed the enemy. A small portion of your father's journal will tell you better than I can; and you will see a flame there which you must always remember."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Rose. "To read the journal written by our father; it will appear as if he was speaking to us."

The two excited girls put out their hands to take the papers, which the old soldier drew from his bag.

"You will observe, my children, when you come to the end, why I was astonished at the name of your guardian angel," said Dagobert. "When your father wrote these papers, he had not seen the man who brought them to your mother."

Seated in bed, Rose began to read with a mild and tender voice; while Blanche rested her head on her sister's shoulder, and listened with the greatest attention.

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## CHAPTER V.

### FRAGMENTS OF THE JOURNAL OF GENERAL SIMON.

*"Bivouac on the mountains of Ava,  
February 20, 1832."*

"EACH time that I add a few pages to this narrative, at present written in the heart of India, where my rambling and proscribed life has banished me, I realize a sensation at once sweet and bitter. To speak of you, to think of you, is consolatory; still my sorrow is never more astute than when my mind thus reverts to my dear Eva.

"Should these fragments ever fall into your hands, your generous heart will throb on pronouncing the name of the heroic young man to whose bravery I am indebted for my life, and to whom, perhaps, I shall incur a further debt for the pleasure of once more beholding you and my dear child. You will, I trust, teach our child to pronounce and love the name of Djalma. I informed you, my dear Eva, in the foregoing passages, of the two fortunate days that we had

this month. The troops of my old friend the Indian prince, have done wonders. For three days the battle was fearful and bloody. We beat the English in gallant style, and forced them to retreat from a portion of that wretched country that they had grasped in spite of all right, all-justice, and which they continue to ravish without pity. The meaning that we give to an *English war* is, *treason, pillage, and massacre*. After a harassing march, we were this morning informed that the enemy had received a reinforcement, and that it was about to take hostile measures with us. A battle became inevitable. My old friend, the Indian prince, the father of the young man who preserved my life, showed his intrepidity and daring disposition on this occasion. I charged at the head of our reserved cavalry, while the old prince commanded the centre. His son, Djalma, a young man about eighteen years of age, brave like his father, remained by my side. When the battle was at its height, a ball took effect on my poor horse, which tumbled with me into a ravine, adjoining the field of battle. My leg was under the poor animal, and from the severe pain which I felt I could not withdraw it from under."

"My poor father," ejaculated Blanche.

Rose continued reading:—"The English imagining I was killed, thought they could easily disperse the old prince. An officer and a few soldiers, seeing me fall, sprung into the ravine, and dastardly and cowardly rushed up to me to finish me at once. Our mountaineers, who were busy in the fight, did not see me fall, but Djalma observed it; he immediately leaped into the ravine, shot the officer through the heart, broke the arm of a soldier who had pierced my hand with his bayonet, and with the butt end of his carbine was driving the soldiers back, when a fellow from behind a tree, levelled his gun, fired, and shot the young prince in the breast. The poor youth staggered backwards, fell upon one knee, and endeavoured to shield me with his body. A few of our soldiers arrived at this moment,

We were both saved, and in a short time I was again on horseback. Although our loss was severe, we had the best of the battle this day. The affair will probably be decisive to-morrow. You perceive, my dear Eva, how much I am indebted to the preserver of my life, whose wound was not of a severe nature. I will now, in a few words, tell you something of the noble character of the young man who has scarcely attained ~~his~~ eighteenth year. At the age of fifteen, he was called Djalma, *the generous*, on account of his humane and generous disposition—the old prince was therefore called the *father of the generous*. Well might it have been if all the princes of India had imitated the stern integrity of the old prince; he was neither to be won by flattering promises, nor awed by threatening menaces.

“Djalma fought with his bosom bare, (similar to the Greeks at the time of Leonidas,) while his countrymen were incased in armour. I lament that this youth is morose and melancholy; and the same unpleasant trait of disposition is observable in his father. From some words that I once overheard, I learnt that a sad family secret lies hid in their bosoms, the thoughts of which preys upon their minds, and produces this unamiable disposition.”

“My dear Eva, with pride I inform you that the French blood runs in the veins of Djalma. His father was married to a young lady of French origin, whose family was resident at Batavia, in the island of Java. Your family, Eva, is French also, and this caused me to entertain a deep interest for the prince, which grew into the warmest friendship. Unhappily, a few years ago, he lost his amiable and affectionate wife. Oh, my dear Eva, my hand trembles in writing these words. My God! should a similar misfortune happen to me, what would be the fate of our child, bereft of you and me, and left alone in that barbarous country! No, no, this fear is foolish and unnecessary: still what dread-

ful torture is uncertainty. Where are you—what are you doing—and what will become of you? Forgive me for harbouring these distressing thoughts, which, in spite of me, enter my mind, and present to me my awful condition—a proscribed outlaw. But there are two hearts—though far from me—that still throb at the mention of my name—thine, Eva, and that of our child.”

Rose could hardly pronounce the last words, and several of the previous sentences were disjointed by the orphan's heavy sobs. There was a melancholy affinity between the fears of the general and the sad reality of his situation, seated as he was at the bivouac, writing down his thoughts the evening before an engagement, and bewailing his sad separation from his wife and child,—a separation which, at that time, seemed to him final in this world.

The old soldier sympathized with his absent master, and said that if he was aware that instead of one child he had two, he would be overjoyed, especially with two such lovely cherubs as called him father. Dagobert now said that Rose was tired with reading, and Blanche took the paper, and continued the narrative.

“I withheld my pen for a few moments, and have now put to flight my dark thoughts. Having said so much of India, I shall now relate a few particulars relative to Europe. A man who joined our ranks yesterday evening, brought me a letter from my father, from which I learned that several letters have miscarried. Beloved father! always the same. Age has not weakened his energetic mind. He informs me that he is as robust and healthy as ever; always laborious, always true to his republican principles, and always hoping.—‘For,’ says he, ‘*the time approaches.*’ He underlines these words. He also gives me news concerning my old friend Dagobert. To know that that excellent man is with you, tends much to reconcile me to my fate, and to assuage many a bitter pang. What a noble, I may affirm, a Christian heart beats

under the rough exterior of that fearless soldier. He must love our child."

The old soldier coughed frequently, gazing round the room, and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

"Our father was perfectly acquainted with you, Dagobert; he knew that you would love us."

"Go on, Blanche," said the affected veteran, "to where your father speaks of my Agricola and of Gabriel the adopted son of my wife. My poor wife—to think that I shall behold her in three months.—But come, Blanche," he added, wishing to restrain his emotion, "read on."

"I trust that some day, dear Eva, you may receive these papers, and in that case, I wish to say something that may be interesting to Dagobert." My father has taken Agricola into his workshop, and is well pleased with him. A vigorous, active lad, gay, intelligent, laborious, he is the most industrious assistant in the establishment. In the evening he hastens home to his mother, whom he loves dearly, and composes songs and patriotic verses. His poetry is energetic, and his ballads are the theme of admiration to all who read and sing them."

"What a pride you ought to take in your son," said Rose, with admiration, "a compiler of songs."

"Most assuredly," replied Dagobert, "it is a great honour; but that which pleases me above all, is, that he is good to his mother, and industrious in his business. As for the songs, he will handle his hammer a long time, before he composes a 'Marsellaise,' or 'The Waking of the People.' And I wonder where the boy has learnt all this; I imagine it must have been at the school, where he went with Gabriel, his adopted brother."

This name of Gabriel caused the young orphans to recollect the ideal being whom they called their guardian angel. Their curiosity was increasingly excited, and Blanche, with deepened attention, continued:

"The adopted brother of Agricola, the poor, forma-

ken child, that good Dagobert's wife so generously took to her bosom and brought up, forms a striking contrast to Agricola; not in heart, for they both possess excellent hearts. Agricola is lively and active; Gabriel thoughtful and melancholy. Each of them has a countenance that bespeaks their respective dispositions. Agricola is of a brown complexion, is tall, athletic, and daring; Gabriel, on the contrary, is fair, delicate, and timid as a young girl. The expression of Gabriel's countenance is soft and angelic; one of the teachers in the school which he attended, interested with his open and intelligent countenance, mentioned him to his superior, who studied Gabriel's welfare, placed him in the college, and brought him up as a missionary, in which vocation he is now about to proceed to America.

"Farewell, my dearest Eva, I have just come from the tent of Djalma. His father was attending him, who told me that my brave preserver was free from all danger. The night is calm and tranquil, my Eva; the fires of the bivouac are gradually dying out; our jaded mountaineers, after yesterday's hard work, are quietly reposing; the silence is only broken by the cry of the sentinels—mournful sounds, which oppress me, and cause me to remember that I am separated from you and my child. Alas! what is, and what will be your destiny? If I could but transmit to you this medal, which I unwisely took with me from Warsaw, perhaps you might obtain permission to proceed to France, or at least our child sent there with Dagobert. You are acquainted with the importance of —. But it is useless to dwell upon this. Unhappily time passes, the awful day will soon arrive, and then I shall be bereft of my best comfort, my only hope. But I must not sadden you with painful reflections. I conclude, my dear Eva, with bidding you once more adieu, and ask you to press our little one to your heart—sending you both a thousand kisses! Farewell,—I trust to-morrow's battle will result in our favour."



## CHAPTER VI.

## FEROCITY AND GENTLENESS.

THE prophet put on a coat of mail, which was as flexible as cloth, and as hard as flint, and, after enveloping all with his large trousers and carefully-buttoned pelisse, he went to the fire, and took out the iron bar which Goliath had placed there. Although the ferocity of the beasts had been subdued by the adroitness and daring of Morok, still they occasionally manifested their savage instinct, and often attacked him; but, on account of his hidden armour, they only broke their teeth, whilst a blow from the hot iron caused them to crouch at his feet.

Morok descended the ladder, and proceeded to the stable, in which, separated by a thin partition were the horses—the wild beasts being on the other side of the partition.

The animals had, what the prophet considered, appropriate names.—The panther was named Death; the lion, Cain; and the tiger, Judas. A terrible contest ensued between Morok and the hungry beasts; but all their attacks on the prophet proved harmless by reason of the concealed armour which he wore; and the beasts were quietened by strokes from the iron bar.

After he had subdued the animals, Morok walked round them, carefully observing each, and, from time to time listening at the door which opened into the yard. Suddenly the door was opened, and the giant appeared, his clothes dripping wet.

"How have you succeeded?" demanded Morok. "Is there any suspicion?"

"None, master. It is exactly as you said. The cellar-door is under the young girl's room. When I heard you whistle, I took a ladder, mounted it, took hold of the casement, and broke two panes, at the same time pushing the casement with all my strength."

"And they attributed it to the wind?"

"Exactly so. No sooner had I done this than I took the ladder and hastily entered the cellar. It was lucky I did so; for directly afterwards the old man opened the window, and calling to his dog, said, 'Leap out.' I instantly closed the cellar door; had I not done so, the dog would have worried me."

"The dog is now in the stable with the old man's horse," said the prophet. "Continue."

"When the window was again closed, I mounted the ladder a second time. There was a pelisse hung before the window; I pushed it aside and saw the two girls in bed, and the old man sat beside the bed with back to me."

"Well, well, the bag! the bag! that is of most importance. Did you hear what was said?"

"The old soldier said there were papers in the bag for some general, his money and a cross."

"All right! go on."

"I could not get my hand in at the broken pane at the first, and, in attempting further, my arm was seen by one of the girls, who, pointing to the window, screamed out."

"Confound you!" cried Morok, pale with rage; "all is lost."

"Hold a bit—all is not lost. When I heard the scream, I jumped off the ladder, entered the cellar, and left the door open. The old man came to the window, but seeing no one—"

"He still thought it was the wind. Come, it was better than I feared."

"Knowing where the bag is, the money, and the papers," said Goliath, "I thought I would return to you a moment."

Morok then sent the giant for a long hand-spike and a red-covering; and when he had brought them, the prophet ordered Goliath to go into the cellar, and Morok was left alone."

"At length," said the prophet, after a long pause, the object is secure. It will not do to hesitate. I

am a blind tool in this matter. I know nothing of the motive for giving rise to such orders; but he who ordered me is deeply interested in the affair. It embraces all that is grand and noble in the world. Astonishing that two poor girls, and a miserable old soldier are objects of such vast interest. It is immaterial," added he, "I am but the instrument, another commands."

The prophet went from the stable, taking with him the red covering, and proceeded to the place where Jovial was located. At the appearance of a stranger, Rabat Jone sprang upon Morok, but his teeth only came in contact with the armour. The prophet took Jovial by the halter, threw the covering over his head, led him to the menagerie, and shut the door upon him.

We will now return to a scene of a milder and gentler character.

When the orphans had concluded reading their father's journal, they remained silent and pensive for some time. Dagobert broke the silence at length by saying:—

"Cheer up, my children, think only of the bravery of your father and of the happiness you will have in embracing him. The stranger who paid a visit to your mother in Siberia, saw father a short time after these events occurred which you have been reading—at which time he was in good health. It was to him that your father gave these papers and this medal."

"But of what use will that medal be to us, Dagobert?" asked Blanche.

"And of what significance these words?" added Rose, drawing the medal from her bosom:—

"Victim  
of  
L.C.D.J.  
Pray for me,  
Paris,  
13th Febr  
"Theirs

"Paris,  
& St. Francis-street.  
In a century and a half  
will be  
the 13th February, 1832.  
PRAY FOR ME."  
, my child, is, that on the 13th

of February, 1832, we must be at No. 3, St. Francis-street, Paris."

"For what purpose?"

"The death of your poor mother was so sudden, that I had no opportunity of asking her. All that I know is, that the medal was a relic in your family for nearly a hundred years."

"We must attach great importance, then, to this medal."

"Most assuredly, for she appeared pleased when the stranger gave it to her. 'Now,' she remarked, 'the future condition of my children will perhaps be as happy as it hath hitherto been miserable. I will ask the governor of Siberia to grant me permission to go to France with my daughters. Perhaps he will be convinced that fifteen years' exile, with the confiscation of all my property is punishment sufficient. Should he refuse, I will remain here; but they cannot prevent you, Dagobert, from conducting my children there. You must depart soon, for if you do not arrive before the thirteenth of next February, our journey will be fruitless."

"Should we arrive a day too late?"

"If we get there on the 14th instead of the 13th, your mother said our journey would be of no use."

"Do you think we can reach Paris in time?"

"I trust we shall. If you, my children, are enabled to take longer stages, for at present we only go five leagues a day; and at that rate, without reckoning for accidents on the road, we should not arrive at Paris before the beginning of February."

"Our father being in India, and subject to suffering death should he enter France, how is it that we shall be able to see him?"

"There are many things, my poor children, that you do not know. The Bourbons, who exiled your father have been driven from France; and he can now return to his country safely, and no doubt he will be there on the thirteenth of February, with the expectation of seeing you and your mother."

"What is the stranger's name, Dagobert?"

"I do not know; but I know he is a valiant man. When your mother, in tears, thanked him for his kindness to the general, to her, and to her children, he pressed her hand in his, and said, in a mild and tender tone:

"Oh, do not thank me. *He* has said, '*Love one another.*'"

"Where did the stranger go, Dagobert?"

"He proceeded northward," answered the veteran. "In speaking of him, your mother said that his language was tender and mournful, that it had a saddening effect upon her, and that from the expression of his countenance, one would imagine that he had experienced much trouble. When he departed, your mother and I stood watching him, until he was lost to our view. I noticed a singular circumstance; the road before the house was soft, caused by the overflowing of the streamlet—the mark of his foot remained on the ground, this mark was thus," said Dagobert, touching the counterpane seven times with the point of his finger, as under :



"What is the meaning of that, Dagobert?"

"Perhaps mere chance; for my own part, however, I always looked upon that singular cross as a bad omen; for hardly had the stranger departed, than we were visited with heavy trouble."

"Alas! yes, the death of our mother."

"Yes, previous to that. She had but just sat down to write her petition when I heard a horse galloping up to the door, and a messenger from the governor-general of Siberia enter. He was the bearer of an order for our immediate change of residence; in three days we were to join a number of exiles, to go 400

leagues farther north. Alas! after fifteen years' exile your mother's persecutors increased their cruelty. She was nearly driven to distraction on learning this cruel order; 'for,' said she, if we are sent such a distance northwards, it will be impossible for us to be in France at the time fixed."

"This sudden grief probably caused her illness."

"Not so, my children. It was that cursed cholera, which visits us suddenly, like a clap of thunder. On the three hours after the stranger had left us, when you returned from the forest all lively and happy, carrying bouquets of flowers for your mother, who was, poor lady, then in the agonies of death; she could barely place the medal round your neck before she expired, beseeching me in her dying moments to set out with you immediately for Paris. On her death, the governor granted her request, allowing us to proceed to France."

The good old soldier wiped the tears from his eyes, whilst the orphans threw themselves into each others' arms, weeping convulsively.

"Then, my dear children," said Dagobert, with pride; "then you showed yourselves the brave daughters of a noble general. Notwithstanding the danger, you would not leave the corse of your departed mother, until you had seen it decently interred, and a cross erected a mark where her ashes were deposited."

The old soldier stopped suddenly. The strange neighing of a horse, with the mingled roaring of wild beasts, was heard. Dagobert jumped up, hastened to the door, rushed down stairs, calling out, "It is Jovial—my horse Jovial! What are they doing to my horse?"

Rose and Blanche, terrified and bewildered, did not perceive a man's hand pass through the broken window, and upset the lamp which was placed upon a small table where Dagobert's bag was—thus leaving the orphans in total darkness.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A DARK DEED.

As soon as Morok had led Jovial into the middle of the menagerie, the lion, the tiger, and the panther sprang to the bars of their cages, while the terrified horse—from whose head the covering had been withdrawn—trembled in every limb. The hungry beasts made various attempts to force the bars which confined them, but did not succeed for some time. The prophet went towards the cage of the panther, and the animal at that moment made such a desperate bound that it broke the bars and fell into the stable. It lay there for a moment, preparing for its fatal spring: then, bounding towards the horse, seized it by the throat, and thrusting its claws into its breast, the jugular vein was opened, from whence flowed a stream of blood.

These words suddenly struck upon the ear of the poor horse: "Courage, Jovial, courage, my old friend." The voice was Dagobert's, who had got to the door, and was trying to force it open, but the weight of the struggling animals that were behind prevented him from opening it.

The dying horse, at the sound of the well-known voice, moaned piteously, as if in reply to its kind master.

"Hallo! help! help!" cried the old soldier, shaking the door violently. Then he cried out in a tone of despair, "My God! and without arms!"

"Have a care," cried Morok; "have a care! Enter not, or you are a dead man! My panther is ferocious."

"My poor horse! my valuable horse!" cried Dagobert, in a pitiful tone.

"Your horse during the night, had left its stable, and entered the coach-house," said the prophet. "At the sight of the horse, the panther broke his cage, and sprang upon it. I expect you to be accountable

for the damage that may take place ; for I must hazard my life to get the ferocious beast into the cage." Morok then disappeared.

The roaring of the wild beasts, the groans of the horse, and the shouting of Dagobert, awoke the inmates of the White Falcon. The ostler came with a lantern, and on Dagobert telling what had happened, he, in terror, hastened to his master, to inform him.

The anxiety of Dagobert may be easily conceived; his face was pale, and he stood waiting till Morok opened the door. After a short time the roaring ceased, and Dagobert heard only Morok's voice calling, "Death, come here."

It was very dark, so that Dagobert could not observe Goliath creeping along the roofs of the stables, and get into the granary through the window of the coach-house. Shortly the landlord with a gun over his shoulder, followed by a number of men, armed with pitchforks and bludgeons, came.

"What is the matter?" inquired the landlord; "it is a shame to have such disturbances in my house, May the devil take the exhibitor of wild beasts, and careless people, who neglect to fasten their horses."

The veteran was about to answer, when Goliath opened the door, and said, "You can go in now, there is no danger."

The inside of the menagerie presented a strange spectacle. Morok pale, endeavouring to hide his emotion, bowed on his knees, apparently praying. On perceiving the landlord and the people of the inn, he rose, solemnly exclaiming, "Thanks, O God, for once more giving me power to subdue these animals."

The people, unaware of the armour Morok wore under the pelisse, were astonished that he was able to overcome the ferocious animals. Close by the den lay the carcass of poor Goliath, which, when Dagobert perceived, he threw himself on the body of his faithful companion, and uttered such heart-breaking lamentations, that the people were moved with sym-



pathy and pity for his sufferings. After bemoaning his loss for some time, Dagobert suddenly started to his feet, and cried :

"Scoundrel! you must account for the death of this poor animal." Then, seizing Morok by the throat, he dealt him several blows about the head and body. The prophet was unable to cope with his tall and powerful antagonist; and would have fared much worse if Goliath had not come to the assistance of his master, and freed him from the grasp of the old soldier.

"This conduct is shameful," cried the landlord. "This good man has risked his life to save your horse from the beasts, but could not; and now you abuse and chastise him for his good intentions."

These words restrained the rage of Dagobert. He reflected upon his situation—a stranger, travelling with two helpless orphans. He suppressed his feelings, and said, "You are right, sir, I was too hasty. But do you not think that the man should indemnify me for the loss of my horse? Judge, sir, for yourself?"

"Oh, no; the blame lies on your own back," said the landlord, being a friend to Morok. "You neglected to fasten your horse; it wandered from the stable in the night, and got into the coach-house, the door of which must have been open."

"Just so," said Goliath, "I left the door ajar to give air to the beasts. The cages were closed, and there was no danger."

"The sight of the horse," remarked a third, "rendered the panther furious. Morok has most reason to complain."

"It matters little to me," said Dagobert, again irritated, "what your opinions are. I demand, this instant, money, or a horse; yes, this instant, for I am anxious to leave this fatal house immediately."

"And I demand," cried the prophet, holding up his bleeding hand, which before he had covered with his pelisse; "I demand indemnity for thy loss. Look

what the panther has done, I may lose the use of my hands forever."

The cunning policy of Morok gained him the sympathy of the assembly.

"The best way to settle the matter," said the inn-keeper, "will be to call the burgomaster." And he sent one of his men to summon that functionary. Then turning to Dagobert, he said, "To free myself from all blame, bring me your papers. I forgot to ask for them in the evening."

"I will go and fetch them from my bag," said Dagobert; then, turning his head from the bleeding carcase of Jovial, he went to the rooms in which the orphans were.

Morok looked after him with a satisfied air, saying to himself, "There he goes, without a horse, without money, and without papers. I have now precisely fulfilled my orders. Everybody will decide against him. It is certain that a stop is put to his journey for a few days at least."

A short time afterwards, Karl, Goliath's comrade, departed to Leipsic, with a letter that Morok had written hastily, and which, on his arrival there, he was to deposit in the post-office.

The address of the letter was: "Mr. ———, Mr. Rodin, Milieu des Ursins-street, Paris, France."

The old soldier, with distracted thoughts of the dilemma in which he was now placed, traversed his weary way to fetch his papers. He felt convinced that there had been some foul practices carried on to bring his horse in contact with the wild beasts; and he trusted that the burgomaster would see justice done to him; still he had his doubts that that functionary, from being summoned out of bed, would not be in the best of tempers.

Being resolved to conceal everything as long as possible from the orphans, he opened the door gently, and went in. He was astonished to find all in darkness, and called out, "How is it, my children, that you have no light?"

No answer was returned to this question. Dagobert rushed toward the bed. The moon at that moment peered from behind a thick cloud, and, looking through the window on to the bed, he discovered the two orphans locked in each other's arms, having both fainted. Dagobert hastened to use some means for their recovery; and having a flask with a little brandy in it in his pocket, he poured a few drops into each mouth. They soon awoke to consciousness, and looked around with alarmed countenances.

"Be not afraid, my children; it is your own Dagobert," said the soldier.

"Good Dagobert! Is it you? Thanks to God! We are saved!"

"How is it that you are frightened? And why has the lamp gone out? Tell me, my cherubs. There is something that I don't understand about this cursed inn. Woe the day that I entered it; we will leave it as soon as possible. What has taken place during my absence?"

"Scarcely were you gone out, when the window was forcibly opened, and the table and the lamp were upset with a terrible crash. We screamed, and don't know what occurred afterwards. But tell us about Jovial, it was he that was neighing, was it not?"

The heart of the soldier was pierced with this question, and he evaded giving a direct answer, saying, "Yes, Jovial neighed, but——, we must have a light." He then pulled a tinder-box from his pocket, struck a light, lighted the lamp, and then went and shut the window. Having lifted up the table, Dagobert placed the bag upon it, and searched the secret pocket for the money and papers, but found none—the pocket was empty. Astonished and bewildered, he staggered back exclaiming, "Nothing!" He searched every place, every garment, and every pocket, but neither purse nor papers could he find. Dagobert's face was covered with cold perspiration, whilst his knees trembled under him. He went towards the orphans, and

inquired, "Did I give you the papers to take care of? Tell me."

The orphans, alarmed at the pale and distressed countenance of the veteran, instead of answering, screamed. Then Rose cried out, "Oh, Dagobert, Dagobert, what has happened?"

"Have you, or have you not got them? If not, I shall put an end to my miserable life."

The poor distressed orphans stretched forth the hands in supplication. The distracted veteran paid no attention to their tender appeals for some time; then he fell on his knees beside the bed of the orphans and pressing his forehead with his hands, he cried; "Pardon! pardon! I am bereft of reason. Oh! God, what a calamity."

The bewildered orphans, ignorant of the cause of this grief, embraced the grey head of the old man, and cried, with tears rolling down their cheeks: "Oh, look on us, dear Dagobert, and tell us what has happened."

The trampling of footsteps was heard on the stairs, accompanied by the barking of Rabat Joie.

"Call your dog in, sir; here comes the burgomaster," cried a voice.

"This intimation recalled Dagobert's thoughts to his present condition. He was without money; without his papers: his horse was dead; and one day behind the appointed time would ruin the prospect of the orphans, and cause their long journey to be of no use. Dagobert felt that his only hope lay in the justice of the burgomaster; and he assumed as calm a demeanour as possible. He then called the dog in, and confined him, so that he could do no harm.

The landlord, with a lantern in one hand, and his cap in the other, preceded the burgomaster, behind whom were several people connected with the inn. The burgomaster seemed surprised when Dagobert closed the door of the orphans' apartment, and demanded why he did so.

"Well, your worship," said the veteran, respectfully, "there are two girls who are entrusted to my care, sleeping in that room; moreover your questions might make them uneasy. Please to sit down on this form; I think it will do as well."

"And who authorized you to think so?" said the judge.

"Forgive me, your worship," said Dagobert, submissively, seeing the temper of the man; "as these poor girls are already in bed, and trembling from fear, I ask you, would it be proper for you to interrogate me before them?"

"Humph! true!" muttered the burgomaster. "It is rather too much to come out in the middle of the night. But—let it be so; I will examine you here." Then turning to the landlord, he said, "Place your lantern on that stool, and go away."

The innkeeper and his followers departed, leaving the burgomaster and Dagobert by themselves.

## CHAPTER VIII. •

### THE DECISION.

ROBED in his official garments, the worshipful burgomaster of Mockern was seated on a form, and Dagobert, his cap in hand, stood before him, seeking to read in his countenance the measure of justice which he would deal out to his cause, or rather, the cause of the orphans.

"What have you to advance in justification?" demanded the judge, in a tone of anger.

"Not a word, your worship—I am the complainant—I have not committed any fault."

"Morok says differently."

"Morok!" cried the veteran, with a contemptuous air

"Morok is a pious and honest man, and not capable of uttering a falsehood."

"Regarding that, your worship, I can say little; but your sense of justice, and your goodness of heart, will prevent you from condemning me without listening to my defence."

The veteran paused a moment, and then continued in a mild tone, "You will not turn a deaf ear to the appeals of reason."

"The ear has no part in the matter. Have I not, with my own eyes, seen the bloody and wounded hand of Morok?"

"So you may; but if Morok had shut the door of the menagerie, the accident would have been avoided."

"Nothing of the kind; you are in fault; you should have fastened your horse properly."

"You know, your worship, that it is not becoming in me to contradict you; still, if some one mischievously unfastened my horse, and led him into the menagerie, you will allow that I am not to blame in the matter."

"But is there any one, think you, who would be guilty of such a diabolical act?"

"I cannot tell, your worship."

"No, I should think not." The burgomaster then added, with impatience, "But what good can you do by troubling me about a horse of no great value?"

The veteran's countenance changed, and he replied in a solemn and firm voice, "It is true my horse is dead! True that it will no longer carry those whom I dearly love. It is now but a mere carcase—food for the dogs. It was unkind of you to tell me of the worthlessness of my horse in that harsh manner, for I loved my horse—yes, I did, sincerely love my old companion, Jovial!"

These touching words moved the feelings of the burgomaster, who said, in a mild tone, "I dare say you regret the loss of your horse: but what can I do? It is, no doubt, a sad calamity."

"A sad calamity! yes, your worship, it is a sad calamity. The young girls whom I am escorting are too frail to walk far on foot, and are too poor to hire a conveyance; but yet we must be in Paris before the month of February. I promised their mother on her death-bed, that I would conduct them to France, but as my horse has been killed, how am I to do that? I believe you are a good man; and perhaps you have daughters of your own. God forbid that they should ever be placed in the situation of my poor orphans—all their wealth consisting of an old soldier who loves them, and an old horse that carried them; if, after enduring a childhood of misery, their happiness was to commence at the termination of a long journey, and that the death of the horse rendered it impossible for them to complete that journey, would you not feel as I do, that the loss of the horse is a great—a sad calamity?"

"Most assuredly. I can now sympathise with you in the death of your horse. I feel interested in these orphans. What is their age?"

"Fifteen years and two months. They are twins.—both born on one day."

"The same age of my Frederique."

"Then you have a daughter of that age," said the veteran, with a joyful countenance, "I am no longer uneasy about my poor orphans; you will see justice done to them."

"It is my duty to see justice done to every one. Taking all into consideration, I think Morok and you are about equal in this affair. You did not fasten your horse properly, and Morok left the door of his menagerie open. He has a lacerated hand; and you have lost your horse; therefore, you are about equal sufferers."

"Well, but, how much will you force him to pay me?" asked the veteran, with naïveté.

"To pay you?"

"Yes, your worship; I want indemnifying for the loss of my horse."

"I tell you, my friend, you are equal. The prophet owes you nothing, and you owe him the same."

The veteran looked at the burgomaster in anguish. This decision destroyed the hopes of Dagobert, who said in a faltering voice:—

"Will not your worship take into consideration that Morok's wound does not prevent him from executing what devolves upon him, while the loss of my horse prevents me from continuing my journey. He must be forced to indemnify me for my loss."

The burgomaster thought that by exculpating Dagobert he had conferred on him a great favour; and appeared annoyed at the request of the soldier. "Instead of thanking me," said the judge, "you ask for more. Enough! enough! Where are your papers!"

"Oh! pray have pity, your worship, on these two poor children. Give us some means to continue our journey."

"All that I can do I have done:—more, indeed, than I ought to have done. Come, come, your papers."

"Stop, let me explain—"

"No more explanations. Would you have me arrest you for a vagabond?"

These words blanched the face of the old soldier; he tried to suppress his anguish, and to assume a cool exterior, in order that he might be enabled to enlist again the sympathy of the judge. Two unlooked-for powerful auxiliaries came to Dagobert's assistance. The orphans, becoming still more uneasy, and hearing the veteran speaking on the staircase, rose and dressed themselves; and at the moment when the burgomaster was saying with a harsh voice, "Your papers, your papers!" Rose and Blanche, holding each other's hand appeared.

On seeing these two lovely young creatures, whose black dresses rendered them still more interesting, the judge stood lost in surprise and admiration. The old veteran took the orphans by their hands—"Behold them, your worship," he said; "behold these



young girls ! can I show you a more genuine passport than these ?”

“Lovely children ; orphans at so early an age. How far have they travelled ?”

“From the middle of Siberia, where their mother was exiled before their birth. It is now upwards of five months since we began our journey. Is it not a hard fate for children of such tender years ?—It is for them that I supplicate your favour and assistance. Even now, when looking in my bag for my portfolio, which contained my purse and papers, I could not find it—this loss caused me to insist so urgently on indemnification.”

“When and how did you meet with this loss ?”

“I am certain I had the portfolio yesterday evening.”

“Where did you place your bag ?”

“In the room with the young girls.—But that night—”

The veteran was interrupted by approaching footsteps. It was Morok, who had overheard the previous conversation. He was afraid lest the kindness of the burgomaster should spoil the plans which he already regarded as completed.

The orphans, on perceiving the prophet, started back in fright, and drew closer to the old soldier, who regarded Morok with aversion—as the originator of all his sad embarrassments. He did not know that Goliah, at the instigation of Morok, had pilfered the portfolio and the papers.

“What is your business here ?” demanded the burgomaster, “I gave orders to the innkeeper to admit no one.”

“Had it not been to render you a service, I would not have ventured into your presence. I repent being led away by false pity.”

“What have you got to say, then ?”

The prophet approached the burgomaster and whispered in his ear. The magistrate seemed astonished,

and from time to time exclaimed, "Indeed, can it be possible!" This went on for some time; whisperings and gesticulations from one or the other, until the patience of Dagobert was completely exhausted. He went up to the prophet, and, with a stern look, and gruff voice, he said:

"Is it about me you are whispering to the burgomaster?"

"It is," said the prophet, returning the stern look.

"Why do you not speak audibly?"

"Because the matters we speak about would make us blush to do so."

The veteran's arms were crossed on his breast. With a quick movement he closed both his hands, and looking at the burgomaster, he said, his teeth gnashing with rage, "You worship, compel that man to leave, or I will not answer for what I shall do!"

"What!" cried the magistrate, haughtily, "you dare to order me?"

"I wish you to order that man down stairs, or something dreadful will occur."

"Dagobert, Dagobert," cried the orphans, "Oh, be calm, be calm!"

"It is becoming of you, miserable vagabond," said the burgomaster, furiously, "to give orders here, you thought you could deceive me with the story of your lost papers; and that you had brought those girls, who notwithstanding their innocent looks, might be nothing more than—"

"Scoundrel!" cried the veteran, casting a withering look on the magistrate; then, taking the orphans by the arm, conducted them into their room, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and rushing up to the burgomaster, who shrunk back, holding to the staircase, he said:

"Listen to me, sir. While that miserable villain insulted me, I bore everything. A short time ago, I listened patiently to falsehoods, because I thought you were interested in those unfortunate orphans;

but since you have neither heart, nor pity, nor justice I warn you, burgomaster though you be, that I shall treat you as I will that caitiff there (pointing to the prophet) if you do not speak of those orphans as you would of your own children—”

“What!” muttered the burgomaster, choking with rage, “you say if I do not speak of those two adventurers—”

“Hats off when you speak of the daughters of Marshal Duke de Ligny,” cried the veteran, snatching the hat of the burgomaster from his head, and dashing it at his feet.

The prophet was pleased at this aggression, while the burgomaster appeared stupefied. Dagobert saw plainly that there was no chance of reconciliation, and observing a door half open opposite the room in which the orphans were, he rushed upon the burgomaster, seized him by the throat, and before he had time to utter a word, thrust him into this room, which was totally dark; then seizing the bewildered prophet, he thrust him into the same room, closed the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

Dagobert then rushed down stairs, found the door of the inn closed, the rain pouring down in torrents; and saw by the light of the fire, the innkeeper and his men waiting to hear the decision of the burgomaster. To bar the door, and thus prevent all communication with the court, was the work of a moment, and almost instantly he was in the room with the orphans. By that time the prophet had recovered from the sudden attack, and was calling out for help with all his might; but the pelting of the rain, and the rushing of the wind, stifled his cries. The veteran had thus half an hour to himself.

“My dear children,” said Dagobert, on entering, “now is the time to prove whether you have a soldier’s blood in your veins. He then ran to the bed, tied the blankets together, fastened one end to the window, dropped over the other, which reached the ground;

took the orphans' polisse and his own bag, threw them out of the window, and making a sign to Rabat Joie, which the faithful animal well understood, it disappeared after them. Rose and Blanche half stupefied, looked at Dagobert without uttering a word.

"Now, my little dears," said the excited veteran, "the doors are all locked;" then, pointing to the window, he added, "courage—courage. If we do not make our escape we shall be arrested, put into prison—you in one place, and I in another. They have killed Jovial, so that we must try to go to Leipsic on foot. When you are tired I shall carry you in turns. We shall meet with somebody on the road who will take pity and give you something to eat. A quarter of an hour's delay will spoil all—come, my children, trust in me, and show your Dagobert that the daughters of General Simon are not cowards—there is still bravery in us."

The orphans, pale from their recent emotion, gazed affectionately on the devoted veteran.

"To the road," said Dagobert, "you are light and agile, the blankets are strong, and we are but eight feet from the ground; Rabat Joie is waiting for you."

Rose, kissing Blanche, ran to the window, took hold of the window, and with the assistance of the soldier, descended safely beside Rabat Joie; Blanche followed the example of her sister with equal success.

"Poor little dears," murmured the veteran, "why are they visited with such misfortunes? It appears as if a curse rested upon this unfortunate family."

About a quarter of an hour after the soldier and the orphans had left the inn, a violent crash was heard. The door had given way to the assaults of the prophet, and the two prisoners were set at liberty. Guided by the light they ran to the orphans' room; and Morok, seeing the blankets hanging from the open window, shouted, "Your worship, they have escaped by the window: but, being on foot, and the night stormy, they cannot have proceeded far. We shall be sure to retake them."

"Execrable scoundrel," said the burgomaster, "I will be revenged. Be quick; our honour is at stake in this matter."

"Ay, but there is something besides," cried the prophet. He then rushed down stairs, and opening the door which led into the yard, shouted out, "Goliah, let the dogs loose; and you, my worthy host, get lanterns and torches: arm your servants, unbar the doors, and fly after the fugitives. They cannot escape. Dead or alive, we must have them!"

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## CHAPTER IX.

### RUE DU MILIEU DES URSINS.—THE MESSAGES.

As soon as the prophet knew that Dagobert was deprived of his horse, his papers, and his money, he felt certain that it was not possible for the veteran to pursue his journey, and therefore sent off Karl with a letter to Leipsic, which he was to deposit in the post-office on his arrival. The address was—"M. Rodin Rue du Milieu des Ursins, Paris."

About the middle of this solitary street, near the Quai Napoleon, stood a house of modest appearance; the interior of which was as simple as its exterior. The walls were covered with old grey wainscoting; the red floor was carefully polished, and white calico curtains hung before the windows. A large globe stood at one end of the room; small red crosses covered the globe, on the north, south, east, and west, evidently serving for points of reference. There was also a black wooden table, heaped up with papers, an empty chair, and a large desk, surmounted by shelves heaped up with cards.

Near eight in the morning, at the close of October, 1831, a man was writing at the desk. This man was M. Rodin, the correspondent of Morok, the prophet. He was about fifty years of age, with a sallow countenance, bald head, and a stolid and forbidding

aspect. Indeed, had it not been for the rapid movement of his fingers, M. Rodin might have been taken for a corpse. His dress was mean and slovenly to the extreme.

Exactly as the clock struck eight, the knocker on the outer gate fell heavily: two or three doors were opened and shut, and a personage came into the room at whose appearance M. Rodin rose, bowed obsequiously, and then went on writing. A strange contrast was apparent betwixt the two individuals: the last comer, although older than M. Rodin, seemed to be only about thirty-eight years of age. He was tall and handsome, with eyes that sparkled like stars. When he took off his hat, to put on a black velvet cap, he showed a head of bright chestnut hair. His penetrating glance and high forehead indicated a powerful mind, whilst his broad shoulders, and expansive chest, manifested a powerful physical organization. Indeed, his distinguished air, his graceful movements, his neat attire, and his whole appearance, plainly signified that he might be styled *a man of the world*. His general demeanour was an enigma to all but those who were perfectly acquainted with him; and from the frequent variations in his temper and deportment, one would be led to feel that he was a man in whom no firm faith could be placed.

M. Rodin, the secretary, continued writing; but was interrupted by the new-comer asking for the letters and correspondence from various parts of the world.

The secretary then enumerated the contents of the letters from several correspondents, his master commenting on the intelligence they communicated as he read them. As Rodin was concluding the list, a knock was heard at the door; and he rose and went out. His master, after pacing the room several times, suddenly stopped before the globe, and looking on it in silence, he placed his hand upon it, probably thinking of his power, which extended over

the whole globe. He then knit his expansive brows, raised his manly form to its full height, assumed an arrogant and threatening look, while his whole appearance evinced an air of energy and haughtiness. An artist anxious to delineate the demon of craft and pride, the genius of unsatiable ambition, could not have found a more exact copy.

Rodin returned with a number of letters which he had just received from the postman. After he had examined the postmarks, the secretary said, "Out of the four letters I have just received three relate to the important affair of the medals."

"Thank God ! if the news be good."

"This one from Charleston probably refers to Gabriel the missionary ; the next one from Batavia, relates to the Indian, Djalma ; and the third, from Leipsic, most likely is a confirmation of that of yesterday, from Morok, the prophet ; that, in accordance with the orders he had received, he had prevented the daughters of General Simon from prosecuting their journey without exciting the least suspicion."

On hearing General Simon's name, a cloud passed over the countenance of Rodin's master. Speedily overcoming this involuntary emotion, the master, addressing his secretary, said,

"Refrain from opening the three letters at present ; we will class them by and bye. Have you completed the document relating to the medals ?"

"I have ; here it is."

"Let me hear it ; I am anxious to know if it is sufficiently explicit. You have not forgot that the one who is to receive it is not to know all."

"I have not forgot that, and have written accordingly."

"Read the document."

"One hundred and fifty years since, a French protestant family, foreseeing the speedy revocation of the edicts of Nantes, and to escape from the decrees issued against the Reformers—these foes to our holy religion

—fled from their native country, and took refuge in various parts of the world.

"One of the members went to Holland, others to Poland, Germany, England, and America. There are only seven descendants of that family at present, who have sustained strange vicissitudes of fortune, the present representatives being found in all grades of society, from the sovereign to the mechanic.

"The descendants on the mother's side are Rose and Blanche Simon, General Simon having married a descendant of the family at Warsaw.

"Mr. Francis Hardy, manufacturer, at Plessis near Paris.

"Prince Djalma, son of Kadga Sing, king of Noridi, Kadja Sing, married a descendant of that family in 1802.

"Those on the father's side are—

"John Rennepont, mechanic.

"Adrienne de Cardoville, daughter of Count Rennepont, of Cardoville.

"Gabriel Rennepont, missionary.

"Each member of this family possess, or ought to possess, a large bronze medal, on which is engraved the following inscription:—

"Victim

of

L.C.D.J.

Pray for me,

Paris,

13th February, 1682."

"Paris,

3, St. Francis-street.

In a century and a half

will be

the 13th February, 1832.

PRAY FOR ME."

These words show the importance of their being personally in Paris, on the 13th of February, 1832. It is, however, of great interest to others that not one of the descendants should be at Paris, except Gabriel Rennepont, missionary.

"Gabriel, therefore, by all means, must be the only one who will keep the appointment made by his ancestors a hundred and fifty years ago.

"Great efforts have been used to prevent the other



six from being present, and much remains to be done to make this affair successful—an affair which, in its results, may be considered the most important of the age."

"All true; very true," cried Rodin's master, "add that the consequences of success are incalculable; that we dare not think of failure. Continue."

"To make sure of success in this affair, it is necessary to give particulars respecting the seven persons who represent this family.

"Note 1.—Rose and Blanche, twins, about 15 years of age, beautiful young girls; so much alike that one might be taken for the other. General Simon, who was separated from his wife before their birth, is not aware that he has two daughters. To prevent the mother from coming to Paris, orders were given to send her into the middle of Siberia, but she died, and the governor, believing that our decree only referred to the wife of General Simon, permitted the daughters to leave for France, accompanied by a resolute soldier who is looked upon as dangerous. It is hoped that they are now detained at Leipsic."

"Now read the letter from Leipsic," said Rodin's master; "you can now give the last information."

After reading the letter, Rodin exclaimed, "Good news. The two girls and their guide succeeded in making their escape from the White Falcon, but they were recaptured about a league from Mockern, and are now in the prison at Leipsic. The two girls are apprehended as vagrants, and the old soldier is accused of using violence to the burgomaster."

"We may be certain that they will not be here by the 13th of February. Add this to the note."

Rodkin obeyed, then continued:

"Note 2.—Francis Hardy, forty years of age, rich, intelligent, active, and beloved by his workpeople. He is deceived as to the importance of the medal, and is constantly watched; his dearest friend deceives him, and through him we know his dearest thoughts."

"Note 3.—Prince Djalma, eighteen years of age, brave and generous, and a special favourite of General Simon. His mother died at Batavia. He is ignorant of the value of the medal, which formed part of the property of Djalma's mother."

"You must now read the letter from Batavia," said Rodin's master. "It will then complete the information."

After reading the letter, Rodin said, "Excellent news. Mr. Jose Van Dael, merchant, learns from his Calcutta correspondent that the old Tristian king was killed in the last battle with the English, and that his son deprived of his father's rights, is now a prisoner in an Indian fortress. Should he effect his escape, having nothing left in the world, he will naturally go to Batavia to claim his inheritance from his mother. In that case reliance may be placed in Jose Van Dael."

"But there is no allusion made to General Simon, in connection with Djalma's father."

"Not one word," replied the secretary."

Rodin's master paced the room in silence, then said, "Continue."

"Note 4.—James Rennepont, workman in Baron Fripeaud's factory. He is a tipsy, idle, quarrelsome fellow. A clever agent, one on whom we may rely, has formed an acquaintanceship with his sweetheart, Cephyse Schrean, through the interest of whom we may depend on his not being at Paris on the 13th of February."

"Note 5.—Gabriel Rennepont, missionary, a foundling, who was adopted by Frances Baudoin, wife of the soldier Dagobert. Gabriel is five-and-twenty, of amiable disposition, and truly virtuous; he was reared with Dagobert's son, Agricola, who is fond of his mother, honest, industrious, but not at all religious, and consequently very dangerous; this renders his intimacy with Gabriel so much to be feared. Notwithstanding the good qualities of the latter, he some-

times gives uneasiness, which accounts for our not entrusting him with the whole, for one false step might make him very dangerous. Precaution therefore, is to be observed till the 13th of February, for on his appearance at that time everything depends—hope and interest. We have allowed him to form part of the American mission, for he unites calm intrepidity and an adventurous spirit, with his mild disposition. Instructions, however, have been sent to his superiors at Charleston never to expose so valuable a life to danger. They ought to send him to Paris at least a month or two before the 13th of February."

"Read the letter from Charleston; then complete the information on that point."

Rodin having read it, replied: "Gabriel is daily expected from the Rocky Mountains, where he insisted on going alone."

"What rash imprudence."

"Nothing, however, has happened to him, since it is he who gives the information of his arrival at Charleston. They will send him to France about the middle of this month."

"Add this to the note that alludes to him, and then continue."

"Note 6.—Miss Adrienne Rennepont, of Cardoville, distant relation of John and Gabriel Rennepont; she is ignorant of the relationship. She is twenty-five years of age, remarkable for her beautiful countenance, as well as for the originality of her mind; she possesses a large fortune. When we think of the daring character of the young lady, we shudder at her future fate. Fortunately, her guardian, Baron Fripeaud, is in our interest, and almost entirely dependant upon the aunt of Miss Cardoville. We rely upon this worthy relation, and upon Mr. Fripeaud, to aver the daring and strange projects which that young girl fears not to announce, and which we cannot altogether understand."

A knock at the door interrupted the secretary, who ran to open it, and returned with two letters which he gave into the hands of his master, who, when he had perused them, became shocked with the intelligence they contained. He turned to his secretary, and told him that he must set out immediately, if he intended to see his mother alive. He then gave orders for his carriage to be got ready with post-horses, and ere many minutes elapsed, he was leaving Paris as swiftly as the horses could galop.

M. Rodin bowed profoundly as the carriage drove away, and then returned to his cold and naked room. The whole appearance of this personage seemed suddenly to change; he was no longer an automaton moved mechanically by the spirit of obedience. His immoveable features, his downcast looks became suddenly animated, evincing a spirit of craftiness.

He likewise stopped before the globe, and contemplated it, like his master, in silence. He then rubbed his hands, and with a sneer went to the desk, and noted down, by means of private figures, unknown to his master, the following letter:—

Paris, quarter to ten, a.m.

“He has gone, but he hesitated. When he received a letter from his dying mother, stating that his presence might save her, he cried, ‘Not to go to my mother is actually matricide.’ I keep a constant watch on his actions. These lines will reach Rome at the same time as he will.

“P.S.—Tell the cardinal prince that he may rely upon me.”

Rodin sealed the letter, placed it in his pocket, and went out.

While those two men were weaving a net to ensnare the descendants of this once proscribed family, a mysterious being was trying to preserve that family, which was also his own.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

A TRAVELLER of tall stature, with dark united eyebrows, which gave an ominous aspect to his features, passed between the sombre trunks of the tall trees. The man continued his route absorbed in reflection. "The 13th of February draws near," thought he, "that day when the descendants of my beloved sister—the last of our race—ought to meet in Paris. Alas! for the third time, the persecution of one hundred and fifty years has scattered this family over the face of the earth—this family that I have followed in the midst of its migrations, its exiles, its changes of religion, its fortune and its name, from age to age, for eighteen centuries. What grandeur, what reverses, what obscurity, what lustre, what misery, and what glory, have followed the issue of my beloved sister: sister to me, a poor artizan.\* How many crimes have sullied it; how many virtues reflect honour on this devoted family, whose history embraces humanity at large. Through how many generations—through the veins of the rich and the poor, sovereign and bandit; the sage and foolish, the coward and the hero, the saint and the unholy—still to this hour, flows the blood of my sister. Who are now of this family, and how many? Seven descendants—two orphans, daughters of an exiled mother; a dethroned prince; a poor missionary; a man in the middle rank of life; a young girl of rank and fortune; and a mechanic. Virtue,

\* The Wandering Jew, as stated in Scripture, was a poor shoemaker, of Jerusalem. "Christ bearing his cross, passed before the door of the artizan, and asked him for permission to sit upon a large stone that was before the door. "Go on, go on," said the Jew, pushing him away "It is thou," said Christ, "who will walk till the day of thy redemption."

bravery, degradation, splendour, poverty, are at present embraced in these, the remnants of our race. Fate has cast them in Siberia, India, America, and France. Instinct warns me when mine are in peril, and then from north to south, from east to west, I go to them; to-day amid the ice of the polar regions, to-morrow in a temperate zone, next day under the burning heat of the tropics; but, alas, at the moment when my presence might save them, an invisible hand pushes me forward, a tempest forces me away.

“‘Go on, go on.’ Allow me to complete my task.

“‘Go on, go on.’ Alas! those I love I shall leave on the brink of destruction. ‘Go on, go on.’

“Such is my punishment. If severe, my crime merits it.

“An artizan, enduring privations and poverty, misery made me harsh and unfeeling. Oh, cursed be the day as I toiled hard, peevish, and nearly in despair, for, notwithstanding my labour, my children were pining, Christ, bearing his cross, passed my door, weakened by blows, and insult. He begged to be allowed to rest on my stone bench. The perspiration was dropping from his brow, and the blood was gushing from his feet.

“‘I suffer,’ he said, in a gentle and beseeching tone.

“‘I suffer also,’ I replied, surlily, ‘I suffer, and no one assists me. The unpitying make the merciless, Go on, go on.’

“Heaving a heavy sigh, he looked at me, and said, ‘And thou shalt walk unceasingly till the day of thy redemption. Such is the will of the Lord, who is in heaven.’

“Then began my punishment. I opened my eyes too late to the light of truth; too late I felt the soothing effect of repentance; too late I comprehended the divine words of him I had insulted; too late I felt the force of these words, which ought to influence the whole human race:—

“‘LOVE ONE ANOTHER.’”

“To receive pardon have I, obtaining power from these divine words, implanted love and pity in the hearts of the unfeeling and the envious. To gain pardon have I induced the oppressor and the unjust to refrain from oppression and injustice; but the day of mercy has not yet arrived.

“As the first man by his disobedience brought misery upon his posterity, so have I, an artizan, entailed on all mechanics eternal wretchedness, and have involved them in the expiation of my crime: for they alone, for eighteen centuries, have groaned in bondage. For eighteen centuries the powerful and the prosperous, have said to the labouring classes, what I said to the beseeching, suffering Christ, ‘*Go on, go on*,’ and the toilers, even as he, suffering, and oppressed by a heavy yoke, cry out in bitterness of soul:

“‘Oh, for pity’s sake, let us rest a few moments; we are jaded and exhausted.’

“‘*Go on, go on.*’

“‘But if we should die from fatigue and suffering, what will become of our children, and our aged parents?’

“‘*Go on, go on.*’

“And for centuries the toiling masses and I *go on*, without one pitying voice calling out ‘*Hold, enough!*’

“Alas! such is my double punishment, I suffer for bleeding humanity; I am pained on seeing whole populations condemned without relaxation to hard painful toil. I suffer on account of my family, for poor and a wanderer, I cannot at all times help the descendants of a beloved sister. When I perceive a threatening danger, which I cannot avert, coming upon them, then, traversing the globe, I proceed in search of that woman, who like me, is accursed; that daughter of a queen, who, like me, *goes on*, till the day of her redemption.\*

\* There is a legend which is not well known—that Herodias was condemned to wander till the day of judgment, for demanding the head of John the Baptist.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

"As the meeting of two planets in their centennial evolutions, so may the meeting of myself and this woman be: and after an interview, characterized by painful recollections, we, wandering stars of eternity, pursue our course. This woman responds to my thoughts, from one end of the world to the other. She partakes of my terrible fate and interests herself in that alone which has consoled me for ages. She loves the descendants of my poor sister, and protects them. For them also she goes from east to west, from north to south; but, alas! with her as with me—an invisible hand pushes her on, and the tempest drives her away."

Whilst this man buried in his thoughts was traversing across the mountain, the evening breeze increased the wind howled, and the lightning flashed across the heavens, announcing an approaching storm. Suddenly this wretched being, who could neither smile nor weep, trembled, raising his hand to his heart—

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I feel at this hour several dear to me are in danger. One in the heart of India, others in America, and some here, in Germany. The struggle commences again, and wretched passions are prevailing. O! Herodias; thou, who, like myself, art accursed and a wanderer, assist me to protect them. May my prayer reach thee in the solitudes of America, where thou now art: may we arrive in time to save them!"

As twilight approached, the man behaved in a singular manner: he made an involuntary movement to turn back, but an invisible power impelled him forward in an opposite direction. At this instant the tempest burst out in terrific grandeur; a whirlwind, which uprooted the trees and shook the rocks, passed over the mountain; and, in the midst of the storm, the man was seen by the glare of the lightning, near the shattered rocks, and trees that were uprooted by the tempest. His gait was no longer firm and calm, but disordered, like that of a person whom some irre-



sistible power drives on against his will. While extending his hands towards heaven in supplication, he disappeared in the darkness of night, and amid the howling of the storm.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE THUGS, OR STRANGLERS—DJALMA.

DURING the time M. Rodin was despatching his letters at the bottom of the Rue du Milieu des Ursins, and whilst the daughters of General Simon, after having fled from the White Falcon, were imprisoned with Dagobert at Leipzig, other scenes, closely connected with these persons, were taking place in the island of Java, at the residence of M. José Van Dael, one of the correspondents of M. Rodin.

The month of October, 1831, was drawing to a close. It was noon, an hour almost fatal to those who brave the scorching rays of the sun. An ajoupa—a sort of pavilion, made of bulrushes, fastened on bamboo—deeply thrust into the soil, stood in the midst of a blue shade. The roof was covered with large banana leaves, and at the extremity of the cabin was a square opening which served for a window, and which was grated with fine vegetable fibres to prevent reptiles and venomous insects from getting into the interior.

At the bottom of the ajoupa a young man, laid on a mat, was profoundly sleeping. The colour of his skin which was of a transparent yellow, resembled the bronze of a statue enlivened by the rays of the sun. His features were at once manly and noble; his dark hair, parted on his brow, fell gracefully upon his shoulders; his eyebrows, beautifully designed, were dark, like his long eyelashes; his lips, of a bright red, were half open. It was Djalma, whose sleep was heavy and disturbed, for the heat was becoming more and more oppressive.

All around there was a profound stillness. Suddenly the head of a man appeared among the bulrushes at a short distance from the ajoupa. He stood for a few minutes motionless ; then, moving the rushes with the greatest caution, and creeping on his hands and knees he approached the cabin. This man, who was of Malay origin, and who belonged to a sect called the Thugs, or Stranglers, listened attentively, then came out from the rushes. Except a pair of checked cotton drawers, fastened to the waist by a belt, he was entirely naked. He climbed the tree which overlooked the ajoupa, and looked down to see if he could secure an entrance. At the sight of the young Indian, the eyes of the strangler gleamed savagely, and a sort of fiendish grin played round his lips. Djalma was sleeping so near the door, that any attempt to open it would at once disturb his slumbers. The strangler, his body still hidden by the tree, wishing to examine more attentively the interior of the cabin, again leant forward, and to support himself he placed his hand upon the opening which served as a window. This movement shook a large cactus flower, on which was a small serpent, that rolled down and fastened on the hand of the strangler, who, either from pain or surprise, shrieked and drew back.

The young Indian opened his eyes and turned his head towards the small window. Scarcely had Djalma moved, than a shrill screech was heard behind the tree, and was repeated, becoming weaker and weaker, till it died away in the distance. Djalma moved his arm slightly, and began to sleep again without changing his position. For several minutes everything was still ; the stranger descended the tree with precaution, although his hand was swollen by the bite of the serpent, and disappeared among the rushes.

At this moment a plaintive song was heard in the distance. The strangler thrust his head above the rushes, listened attentively, while his countenance took a strange expression of surprise mingled with

rage. The plaintive sound came nearer and nearer ; and, at the expiration of a few seconds, a young Indian, a slave of Djalma, who was carrying a message to his master, made his appearance, and directed his steps towards the place where the strangler was. The latter took a long thin cord from his waist, which had a leaden ball, about the size of an egg, at one of the extremities ; and, after fastening the other end to his hand, he again listened attentively, then disappeared among the rushes. As the young Indian approached the place where the strangler was concealed, he was startled by a hissing sound, and instantly a cord was twisted with rapidity round his neck, and almost at the same instant, the lead, which was at the end of the cord, struck him violently at the back of the head. The attack was so sudden and so unlooked-for, that the poor lad could not utter a groan. He fell backwards ; the strangler drew the cord vigorously ; the bronzed countenance of the slave became black ; the blood gushed from his eyes, mouth, and nostrils : he made a few convulsive struggles—then all was over.

The strangler took the cord from the neck of his victim, twisted it round his own waist, murmured some mysterious words that seemed like a prayer, drew the corpse out of the road, and hid it among the rushes. Then crawling upon his hands and feet to the cabin of Djalma, he listened, drew a knife from his belt, made an incision about three feet long in the ajoupa, and looking round, glided softly into the interior.

The strangler crawled like a serpent till he had reached Djalma ; then, fixing his eyes upon him, he remained motionless, like a ferocious beast before it attacks its prey. Twice the miscreant, while his eyes glared fiercely, placed his hand upon the handle of his knife, and twice he relinquished it with reluctance. He had received orders not to shorten the days of Djalma.

The heat was now intense, which favoured the designs of the strangler, who, squatted, began to rub Djalma's forehead, temples, and eyelids gently with his oily fingers, which produced a disagreeable sensation to the young Indian. The strangler continued the manoeuvre for a few seconds, when Djalma, still asleep, carried his right hand to his face, as if to free himself from the tickling feeling of an insect, and allowed his head to rest upon his right shoulder. This accomplished, the strangler could begin his operations with more certainty ; but, wishing to render the sleep of Djalma as profound as possible, he imitated the vampire, by wafting his open hands rapidly before the burning countenance of the young Indian. The lightning now began to flash on all sides, and fearing that the thunder might awaken Djalma, the stranger hastened the accomplishment of his project.

Djalma was lying on his back, his right arm on his breast, and his left by his side. The strangler raised the left gently, and dextrously lifted up the large white sleeve as far as the elbow ; then drawing from his pocket a little box, he took from it a small needle of exquisite fineness, and a piece of the root of an herb ; he pricked the root several times, from which a dark liquid came, blew gently on the arm of Djalma to cause a sensation of freshness, then with his needle he traced upon the skin of the sleeping youth some mysterious and symbolic characters. The point of the needle was so fine, and the operation was so quickly executed, that the prince did not make the slightest movement of uneasiness.

The signs that the strangler had made became pale, like the white rose ; but such was the nature of the juice with which the arm was impregnated, that in less than two hours from the time of the operation, it had become a dark purple. The strangler, after having accomplished his task, cast a ferocious look on the young Indian, crept out of the ajoupa as he had entered, carefully closing up the incision, to avoid sus-

picion, then disappeared at the moment that the thunder began to roar in the distance.\*

The storm had<sup>1</sup> blown over, and several hours had passed since the strangler had left the ajoupa where Djalma was sleeping.

A man on horseback, was seen rapidly approaching up an avenue bordered with tufted trees, and variegated with flowers and shrubs of almost every hue. The horseman was Djalma, who had not discovered that the strangler had traced certain indelible signs upon his arm. A red cap, similar to that worn by the Greeks, sat gracefully upon his head, and showed to advantage his olive complexion: his neck was bare; he wore a large white muslin robe with long sleeves, and round his waist a scarlet belt.

After being deprived of his paternal rights by the English, and imprisoned by them at his father's death, he regained his liberty, left India, accompanied by General Simon, and went to Batavia, the birth-place of his mother, to claim the humble heritage of his ancestors. On looking over the papers relating to that heritage so long despised or forgotten by his father, several important documents were found respecting a medal, similar to that worn by Rose Simon.

General Simon was as much surprised as he was delighted at this discovery, which not only established a link of relationship between his family and the mother of Djalma, but promised future advantages to all. To wind up his affairs, and to obtain intelli-

\* The late Victor Jacquemont, in his "*Letters on India*," gives us several remarkable accounts of the dexterity of these men. "They crawl," he says, "along the ground, by the side of the ditches, imitating the whistle and screech of every bird. They annoy the sleeper by strange noises, and by gentle rubbing, till the body and all the members take the position that they desire; and so great is their dexterity, that they can even rob the sleeper of the clothes with which he is enveloped. This is no joke, but a plain statement of facts.

gence respecting a vessel about to sail to Europe, the General left Djalma at Batavia, and went to Sumatra, which is a neighbouring island; Djalma also was obliged to be at Paris on the 13th of February, 1832.

As the young prince rode leisurely up the avenue a man approached towards him, but retired for a moment under a cover, and contemplated in silence the majestic appearance of the youthful Indian. This man, who was dressed like a European sailor, with white vest and trousers, and a straw hat, was Mahal, the smuggler. He went to Djalma, and said, touching his hat respectfully, in bad French:

"You are Prince Djalma."

"Well; what do you want with me?"

"You are the friend of General Simon. I have brought a message from the General, who has been concerned in a duel at Sumatra, and has fled to this coast; he is now concealed near the ruins of Tchandi. He wishes to see you immediately."

Knowing the courage and hasty disposition of the General, the young Indian believed the story of the smuggler. After remaining a few moments silent, he said:

"Would you lead this horse to my house, which is beside the mosque, surrounded by trees? It would be difficult for it to climb the mountains of Tchandi. I can go quicker on foot."

"I know where you live; General Simon told me; give me your horse."

Djalma leaped to the ground, threw the bridle to Mahal, took a small silk purse from his pocket, and gave it to the smuggler, saying, "You have been faithful; take this: it is little; but it is all I have."

"Kaja Sing well merited the name of *father of the generous*," said Mahal, touching his hat respectfully.

The young Indian entered the coppice, and walking rapidly, directed his steps towards the mountain that led to the ruins of Tchandi. He was afraid that he would not reach the appointed place before night-fall.

## CHAPTER XII.

## M. JOSÉ VAN DAEL.—TREACHERY.

M. JOSÉ VAN DAEL, a Dutch merchant, and correspondent of M. Rodin, was born at Batavia, the capital of the island of Java. He was a man of strict exactness in matters of business, spoke little, listened to everything, and never entered into discussions. While Djalma was pursuing his way to the ruins of Tchandi, with the expectation of seeing General Simon, the following scene was taking place at Batavia :

M. José opened his desk, and took from it a long letter, or rather memorandum, which had been written at different times. It was addressed, "M. Rodin, at Paris." The document ran thus :

"Fearing the return of General Simon, whose letters I had intercepted, and which I put to use, in relation to Djalma, I had to use extreme measures, in order to keep up all appearances and avoid suspicion. To render a service to humanity alone, induced me to do this. A danger, however, threatens us—the Ruyter steamer called here, and leaves to-morrow afternoon. This vessel goes to Europe by the Red Sea. Its passengers disembark at the Isthmus of Suez, cross it, and proceed to Alexandria, where another vessel is waiting to take them to France. This voyage will be completed in seven or eight weeks. As it is only the end of October, Prince Djalma might reach Paris about the beginning of January. Your orders, which I executed with zeal, although ignorant of the cause, are to prevent Djalma from being in Paris at that time, as you say it is of the greatest interest to the *society*. Now, if I succeed, as I hope I shall do, in causing him to lose his passage by the Ruyter, it will be impossible for him to be in Paris before the month of April.

"To give you some idea of my proceedings, it will be requisite that you should know certain facts. A

sect has just been discovered in India, who call themselves Brothers of the Good Work, or Phansegars, otherwise stranglers—murderers, who strangle their victims not for robbery alone, but to obey the decrees of an infernal divinity, called Bohwanie. They are devoted to each other, even to heroism ! They blindly obey the commands of the chiefs, who call themselves the immediate representatives of this dark divinity. They regard as enemies all those who are different to themselves ; and try everywhere to make proselytes by preaching in the night their outrageous doctrines.

“ Three of the principal chiefs, and one of the men, flying from the pursuit of the English governor, arrived at the Straits of Malacca, which is situated at a short distance from our island. A smuggler, named Mahal, who is connected with their association, brought them here in his boat, and they have taken refuge in a thick forest, where some temples in ruins offer them a safe retreat. Among these chiefs there is a man, named Faranghea, who is gifted with extraordinary energy. He is a mongrel, and speaks English and French pretty correctly.

“ The smuggler, Mahal, thinking he would obtain a large recompense by delivering up these chiefs, came to me three days ago. He asked a considerable sum and a free passage to Europe or America, in order to escape the vengeance of the stranglers. I eagerly seized this opportunity to deliver up to justice these three murderers, and promised that, on certain conditions relative to Djalma, I should apply to the governor on his behalf. Should my project succeed—  
 “ which I shall shortly know, for I expect Mahal here every minute—I shall be more communicative in this matter.”

Just as M. José had concluded the document, Mahal appeared, and informed the merchant that he had succeeded in executing the directions given him. That the Malay had successfully performed the operation on Djalma; that he had lured the latter to pro-



ceeded to the ruins of Tchandi, by informing him that General Simon wished to see him there; and that he had been able to banish the suspicion of the stranglers.

M. José then said to Mahal: "If what you tell me is the truth, your freedom and a great recompense will be your reward. Your place is taken out in the Ruyter; you will set off to-morrow, thus putting you out of the reach of the stranglers, who would pursue you here, to revenge the death of their chiefs. God will bless you for delivering up these atrocious criminals to justice. Go, and wait for me at the governor's door."

Mahal went away, and José returned to the desk, and added these lines in haste to the memorandum:—

"Whatever may take place, Djalma cannot quit Batavia. Be assured that he will not be in Paris by the 13th of February of next year. Although it is the middle of the night, I am going to the governor's. I shall add a few words to-morrow before I send off the parcel by the Ruyter steamer."

After closing his desk he rose up hastily, and to the surprise of the people of the house, he hurried off in the middle of the night to the residence of the governor of the island.



Amid the ruins of Tchandi three men were the occupants of a miserable hut composed of stone and brick. One was about 40 years of age, and was clothed like a European; his name was Faranghea, one of the most redoubtable chiefs of the stranglers. The second was a negro; the third lay extended on the floor, asleep. They were the three principal chiefs of the Thugs, or Stranglers, who had taken refuge in Java, under the guidance of Mahal, the smuggler.

Faranghea and the negro were holding a discussion on the exploits which had characterised their criminal lives; and boasting of the atrocious deeds they had committed, when they were interrupted by a singular screech, like that of a vulture.

"The Malay has succeeded," cried the negro."

A moment afterwards the Malay appeared at the hut.

"Well, have you succeeded?" was the question put to him.

"Djalma," replied the Malay, with pride, "shall bear all his life the sign of the *good work*."

"And Djalma did not awake?" enquired the negro.

"If he had," replied the Malay, "I should have been a dead man; for I was not to take his life."

"Because," said Faranghea, "his life may be useful to us.—Brother, you risked your life to-day; what we did yesterday; what we shall do to-morrow. To-day you obey, to-morrow you shall command."

"We all belong to Bohwanie," said the Malay. "Is there anything to do.—I am ready." Then casting his eyes towards the door, he started, exclaiming, in a low voice, "Djalma is coming."

"He must not see me yet," said Faranghea, rising, and retiring to a dark corner of the hut. "Try to convince him; if he refuses, I have my plans."

On seeing the three men, Djalma at first drew back in surprise, but being unaware that they belonged to the sect of Phansegars, and knowing that in this country, where there are no inns, travellers frequently pass the night in tents, or amongst ruins, he approached them, and said to the Indian, "I expected to meet a European here—a Frenchman."

"He is not arrived yet," replied the Indian, "but he will not be long."

"Do you know him?" inquired Djalma, in surprise.

"He was to meet us here."

"For what purpose?" demanded Djalma, becoming more and more surprised.

"That you will know when he arrives."

"Was it General Simon who appointed to meet you in this place?"

"The same."

"Well, who are you?"

"Who are *ye*," said the Indian; "we are thine; if you will be one of us!"

"I do not require you—nor you me."

"You are deceived. The English killed your father, who was a king; they cast you in prison, and robbed you of your rights; your father was just, brave, and loved by his subjects. Would you let his death remain unavenged—does the hate which rankles at your heart not excite you to vengeance?"

"My father fell, sword in hand, and I revenged his death on the English whom I killed during the war. When they restored me to liberty I swore I would never return to India, and I shall keep my oath."

"Those who took from you all, those who imprisoned you, who slew your father, were men. They are to be found everywhere—on them avenge yourself."

"These men are innocent of the wrongs done to me."

"They are men—accomplices—let your vengeance then, fall upon them."

"Your words are strange and mysterious; I have no hatred. If I have an enemy who is worthy of my anger, I fight him; if he is unworthy of it, I despise him: therefore I neither hate the brave nor the cowardly."

"Treachery!" cried the negro, pointing to the door of the hut.

At that cry Faranghea rushed from his hiding-place, drew his poignard, sprang like a tiger out of the hut, and seeing a company of soldiers, advancing with caution, he stabbed one, upset two others, and disappeared among the ruins, pursued by several soldiers.

The negro, the Malay, and the Indian, deeming resistance fruitless, exchanged a few words, then held out their arms to the soldiers, who immediately bound them with cords, which they had brought on purpose.

The captain, who was a Dutchman, entered the hut, and pointing to Djalma, said, "This one too."

Djalma was lost in surprise, and scarce was aware of what was going on, but on seeing the sergeant and two privates advance with cords in their hands to bind him, he pushed them back with violence, causing them to reel towards the door.

"Why would you bind me, as you do these men?" Djalma said, addressing the officer.

"Why bind you, villain?" said the officer; "because you belong to a band of murderers! And you," he added, turning to the soldiers, "are you afraid of him?"

"You are mistaken," said Djalma, with calmness. "I have only been here a quarter of an hour; I do not know these men; I expected to meet a Frenchman here."

"Then you are not a Phansegar like them?"

"Like them," Djalma said. "Do they belong to that horrible band of murderers? and do you accuse me of being one of the party? I spurn the accusation!" said he, disdainfully.

"Well, this will be known by and by; and if you are innocent, you will be liberated. I find you in their company, which justifies me in apprehending you. I admit that there is a great difference between you; but I must be strict. One of my soldiers is killed, and another wounded. Allow yourself to be bound; resistance is of no avail."

"I declare to you," said Djalma, "that I have the greatest horror of those murderers—that I came——"

"The sons," interrupted the negro, with a malicious joy, who was maddened at the remarks of Djalma; "the sons of the *good work* carry signs on their flesh. Our hour is come, and we submit. Look at our arms, and then look at that of the young man——"

"You will see that he is one of us; that Bohwanie's name is on his left arm," said the Malay.

"Should you not have that mark," said the officer, "your innocence will be almost admitted."

Djalma with disdain drew up the sleeve of his robe, and exposed his naked arm.

"What effrontery," said the officer; then he added, after he had examined the arms of the Phansegars, "Despicable wretch! you deserve less pity than your companions. Bind him as a vile assassin—treat him as a base cowardly villain!"

Djalma, astounded, gazed upon the fatal mark, uttered not a word, but submitted to his fate.

The officer, learning that the soldiers had not succeeded in capturing Faranghea, returned to Batavia with his prisoners.

A few hours after these events, José Van Dael finished his long memorandum, addressed to M. Rodin.

"Three Phansegars (murderers) have been given up to justice, and Djalma has been arrested. I have already avouched his innocence to the governor, but he will have to remain in prison a month at least, therefore he cannot go by the Ruyter, and it will not be possible for him to be in France by the 13th of February.

"You will perceive that I have accomplished all your demands; that I have successfully used the means placed at my command; and I trust that the end will justify all, for I was told that this is an affair of great consequence.

"I have been with you, what we ought ever to be, a passive instrument in the hands of our superiors. May secrecy and patience, obedience and courage, devotedness and union, exist amongst us all who know one another in the midst of other men; who have for our country—the world; for our family—our brethren! for our queen—Rome. . . "J. V."

About ten in the morning, Mahal, the smuggler, started with this despatch, to go on board the Ruyter. An hour afterwards, near the place where he had left his boat, and where he had to go before getting on board the Ruyter, he was strangled, and his body was concealed among the bulrushes.

A short time after the departure of the Ruyter, the body of the smuggler was discovered, and M. José caused a search to be made for the documents which he had given him. Nothing, however, was found, not even the letter that he had received to give to the captain to secure his passage.

Strenuous efforts were put forth to apprehend Faranghea, but the wily chief of the Phansegars was never afterwards met with in the island of Java.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CHATEAU DE CARDVILLE—THE TEMPEST—THE SHIPWRECK.

THREE months had passed over since Djalma had been thrown into prison accused of being one of the sect of fanatical murderers, styled Phansegars, or Stranglers.

The following scenes took place in France about the beginning of February, 1832, at the Château de Cardoville, an ancient feudal mansion, situated on the high cliffs of the coast of Picardy, near Saint Valery, a dangerous coast, on which every year vessels are wrecked during the north-westerly gales.

Stormy and tempestuous weather had ushered in the second month in the year, and one night the storm was exceedingly violent. The sea dashed against the rocks with a sound like volleys of artillery. Nor was the succeeding morning less boisterous; the wind dashed the rain against the windows of the Château de Cardoville with great violence. An aged couple sat in a large room in this mansion,—a venerable, mild-looking man, was busy sorting seeds; and a matronly old lady, with a pleasant countenance, sat sewing. These were the steward of the Château de Cardoville and his amiable partner in life.

The worthy couple were in conversation about the affairs of the château, Mademoiselle Adrienne Cardoville, the present proprietress of the Cardoville property being anxious to dispose of it as soon as possible. M. Rodin was hourly expected at the château, as one of those who were desirous to purchase the property. The old steward and his wife were discoursing on the probability that when the estate passed into other hands, they would have to leave the comfortable home they had so long enjoyed, when a servant came, and informed them that a gentleman, calling himself Mon-

sieur Rodin, had just arrived, and was then waiting in the hall.

The steward went out immediately, and, addressing M. Rodin, said, "My name is Dupont, you are, I understand, M. Rodin, and that you are commissioned by Madame Saint Colombe to treat for the purchase of the Cardoville property."

"Exactly so, M. Dupont," said M. Rodin.

The steward and Rodin then held a lengthened conversation on the subject which had brought them together. The duplicity and cunning of Rodin was not able to shake the honesty and integrity of the aged steward. The unprincipled secretary made some proposals to the good old man which greatly shocked the feelings of the upright steward. M. Dupont was appealing to Rodin's sense of justice, when they were interrupted by a gun-shot, which was echoed among the cliffs.

"A ship in distress!" cried the steward, starting to his feet.

"Oh, my dear," said the steward's wife, who entered hastily, "there are a steam-boat, and a frigate almost dismasted, which the storm is driving headlong towards the cliffs. They will assuredly be lost."

"What a calamity!" said the steward, preparing to go out. "I fear it will be impossible to render assistance. However, I will go with our farm people, perhaps we may rescue a few. Let fires be lighted in every room, and get cordials in readiness. Will you go M. Rodin?"

Rodin excused himself on account of his age; and begged to be shown to a room where he could rest himself.

The steward then said to a servant, "Ring the great bell; tell the farm people to meet me at the bottom of the cliffs, and to bring ropes and pulleys with them. Quick, quick; by this time, perhaps, the vessels have foundered!"

The good old steward then rushed out.—And M Rodin was shown to a room.

The sea was frightful. Huge green billows, crowned with white foam, rose in terrible undulations—at one time, towering like lofty mountains, at others, forming awful and yawning abysses. Over head were heavy masses of dark clouds, while a reddish grey vapour, driven by the wind, flew athwart the murky sky. Half way up the promontory stood the Château de Cardoville. A large dismasted vessel was seen at times riding on the lofty billows, then plunging in the fearful abysses. This vessel had repeatedly fired signals of distress, and was now driven rapidly on the rocks.

At this moment a steam-boat appeared, directing its course towards the west, and making every effort to avoid the coast. Suddenly a tremendous sea struck her; the funnel was swept away, the paddle-boxes were broken, and one of the wheels rendered useless; a second sea, as terrible as the first, struck her; the rudder was now of no use, and the steamer drifted towards the coast in the same direction as the ship. A collision of the two vessels seemed now inevitable.

The large ship, an English vessel, named the Black Eagle, had come from Alexandria, carrying passengers from India and Java. She had touched at the Azores, and was making her way for Portsmouth when the storm met her. The steamer was called the William Tell, and had come from Germany by the Elbe, having left Hamburgh for Havre.

The decks of both vessels were crowded with passengers; fear, despair, and calm submission characterising the conduct of those who were congregated on the decks of the ill-fated vessels. A young man, about twenty years of age, with black glossy hair, bronzed complexion, and regular features, was standing with his back against the poop of the larger vessel, contemplating the scene of desolation with that calmness that characterises the man who has often braved peril. An unfortunate mother, after having in vain asked the sailors to save her son, fell on her knees before this



in utter despair. The young man took it, shaking his head and pointing to the waves; but with an expressive gesture he appeared to promise that he would endeavour to save her child. The devoted mother bathed the hands of the stranger with her grateful tears.

Further on another passenger of the Black Eagle was moved with the liveliest compassion. He appeared about twenty-four years of age, with long fair hair that hung in ringlets round his angelic countenance; he wore a black robe and white band. He ran from one to another, apparently consoling them, and pointing upwards, he seemed anxious to animate his fellow-sufferers with the same firm faith which dwelt in his bosom. Not far from this pious young man, was a being seated on the bowsprit, resembling the very spirit of evil. This fellow, who was of a yellow-brown complexion, wore only a shirt and canvas drawers. The more the danger increased by the ship nearing the breakers, the greater joy was manifested in his countenance. He seemed waiting with ferocious impatience the destruction which threatened all.

Among the passengers that still remained on board the William Tell (for many had been swept off the decks of both vessels by the boisterous sea,) was a tall old man with bald head and grey mustaches. He had a thick rope fastened round his body, and was pressing to his bosom two young girls about the age of fifteen or sixteen. At his feet was a large dog dripping with water, and barking at the waves. These two young girls clung to each other in the old man's arms, their eyes raised heavenward.

A cry of horror and despair was now heard above the howling of the tempest. As the steam-boat was plunged between two waves, with its side to the prow of the larger ship, the latter was raised to a prodigious height by a mountain of water, and appeared suspended above the small steamer. It is not possible to pourtray the horror of the scene, for in such catas-

trophes, rapid as <sup>1</sup> thought, we see, as it were, by the lightning's flash.

When the Black Eagle was bearing down on the William Tell, the young man with angelic countenance stood ready to plunge into the sea, to endeavour to save some unfortunate creature. Suddenly his eyes were fixed on the two girls, who were stretching forth their suppliant hands to him. They appeared to know him, and appeared to regard him with devout adoration.

A fearful crash was heard accompanied by an agonizing scream—a scream uttered by a hundred human beings engulfed at once into the surging waves.

A short time after the fragments of the two vessels were seen scattered over the troubled sea, and here and there, the outstretched arm, the livid and despairing face of some poor wretch endeavouring to reach the rocks at the risk of being dashed in pieces by the waves.

During the time the humane steward was endeavouring to succour those who had escaped from the wrecks, M. Rodin, indifferent to all that was passing round him, had been calmly seated in the room, to which he had been shown. After remaining there for two hours, he returned to the steward's room carrying under his arm a small silver-mounted casket, while his half-buttoned coat exposed to view part of a large morocco portfolio. On finding no one in the room he placed the casket on the table, and said, with apparent satisfaction, "All is well. It was prudent to permit the papers to remain here till the present time, for caution is required, in order to deal with the impious Adrienne Cardoville, who appears to guess that which she should never have known. Happily the time is near at hand when we shall have no cause to fear her. As for Madame Saint Colombe, the steward, notwithstanding his *conscience*, as the old imbecile calls it, is sure to serve us in regard to her; the fear of being left at his age without the means of sustenance, will

make him a ready and a useful tool. When that lady is in the hands of our accomplice, the priest, there will then be no danger. The Château de Cardoville, from its solitary situation, will make an excellent college. As for the affairs of the medals, the 13th of February will soon be at hand. We have no news from M. José, therefore Prince Djalma must still be a prisoner in Asia; the daughters of General Simon will be detained for a month longer at Leipsic; as for our home affairs—"

M. Rodin was interrupted by the entrance of Madame Dupont, who zealously prepared every requisite for those who might have been rescued from the sea.

"Light a fire in the next room, and warm some wine. M. Dupont may be here soon," said Madame Dupont.

"Have some of the unfortunate people been saved, Madame?"

"I do not know sir; but I hope so," said the kind-hearted stewardess.

"I regret that my age and frailty prevented me from accompanying your husband; and I am sorry that I cannot remain to see the result of his efforts, as I must leave you. I have spoken to your husband relative to his retaining his situation. He will acquaint you with the whole."

"I am much obliged to you, Sir."

M. Dupont then entered the room, dripping wet.

"Oh, my dear! I was so uneasy about you," said the good woman, embracing him affectionately, "Have you saved any one?"

"There are three at least; and I think there were some more saved at the Goelan inlet."

"Where have you left them?" asked Rodin.

"They are, by the help of our men, ascending the cliff. I ran on here to have everything prepared for them. My dear Catherine, as there are two young girls, get some clothes ready. The young man who accompanies them is the person who saved their lives.

He is, indeed, a hero. As we descended the cliff, we beheld two young girls in a swoon, their backs against a rock, and their feet in the water, as if they had been put there on being taken out of the sea. Their extreme likeness to each other astonished me. One of them clasped a bronze medal in her hand."

M. Rodin, when he heard these words, started backwards, and a slight colour flushed his pale cheeks. He went up to M. Dupont, and asked with assumed indifference, "Did you observe any inscription on the medal?"

"I did not, sir. The girls are in deep mourning; perhaps they are orphans. While we were removing them to a dry part of the beach, we saw a man clinging to a rock. We instantly hastened to his assistance, and found him nearly exhausted. It was the brave young fellow that had rescued the girls, and who had been trying to save a third; but his strength had failed him, and had it not been for our men, he would certainly have been washed off the rock on which he had

M. Rodin appeared to be in a state of bewilderment, and much cast down.

Footsteps were now heard approaching the house, and the steward, followed by his wife, hastened to the door. A sad spectacle here presented itself. Rose and Blanche were on each side of their deliverer, who, scarce able to walk, was leaning on their arms. The young man was Gabriel, the adopted son of Dagobert's wife; he had a sweet and benevolent countenance.

The sight of Gabriel excited still more the feelings of Rodin, who had stepped aside, that he might behold all that was passing.

M. Dupont and his wife, moved with pity at the appearance of the orphans, went towards them. At this moment the ploughboy rushed into the room, crying,

"Master, master, good news; two more are saved."

"Where are they?" cried the good steward.

"One will be here directly; for as soon as he heard that the young ladies were safe, although old and wounded in the head, he ran so fast that I could scarcely get before him. The other is on a litter; they are bringing him here."

The orphans instantly rushed to the door, and reached it at the same time as Dagobert. The old soldier, not able to speak, fell on his knees, stretching his arms towards the orphans, while Rabat Joie sprang forward and licked their hands.

When Rodin beheld Dagobert, he was greatly agitated, for he imagined that the guide of the orphans had been drowned.

A man with a yellow complexion entered, who seeing Gabriel, approached him, and said in French, "Prince Djalma will be here immediately. He is anxious about your safety."

"What does that man say?" inquired Rodin, coming forward.

"Monsieur Rodin," cried Gabriel, who had not before observed the secretary.

"Monsieur Rodin," repeated the dark-skinned man, fixing his eyes upon the correspondent of M. José.

"What was it that man said to you?" asked Rodin.

"Did he not pronounce the name of Prince Djalma?"

"He did, sir," replied Gabriel. Prince Djalma was one of the passengers of the Black Eagle. We were going to Portsmouth, whence I purposed coming to Paris."

"Who is this Prince Djalma?"

"A young man as good as he is brave; the son of an Indian King. I should like to go to him. Have you," he added, with submission, "any orders for me?"

"Notwithstanding your fatigue, can you go with me in two or three hours?"

"Yes, if it be requisite."

"Then we will leave together."

Gabriel bowed to Rodin, who, exhausted, seated himself in a chair.

The yellow-complexioned man, who was Faranghea, the chief of the Stranglers, kept in a corner of the room, unobserved by Rodin. After effecting his escape from the soldiers at the ruins of Tchandi, he waylaid Mahal, the smuggler; killed him, took M. José's despatches, and the letter, which secured him a passage in the Ruyter. Djalma, when meeting with Faranghea (which will be explained hereafter,) not being aware that he was a Pharsegar, treated him as a countryman.

Rodin, with a wild look, and pale countenance, sat biting his lips, when the stranger approached him, and, putting his hand familiarly on his shoulder, said, "Your name is Rodin?"

"Well, what of that?" cried Rodin, starting.

"Is not your name Rodin?"

"It is: what do you want with me?"

"You live in the Rue de Milieu des Ursins?"

"Yes, but once more, what do you want?"

"At present—*nothing*; by and bye—*much*;" then he stalked away, leaving Rodin horror-struck with the wild gaze of the stranger.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### MUTUAL RECOGNITIONS—SYMPATHY—A JOYFUL RE-UNION.

THE storm had ceased, and silence prevailed in the Château de Cardoville. All the rescued people had comfortable rooms allotted to them. As Gabriel had promised to set out in a few hours, he did not retire to bed, but having dried his clothes, he seated himself in a arm-chair before the fire, and was soon soundly asleep. Rabat Joie, not suspecting any intruder to the room in which the orphans were, relaxed his watchful guard at the door, and entered the

ment of the sleeping missionary; extended himself on a rug on the hearth, and placed his nose between his fore paws, feeling quite at home.

A door opened, and Rose and Blanche, anxious about the old soldier, had dressed themselves, left their chamber to get information, and entered that of Gabriel. Seeing Rabat Joie before the fire, and supposing Dagobert was asleep, they stealthily advanced towards the arm-chair, and to their astonishment beheld Gabriel sound asleep. From surprise they changed to admiration of his pale beautiful countenance, which at that moment had a troubled expression, probably from an unpleasant dream. The young girls looked on him with compassion.

"He is perhaps dreaming, sister," said Rose, "see what an angelic countenance he has; does it not appear like that we saw in our dreams? You remember, he promised to be our protector."

"He has been true to his word. He had not that troubled look before, nor that red scar round his forehead. Is it not strange that he did not speak about our mother? Perhaps he did not like because we were in company."

"Shall we ask him now, sister?"

The sisters knelt before Gabriel, and raising their innocent faces, said imploringly, "Gabriel, do tell us something about our mother."

"At the sound of voices, Gabriel started, and recognizing the orphans, he said, "Rose, my sisters, we ought to kneel only to God." The young girls rose, and Gabriel added with a smile, "How is it you knew my name?"

"You told us yourself when you came from our mother, and promised to protect us."

"You are mistaken, my sisters; I never saw you till this day."

"Oh, yes; you saw us in our dreams. The first time, you know, was in Germany."

Gabriel could scarcely refrain from smiling at their simplicity. "Who do you take me for, my sisters?"

"For the angel that our mother sent to protect us."

"I am but a poor, humble priest. Perhaps, I may resemble the angel that you saw in your dreams, for angels are not visible to beings such as we are."

"Not visible!" repeated the orphans, sorrowfully.

Gabriel took them by the hands, saying, "Do not be sorry, my sisters; dreams, like all that is good, spring from God."

At this moment Dagobert entered, who started back on seeing a stranger holding Rose and Blanche by the hands, for he did not know that it was the man who had saved the orphans from a watery grave. The sisters no sooner saw their guardian than they ran to him, and asked him if his head was painful."

"No, my children, the doctor has removed the pain. But who is that man who was holding you by the hands?"

"That is our guardian angel, Dagobert. It is he who saved us from the sea."

"Indeed! was it he who—" He could say no more, but ran to Gabriel, and gazing on him gratefully, said, "Oh, sir, is it to you that I owe the lives of these two dear children? O, I thank you from my heart, and—but I can say no more." Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he added,— "When endeavouring to climb a rock, was it not you who—yes, yes, it was you; I know you now."

"Unhappily," said the young priest, "my strength failed; and with sorrow I saw the sea close over you."

"What!" cried Blanche, and did our Gabriel try to save you too?"

"Gabriel!" cried the old soldier. "Is your name Gabriel, sir, and are you a priest. Who brought you up?"

"A good and generous woman, whom I esteem as the best of mothers; notwithstanding I was a foundling, she had pity on me, and reared me as a son."

"Frances Baudoin," said Dagobert with joy; "a soldier's wife, and mother to a young man called Agricola. O my wife, my son!"



"Then you are Agricola's father. O God! how can I express my gratitude for thy bounty," said the young priest.

"Are they well? When did you hear from them?" asked Dagobert.

"I left them about three months ago. They were then enjoying good health."

"Gabriel, I am waiting for you," was uttered in a morose voice, that startled the missionary. All looked round, and beheld Rodin at the door.

"Who is that man?" asked the old soldier, annoyed at the interruption, and not at all liking M. Rodin's appearance. "What does he want?"

"I must leave you, said Gabriel, in a tone of regret; this is my superior, and I must obey him."

"Oh, do not go! I have a great many questions to ask you. Shall I ask him to allow you to remain?"

"It would be useless. I must obey. It is a duty I owe to my superiors. I shall meet you all at Paris."

"Well, as a soldier, I know what discipline is. Your discipline, however, is rather severe. Never mind, my boy. We shall meet you at the Rue Brice-Miche."

"It is severe," said Gabriel. Farewell; farewell, my sisters."

Two hours afterwards, Dagobert, and the two orphans were pursuing their way to Paris. Prince Djalma, too ill to travel, remained at Cardoville, with Faranghea, who urged that he would not leave his countryman.

We will now conduct our readers to the Rue Brice-Miche, where Dagobert's wife lived.

The Rue Brice-Miche is one of the most populous in Paris; the houses, unwholesome, cold, and comfortless, are inhabited by the labouring classes. In one of the rooms of a miserable building dwelt Frances Baudoin, who seated near her fire was cooking Agricola's supper. She was about fifty years of age; wore a printed gown, with white flowers; a serge

petticoat, and on her head a cap tied under the chin. Her face was pale and thin, her features regular, and on her countenance there was an expression of resignation. It was not possible to find a better, a more worthy mother. With no other resources than her own industry, she not only brought up her son Agricola, but also the foundling Gabriel. For some time her health had failed, and her sight was impaired. She could only work three or four hours a day; and the work she was engaged on was of coarse materials, in sewing which she could only earn a mere pittance.

Whilst Madame Baudoin was busy cooking Agricola's supper, a gentle knock was heard at the door, and Frances called out, "Come in." A little deformed young woman entered, about eighteen years of age; she was not what is positively termed hump-backed, but her body was curved like an S, with her head sunk between her shoulders. Her features, thin, pale, and regular, and very much marked with the small-pox, were expressive of sadness. But around those features hung in clusters beautiful bright chestnut hair. In the suffering and pale countenance of this unfortunate creature misery and grief were fearfully depicted. From her birth she had become an object of ridicule, bearing from her infancy the name of the Mayeux, or Humpy, which grotesque appellation brought at every instant her sad misfortune to her recollection. Dagobert's wife and Agricola, though sympathising with and consoling her all in their power, never called her by any other name.

The Mayeux had a very pretty sister, Cephyse, whom Perrine Soliveau, their stepmother, tenderly loved, but who treated the deformed with harshness and disdain. The poor girl, weeping, used to go to Frances, Dagobert's wife, who comforted her, and encouraging her, taught her to read, and write.

Cephyse, the sister, was active and intelligent, but bold and indiscreet, so much so, that from her noisy frolics, she was called the Bacchanalian Queen; and

she certainly showed herself worthy of that sounding title.

The Mayeux could only earn by toiling fourteen or fifteen hours a day with her needle, about four francs a week, and this was all she had to subsist on, clothe herself, and pay for her lodgings.

Dagobert's wife and her sorrowful visitor sat talking together on various subjects, the tender mother from time to time expressing her anxiety about her son Agricola being so late. At length the two heard a cheerful voice chanting a lively tune, approaching the room, and at length the young blacksmith entered with a smile and a kind word for both the two women. He carried in his hand a beautiful flower, which his mother and the Mayeux admired amazingly.

"Well, mother," said Agricola, "I see you are desirous to know how I have got that pretty flower, and I will tell you. As I was turning the corner of the Rue de Babylone, I heard the faint yelping of a dog. I looked, and saw the prettiest little poodle I ever beheld, about the size of my hand, with long silken ears that hung to its feet. I lifted up the little creature, which began to lick my hand. It had a broad silk ribbon round its neck, beneath which was a small plate attached to a gold chain. I took a match from my box, rubbed it, and saw--" "Lutine, Miss Adrienne de Cardoville, No. 7, Rue de Babylone." I took the dog to this direction. I rang the bell, and was ushered into the presence of a beautiful young lady, who said, in a voice that was musical, 'O, how can I reward you for this kind service—for this honest act? I have a foolish attachment for this little creature.' Then looking at me, and thinking from my appearance that she might show her gratitude otherwise than in words, she took a small silk purse from her pocket, and said, 'No doubt, sir, you have lost time in coming here; take this.' Seeing that her offer wounded my feelings, she took this flower

from a magnificent china vase, saying, in an accent full of kindness, 'At least, sir, you will accept this flower.' I took it, with many thanks, and, on retiring, she said, 'I shall never forget, sir, that I am your debtor, be so kind as to remember my name and address. When you need a friend call upon me.' I then came away.

"It is like a fairy tale. Is it not, my poor Mayeux?"

"It is indeed," said the poor girl, in a sorrowful tone.

"And so, my dear mother," said Agricola, "I have told you of one cause that made me so late; and now I will tell you another. On coming to the door, I met our neighbour the dyer, who told me that he had observed a well-dressed man, pacing about our door, as if he wanted to spy out something or other. I thanked him for his information, and told him I had no fear of spies."

The young man then sat down to his supper, and the Mayeux brought him a jug of water to drink. Agricola said to her, "Thank you, my little Mayeux; here, take this beautiful flower and preserve it for my sake."

The poor young girl was delighted on receiving this present, and promised to take the greatest care of the flower.

The three then conversed together on various subjects: at length Agricola said, "I trust my brave father will be here soon; it is now four months since we heard from him, and he said he would be in Paris about the end of January."

"That is true, my child; but now it is February, and we have heard nothing of him."

"That is the reason that we may expect him daily; and it would not astonish me should Gabriel arrive about the same time. Remember what he said in his last letter from America. What happiness, mother, if we were all meeting together.—But you weep."

"Alas! poor Baudoïn, he must have suffered much,

My heart bleeds when I think we have so little to comfort him after all his sufferings."

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation, and Agricola called out, "Come in."

The door was opened, and a person said to Agricola, "I want to speak to you privately."

The young blacksmith rose and went out, leaving his mother with the Mayeux.

In about five minutes he returned, his face pale, tears in his eyes, and his hands trembling. He stopped a few moments at the door, to regain more composure.

"Well, my son, what is the matter?" demanded Madame Baudoin.

"Oh, mother," said Agricola, in a serious tone, "you must prepare yourself to hear something that will astonish you. Promise that you will be calm and reasonable."

"What do you mean, my son?"

"I was right in telling you that he would arrive soon."

"Your father!" cried Madame Baudoin, rising from her chair; but her surprise was so great that she remained motionless, pressing her heart with her hand to calm its beatings.

"Courage, my mother—the first blow is over—you have now only to enjoy the happiness of once more beholding my father."

"My poor Dagobert! After ten years' absence, I cannot believe it true. Is it so, my son?"

"Yes, it is true; and if you promise to stifle your emotions, I will tell you when you will see him."

"It will be soon—will it not?"

"Yes; perhaps to-morrow—perhaps to-night—perhaps immediately." Then rushing to the door, he opened it, and Dagobert and the two daughters of General Simon entered.

Madame Baudoin, instead of embracing her husband, fell upon her knees, and breathed forth a prayer to

God, thanking him for his goodness, and acknowledging her gratitude for the safe deliverance of her husband. For a few seconds the witnesses of this scene remained silent and motionless, while each countenance expressed tender veneration for that excellent woman, who, in her religious fervour, forgot at such a time the creature for the Creator.

Madame Baudoin at length rose, and approached her husband, who received her in his arms. For a few minutes they remained thus, giving vent to tears of joy; but when they withdrew their heads, the countenances of this reverential couple were calm and serene—for the expression of pure, simple, and natural affection never leaves behind it violent agitation.

The old soldier then introduced the daughters of General Simon to his wife, who received them affectionately, and was making an apology for the poor accommodation she could offer them, when she was interrupted by the barking of a dog.

"Oh," said Dagobert, "it's my faithful friend, Rabat Joie." And the door being opened, in rushed the sagacious animal, and going from one to another, became friendly with all.

Dagobert said that he should go on the morrow to the manufactory of M. Hardy, the father of General Simon, and present to him his grand-daughters; but Agricola told him that some friends of the general had established the title conferred on him after the battle of Ligny, and that M. Hardy had forsaken the anvil, being now the father of a duke.

The old soldier warmly congratulated the orphans on the dignified position to which they had been raised. He further said, that probably they would not have long to wait before their father arrived in Paris.

"I am sure," said Agricola, "that the arrival of General Simon will make Paris appear a pleasant city to the young ladies."

"You are right, Mons. Agricola," said Rose. "You guess what will make us happy."

"How is it that you know my name, Mademoiselle?" asked the young blacksmith.

"We used to speak about you, with Dagobert, and lately with Gabriel."

"Gabriel!" cried Agricola and his mother, in surprise.

"Yes," Dagobert said. "It will take a fortnight to tell you everything; and amongst other things, how we met Gabriel. What a brave young man, and how worthy he is of being loved as a brother. My poor Frances, what a kind-hearted creature you are, to become the foster-mother of this good young man."

While Madame Baudoin was preparing a glass of hot wine and water for the orphans, some one knocked, but before Agricola reached the door, it was opened, and a man, tolerably well-dressed, entered, fixing his eyes on the orphans.

"After knocking," said Agricola, confronting the man, "you might have waited till the door was opened to you. What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the stranger, speaking slowly, that he might have time to examine the interior of the room. "I am sorry for my indiscretion."

"Well, well, sir, what do you want here?"

"Does M<sup>d</sup>le. Soliveau, a hump-backed workwoman, live here?"

"She does not: she lives up stairs."

After apologising again, the ceremonious stranger cast a long last look upon the orphans, Dagobert, and Agricola, and left the room.

A few moments after, Madame Baudoin spread a mattress on the ground for herself, and made a bed with linen as white as snow for the orphans. Agricola, with his father, was passing the door of the Mayeux's room to reach his own chamber, when the poor girl, hidden in the shade, said, in such a low voice that the young blacksmith alone could hear, "Agricola, you must speak to me to-night. Danger is threatening."

A few minutes after the *polite* stranger had left the house of Madame Baudoin, he was seen approaching a coach stationed at the Cloisters of St. Mary. In the interior of the coach sat M. Rodin, enveloped in a mantle. "Well, what have you learned?"

"The two young girls, and the man with the grey moustaches entered Frances Baudoin's. Before knocking at the door, I, in listening heard them say, that the young girls would sleep in Frances Baudoin's room, and that the old fellow with the gray moustaches would take a share of that of the blacksmith."

"Good! now hasten to Frances Baudoin's confessor, and tell him I am waiting his arrival in the Rue du Milieu des Ursins; that I wish to see him *instantly*, on matters of the greatest importance."

"This will be faithfully executed," replied the other, bowing to his employer.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ADRIENNE DE CARDOVILLE.

A SHORT time after these different scenes had transpired, profound silence reigned in the Rue Brice-Miche. A dim light in the room occupied by the Mayeux, showed that she was not in bed. The poor girl sat pale and sad on the bed-side, with a letter in her hand. A door at last was softly opened, and Agricola entered.

"I waited till my father fell asleep," said the blacksmith. "But, what is the matter, my good Mayeux? you are pale and weep. What is there to cause this?"

"Read!" said the Mayeux, in a trembling voice, handing him the letter which she held in her hand.

"A person who cannot discover himself, and who knows the deep interest that you take in Agricola Baudoin, warns you that the honest and industrious



mechanic will probably be arrested to-morrow. His song of the 'Labourer's Rights' has been criminated, and several copies have been found in a secret society, whose leaders have been imprisoned."

"Alas!" said the poor Mayeux, in tears, "I now understand all. The man that the dyer spoke about was watching your return."

"Pshaw!" said Agricola, throwing the letter disdainfully on the table, "the accusation is absurd. Do not be uneasy, my good Mayeux. I never write political verses. Mine only breathed love for humanity. Can I prevent my songs from being sung in a secret society?"

"Read on, Agricola."

"Why, to please you, I will do so."

"A writ of habeas corpus has been issued against Agricola Baudoin. Without doubt his innocence will be made known sooner or later; but he will do well to put himself out of the reach of his pursuers to prevent himself from being imprisoned for two or three months, which would be a fearful stroke for his poor mother, whom he supports."

"A SECRET BUT SINCERE FRIEND."

A silence of a few moments ensued after Agricola had finished reading the note; but at length he said, "Do not be uneasy. Some one has imagined it was the first of April, and thought to make a fool of me." The poor girl was much distressed to hear him treat the matter so jocularly, and begged him to treat the affair with more seriousness. She talked to him so sensibly and energetically, that he began to view the matter rather differently than he did at first.

After pondering over the affair, and suggesting various plans for the blacksmith to escape the threatened danger, the Mayeux at length said, exultingly, "I have hit upon a place for your safety! You must go to the young lady who gave you that beautiful flower; she will befriend you."

"You are right, my good Mayeux," said Agricola.

"That young lady told me, when I was about to leave her house, that if I required anything, I was to apply to her."

"Then, dear Agricola, go in the morning; and I will be on the look-out to see whether you can leave the house without being molested by any one."

The arrangement was thus agreed on, and Agricola bade good-night to the Mayeux, shut the door, and quietly returned to his own room.

Dagobert rose from his bed early, shaved and dressed himself with military precision, and then began joking his son on his upper lip bearing a similar appendage to that of his father, only Agricola's was black whilst Dagobert's was grey.

Whilst they were conversing together on various subjects, two knocks were heard at the door, and Agricola started, fearing it was some one come to arrest him. The father, not noticing the emotion of his son, called out, "Come in."

The door was opened, and Gabriel entered, who immediately threw himself into Agricola's arms, exclaiming, "My brother!"

"Gabriel! after so long an absence," cried Agricola; "and you have at last arrived!"

The meeting between the two youths deeply affected the old soldier; and he was obliged to turn his face to the wall to hide his emotion.

Agricola had many questions to ask his foster brother relative to his adventures in America, among the savage tribes with whom he had come in contact; and Gabriel, in satisfying his brother's curiosity, narrated many startling incidents which had happened to him. Dagobert said, with moistened eyes, "My dear boy, you deserve a medal of honour for your bravery, and your courage amid scenes of danger."

A gentle tap at the door now renewed the fears of Agricola, who had forgotten all in his joy at seeing his adopted brother.

"Agricola," said a gentle voice, "I wish to speak with you just now."

Agricola went out, and met the Mayeux, who presented a letter to him she had just got from Madame Baudoin. She told the young man to give it to his father, and then urged him to depart immediately to see his friend, the young lady who had promised to befriend him.

The young blacksmith told the Mayeux he would go immediately; she then went down stairs, and Agricola went to his father, saying, "Here's a letter for you."

"A letter for me, read it."

"Madame—I understand your husband is engaged by General Simon in an affair of the greatest importance. As soon as he arrives, tell him to repair to my study at Chartres, without the least delay. I am commissioned to give to him, and to no one else, papers indispensable to the interests of General Simon."

"DURAND, Notary at Chartres."

Dagobert looked at his son in surprise, saying, "Who could have told this man of my arrival?"

"Probably the notary whose address you lost, and to whom you sent your papers."

"His name was not Durand, and he was notary at Paris instead of Chartres. However, if he has important papers—"

"I think it will be as well for you to set out as soon as possible," said Agricola.

"Yes, I think you are right," said the father. "I can leave Rose and Blanche with my good wife; and their dear angel Gabriel must visit them occasionally."

"Unhappily, that will not be possible," said Gabriel, sorrowfully. "I come to bid you farewell."

"How is that?" said Dagobert and Agricola, at the same time.

"It is true," said Gabriel. "I shall not see you again for a long time."

"I am astonished," said the old soldier; you are unhappy, my brave boy. I do not like that fellow you called your superior at the Château de Cardoville. He has a roguish look."

"I must go, my dear father," said Agricola, being again reminded of his situation by hearing his father mention the Château de Cardoville.

"Yes, yes, go, my son. I shall see you on my return from Chartres."

"Just one word, my brother," said Gabriel, who had been musing for a short time. "I want your counsel and your aid—and yours also, my father. I shall require the aid of two men of resolution. Can I rely upon you two? At whatever hour of the day, a word shall bring you to my assistance."

"At all hours," said Dagobert, "we are at your command, my brave son. In us you have a father and a brother."

"Thanks, thanks; you have made me happy!"

The three then separated, and Agricola, a few minutes afterwards hastened to Mademoiselle Cardoville's where we will conduct the reader.

The character of Mademoiselle de Cardoville consisted in an exceedingly independent spirit, an innate horror of all that was ugly, a desire to surround her person with all that was lovely and attractive. She was not satisfied with that alone which pleased the eye: the harmony of song, the melody of instruments, the cadences of poesy, caused her infinite pleasure, whilst a harsh voice or a discordant noise gave her pain. She was also fond of flowers, and enjoyed their perfumes as she did the sweet concord of sounds. But Adrienne loved all with moderate discretion; she distinguished herself by cultivating and refining the senses which God had given her; and her desire for grace and elegance, for physical beauty, was not more than her adoration of the beauty of the mind. •

The toilet chamber of Adrienne was a sort of temple, which one might have imagined had been erected to the worship of beauty. The young lady had just come from her bath, and was seated near her toilet, her three maids surrounding her. Whilst the young girls were dressing Adrienne, she took up a letter which had been sent her by the steward of the Château de Cardoville, and read as follows :

"Mademoiselle,—Knowing your good and generous heart, I take the liberty of addressing you in confidence. For twenty years I served the late duke your father—I think I may say, with zeal and probity. The château is sold, so that my wife and I, without resources, are about to be turned adrift on the world. • At our age, Mademoiselle, it is hard ; very hard."

"Poor people !" said Adrienne, "my father often extolled their devotedness and probity." She continued—

"We might have escaped this cruel treatment by committing a base act ; but, whatever should happen, neither my wife nor I would accept a loaf purchased at such a price."

"To explain, Mademoiselle, the unworthy act, by doing which, I was to retain the stewardship, I must tell you, first, that a few days ago, a M. Rodin came here—"

"Ah ! M. Rodin, the secretary of the Abbé d'Agriigny," interrupted Adrienne, "then there's sure to be perfidy and black intrigue. Let us see :—"

"M. Rodin came from Paris to tell us that the estate was on the point of being sold, and that we could retain our situations, if we succeeded in persuading the lady who was about to purchase the land to accept an unworthy priest for her confessor ; and, in order to accomplish this end, we were to calumniate an excellent man who is respected by all. You know, mademoiselle, that we could not hesitate. We shall leave Cardoville, where we have been twenty years,

but we shall leave it honestly. Then, Mademoiselle, if you, who have always been kind and good, could secure a place for us, with any of your wealthy friends, it will free us from great embarrassments."

"Certainly, it will not be in vain that you have appealed to me," said Adrienne. "To rescue those honest people from the clutches of M. Rodin, is at once a duty and a pleasure; besides it will thwart those who are powerful, and oppress."

"After speaking to you about myself, let me now implore your protection for others. We must not alone think of ourselves. Three days ago two vessels were wrecked on our coast, and the few who escaped were brought to the château. Several of the party set out for Paris; but there is one, whose wounds prevented him from leaving. He is a young Indian prince, who appears to be as good as he is handsome."

"A young Indian prince, good as he is handsome!" cried Adrienne, gaily; "this shipwrecked Adonis of the Ganges has already excited my sympathy. Let us see:—"

"One of his countrymen, who seldom leaves him, and who is communicative, told me that he had lost all that he possessed in the wreck, and that he did not know how to reach Paris, where his presence was indispensable to his interest. He also told me that the young man had already suffered much; that his father, who was a king in India, had lately been killed, and that the son had been deprived of his rights by the English."

"That is strange," said Adrienne, reflectively. "These circumstances bring to my recollection what my father used to tell me about one of our relations who married an Indian king, whose cause General Simon, who has lately been created Marshal, espoused. But let us see if poor Dupont gives the name of this handsome prince."

"I trust, mademoiselle, that you will excuse our indiscretion; but if you would send him a small

sum of money to buy European clothes, for he has lost everything."

"European clothes!" exclaimed Adrienne. "Poor young prince! Oh, but the name—"

"Besides this, mademoiselle—if you would provide him with a small sum to enable him and his countryman to reach Paris, you will render a great service to that young prince who has already suffered much. Should you wish to direct a letter to him, such is the way his countrymen write his name—'The Prince Djalma, son of Kadja Sing, King of Mundi.'"

"Djalma," said Adrienne, reflectively: "Kadja Sing—yes, these are the names which my father often repeated in telling me that there was no one more chivalric or more heroic than the old Indian prince, our relation. And Djalma, my cousin, is brave, good, young, and handsome, and without resources. Oh, how fortunate I am. Georgette, quick, get pen and ink, and write to my dictation—"

"My dear Titian—You can render me a great service, and you will do it, I am sure, with that cordiality which I have always experienced from you. You must go immediately to the artist who made my last costumes of the fifteenth century, and tell him to prepare a modern Indian costume for a young gentleman. You can take for your measure Antinous or rather the Indian Bacchus—it will be more appropriate."

"This done, which must not exceed two or three days at most, you will go to the Château de Cardoville. The worthy steward, whom you know well, will conduct you to a young Indian prince, named Djalma. You will tell his highness that you come on the part of a *friend incognito*, who, acting as a brother, sends him all that he requires. You must tell him that his unknown friend is anxiously waiting for him in Paris; then repair with this dear prince, who was born in the country of flowers and of diamonds, to the Rue de Babylone. You must not be

astonished at this strange conduct, and you must tell the old respected steward that at the bottom of this there is something more than apparent folly.

"Adieu, my old friend ; I enclose you an order on my bankers for whatever sum you may require.

"ADRIENNE DE CARDOVILLE."

While Georgette was sealing the letter, Heba entered, saying that the young workman who had found Lutine wished to see her mistress ; he was pale and apparently very sad.

"Does he require my assistance already ?" said Adrienne ; and, followed by Lutine, she went to see Agricola.

When Adrienne met the young blacksmith, she took him kindly by the hand, and asked him what was the matter. Agricola showed her the anonymous letter he had received from the Mayeux ; and after she had read it, she inquired if his songs touched on politics. He assured her the songs he composed and sung were chiefly in praise of honest industry ; and had no political bearing whatever.

Adrienne cautioned him to be careful in his poetical compositions, as, at the present time, the slightest hint in opposition to the ruling powers was sure to be seized hold of by the authorities. She then asked him what he wished her to do for him.

Agricola told her the situation in which he was placed : the state of his mother's health, and how she was dependent upon him for her support ; his employment under M. Hardy ; and that his aged father, who had been absent eighteen years, had just arrived with the two daughters of General Simon ; and that if he was cast into prison, the whole of them would be plunged in deep distress. He asked her if she would become security for him, should he be arrested.

"Adrienne assured him she would willingly become security for him, and would speak to a friend of hers, who had great influence with the government, to in-



tercede on his behalf. She then made inquiry respecting the two daughters of General Simon, saying she was not aware he had two daughters.

The young blacksmith told her that the General had two of as lovely girls as there were in Paris, about fifteen years of age, and that they were twins.

Adrienne was delighted at hearing this, and said she would go in the evening to the Rue Brice-Miche, and see her handsome young relatives.

At that moment Georgette came suddenly into the room, and told her mistress that there were four bad-looking men lurking about the premises, and asking if a young man, named Agricola Baudoin was not in the house.

"That is my name," said the blacksmith. "What shall I do?"

"Don't be uneasy," said Adrienne; "we will conceal you till you can leave without any fear of being arrested."

He was then conducted to an inner room, which was so constructed that the most expert detective would be unable to discover any one concealed therein.

A short time after these events occurred at Adrienne's residence in the Rue de Babylone, Florine, one of Adrienne's waiting-maids, stealthily entered the apartment of Madame Grivois, a confidential waiting-woman to the Princess de St. Dizier, aunt to Adrienne.

Florine presented a note to Madame Grivois, which contained the substance of the epistle Adrienne had been dictating to Georgette, relating to the commission she had given a friend to go to the relief of Djalma. The artful Florine had listened to the dictation of her mistress, and then had written it down from memory.

When she had received the note, Madame Grivois asked Florine what time her mistress came home; and the maid answered she was not out of the house. On receiving this answer, the princess's waiting-woman sternly told Florine if she did not fulfil her

duty more faithfully she would get into trouble. Adrienne's maid retorted that she always acted according to the directions given to her by M. Rodin, who got her the situation. She further said she was sorry she was engaged in such nefarious transactions.

Madame Grivois then changed her tactics, and begged Florine's pardon for having spoke harshly to her, and the two separated, Florine to the Rue de Babylone, and Madame Grivois to the chamber of the Princess de St. Dizier.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE CONFEDERATES.

THE grand hotel of the Princess de St. Dizier, presented a sombre appearance both inside and outside. For some time previous the princess had given up all worldly splendours, and had surrounded herself with servants advanced in life who were clothed in black, and seldom spoke but in whispers, which gave to this large habitation the severe aspect of a monastery.

The princess de St. Dizier, in her young days was exceedingly handsome; and in the latter years of the Empire, and the first of the Restoration, she was considered one of the most fashionable women in Paris. Her husband (the Prince de St. Dizier, oldest brother of the Count of Rennepont, Duke of Cardoville, Adrienne's father,) never blamed her for her extravagance. This unprincipled woman felt most happy in intrigue, either of a political or amorous character. In the society in which she moved there were often opportunities afforded her of selecting her victims. She contrived, by base and wily stratagems, to alienate the affections of a young gentleman from a lovely and devoted young lady, whom he had

adored; and when she had accomplished this she retired from the world.

After several long interviews with the Abbé Marquis d'Agrigny, a renowned preacher, she suddenly left Paris, and went to Dunkirk, taking Madame Grivois alone with her, where she remained two years. When she returned to Paris, she had undergone a complete change. The hotel de St. Dizier, formerly the seat of festivity, joy, and pleasure, was quiet and austere. Instead of fashionable visitors, she only received men known for their *outré* religious principles. It was often remarked that the favourites of the religious coterie of the princess attained, with singular rapidity, high positions in society.

The princess was seated at the table sealing several letters, when Madame Grivois entered, bearing in her hand the note she had received from Florine, which she presented to her mistress. Madame de St. Dizier told her woman to leave it, and when her niece came she (Madame Grivois) was to go with a person who was expected every moment, to Adrienne's residence, and he would take an inventory of every thing throughout the house.

An old valet entered, announcing the Abbé d'Agrigny.

The Princess ordered Madame Grivois to tell Mademoiselle de Cardoville to wait a short time.

The waiting-woman and the valet retired, leaving the princess and the Abbé together.

Three months had passed since the Abbé d'Agrigny departed from the Rue du Milieu des Ursins, on important business to Rome. The Abbé, having only arrived that morning, had not before seen the princess since his mother's death, which took place at Dunkirk on her estate. The Abbé approached the princess, and said, with emotion, "Hermione, did you not conceal something from me in your letters? In my mother's last moments did she not curse me?"

"No, no, Frederick. Be not uneasy. She asked for you, and when her ideas were confused—when she was delirious, she still called you by name."

"No doubt," said the marquis, "her maternal instinct prompted her to say, 'that my presence would save her life.'"

"Frederick, I implore you to forget those sad recollections. The misfortune cannot be remedied."

"Well; my conscience ought to be easy. I was but doing my duty when I sacrificed my mother."

"The sacrifice, Frederick, no doubt, was great; but then look at the reward. What influence! what power!"

"That is true," said the marquis. "What would one not sacrifice to reign in darkness over the all-powerful of this earth, who reign in broad daylight. My journey to Rome gave me a new idea of our formidable power."

"Yes, indeed; our power is great, very great," said the princess, "and that which renders it more formidable and more sure, is its mysterious influence upon the mind and upon the conscience."

"And yet," said the marquis, with disdain, "there are those who think we have fallen, because we have had our bad days, as if we were not organized for a struggle. The 13th of February is at hand; then we shall re-establish our influence, which was for a moment shaken. I should not have returned so soon had it not been for that great event."

"You are aware of the adverse circumstances that seem to be working against us in this affair."

"I am—Rodin told me. The arrival of General Simon's daughters and of the Indian Prince. But Rodin is on the alert, and your plan is excellent. The old soldier will be from home. His wife's confessor knows how to act, therefore to-morrow will see them safe enough. The Indian is wounded, and lies at Cardoville. In that case we have time to mature our plans."

"But there are more," said the princes. "Besides my niece, there is M. Hardy."

"Yes," said the marquis, "and that miserable vagabond, *Couche-tout-nu*."

The princess uttered an expression of contempt.

"We no longer need be uneasy about them. Gabriel, on whom our hopes rest, will not be lost sight of till the great day arrives. It is for us a question of life and death. On my way to Paris, I stopped at Flori, where I met the Duke of Orbana. His influence upon the mind of the king is very great, therefore if we gain his interest, we shall have the exclusive privilege of educating young people, but unfortunately, he puts rather a severe condition upon his services."

"What are his terms?"

"Five million francs, and an annuity of ten thousand more."

"It is, assuredly a great deal."

"And still it is not so much when we think that once he has set his foot here, the affair of the medals which is more than eight times that sum, will be happily terminated."

"Yes, near forty millions," said the princess, musing; "and with that sum which the Order will possess, we shall be able to do many great things, as in these times everything is bought and sold."

After a moment's silence, the marquis said, "The 13th of February may be for our power an epoch as famous as that of the period when the council gave us, so to speak, new life."

"Therefore," said the princes, "we must be resolute. Of six persons whom we have to fear, it is out of the power of five to injure us. My niece alone remains, and I have been only waiting your return to take final steps in regard to her. Everything is ready, and we shall begin to act this morning. I feel certain that she knows more than she pretends to do, and in that case we cannot have a more dangerous enemy."

"That has always been my opinion; and I am rarely deceived. I feel certain that he will prove a dangerous enemy."

"There is one thing that has occurred in our favour. Madame Gravois, in going to inform my niece that I expected her at noon on an affair of importance, saw, or believed that she saw her, enter by the garden gate."

"Is that possible?" cried the marquis; "are there proofs of this?"

"There are no other proofs at present; but here is a note which the servant that Rodin managed to place in the service of my niece, brought a short time back. Perhaps we shall find something in the paper of consequence."

When the princess had perused the note, she exclaimed, "Here's a discovery! The steward of the Château de Cardoville in asking my niece's protection, has solicited her aid in behalf of the Indian Prince; and Adrienne has written to Mr. Norval to go by post, and to bring the young prince immediately to Paris. He must be kept away at all hazards."

The marquis became pale, and said, "If this is not a silly whim of your niece, it is a proof that, sending off at once for her relatives, she knows all about the medals. If care is not taken all will be lost."

"We must hesitate no longer then," said the princess, with firmness.

A servant now entered, stating that Dr. Baleinier had arrived, and another gentleman whom the Abbé promised to meet at noon.

"Tell the gentlemen to walk in," said the princess, "and after Baron Frippeaud has arrived, the door then must be only opened to Mademoiselle Adrienne."

Two persons were then ushered into the room; one a little man in black, with spectacles, carrying a portfolio. This personage the princess conducted into a small room adjoining the one they were in, and separated by a small partition. The princess, before

leaving him told the man she would give him notice when to begin. The other man, Dr. Baleineir, was about fifty-years of age, with long grey hair, and a pleasant countenance.

After salutations had passed between the doctor and his two companions, the princess and the marquis exacted from the doctor the most solemn pledges that he would assist them in any plan they might wish to adopt to bring Mademoiselle de Cardoville to reason.

Whilst they were conversing two knocks were heard at the door, and the valet announced M. le Baron Fripeaud.

After the Baron had saluted all parties, he asked if the princess's intentions were still unchanged regarding Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"They are always the same," said the princess; "and it is to put them into execution that we have met to-day."

"Madame, you can depend upon me," said the baron. "I think the greatest severity ought to be put in practice, and that even if it were necessary to—"

"Mademoiselle has arrived," said the valet. "She wishes to know if she can see you, Madame."

"Tell her that I am now waiting for her. Remember I am now at home to no one."

The princess went to the room in which the man with spectacles was concealed, and made a sign to him.

Strange! the different actors in the scene seemed for a minute of two ill at ease and embarrassed. At last Adrienne entered.

When the spirited young lady saw the Marquis d'Agrigny, she made a sudden movement of surprise, and a smile of derision played upon her vermilion lips. After she had inclined her head graciously to the doctor, passed before the Baron Fripeaud without noticing him, and saluted the princess with a half reverential air, she said:

"You asked me to come here to speak on matters of importance."

"I did, mademoiselle," replied the princess, coldly, "a grave and important matter."

"Well, I am here, aunt. Shall we go into your library?"

"No; we can speak here. These gentlemen are friends of our family."

"I do not *discredit* the friendship that M. d'Agrigny has for our family; and I *doubt* as little the devoted and disinterested sincerity of M. Fripeaud. M. Baleinier is one of my old friends; but, before accepting these gentlemen for spectators, or, if you prefer the word, listeners, to our conversation, I wish to know what we are going to speak about."

"I thought, mademoiselle, that amongst your strange pretensions, you included openness and courage."

"I pretend no more to openness and courage," replied Adrienne, jeeringly; "than you do to sincerity and goodness."

"Well, be it so. I thought that, free and courageous as you say you are, you would not be afraid to answer before these respectable gentlemen, what you would say if we were alone."

"It is an examination in form then that I am to submit to."

"It is no examination. But as you have abused my kindness in overlooking your caprices, I wish to put an end to them, and to tell the friends of our family my determined resolution for the future. The idea that you have of my power over you is incorrect, mademoiselle."

"I assure you, my aunt, that I never had any idea on the matter. That never gave me the least concern."

"That is my fault. I ought to have made you feel my authority; but the time has now come to subdue you; your character must be changed either by consent or force. You hear me."

"Well, aunt, if I should change it would not astonish me; we have seen conversions *so strange*."



"The princess bit her lips, while d'Agrigny said, "A sincere conversion is never strange; but, on the contrary, meritorious."

"Very good," said Adrienne. "To convert one's faults into vices—excellent."

"What's that you say, mademoiselle?" cried the princess.

"I was only speaking of myself, aunt. If I was going to become wicked and hypocritical; indeed I would rather cherish my little faults, and look upon them as spoiled children."

"Nevertheless," said Baron Fripeaud, "you cannot deny that a conversion."

"I believe M. Fripeaud is *au fait* at the conversion of all kinds of things into all kinds of benefits by all kinds of means. There is no use in my guessing at enigmas. I desire, aunt, to know the motive and end of this *re-union*."

"I ought, mademoiselle, in justice to myself," said the princess, coldly, "to inform these gentlemen of several events which occurred after the death of your father, which is now nine months ago; you were then eighteen, and at that age you desired to live alone, which I unfortunately agreed to. Instead of contenting yourself with one or two servants, you chose women, with whom you associated, and whom you dressed in costumes of by-gone ages. Your follies have been without bounds; not only have you neglected your religious duties, but you had the effrontery to profane one chamber, by erecting several altars, and placing near them a marble group, representing various young men and women. Objects of art they may be, but a person of your age could not have chosen anything more reprehensible. You have shut yourself up for days, and would not be seen, and when Dr. Baleinier, the only one of your friends in whom you have confidence, has, by dint of perseverance, penetrated into the heart of your abode, he has found you in such a state of excitement, that he has

often feared for your health. You have invariably gone out alone, and refuse to render an account to any one; nor will you listen to my authority. Is not this the truth?"

"Your picture of the past is not very flattering," said Adrienne; "but still it is not entirely without resemblance. But, aunt, why this preamble?"

"This preamble, mademoiselle, serves to expose the past. From this day you must submit blindly to my will; and must do nothing without my permission."

Adrienne looked fixedly at her aunt, and then burst into a fit of loud laughter. The marquis and the baron looked indignant, the doctor lifted his eyes upward, and the princess regarded her niece with an air of rage.

"Mademoiselle," said the marquis, "such shouts of laughter are not at all becoming."

"Oh, sir," interrupted Adrienne, "whose fault is it? How can I remain quiet, when I hear my aunt speak to me about a blind submission to her orders? Is it possible for the swallow, accustomed to fly in the open heavens, and to sport in the rays of the sun, to live in the hole of the mole?"

The princess looked furious. "What does she mean?" asked the marquis. "I do not know," replied the baron.

"Come, come," said the doctor, "we must be indulgent; mademoiselle has naturally an original mind; she is assuredly the most charming silly creature I ever knew."

"I am aware," said the princess, "that your attachment to mademoiselle Adrienne renders you indulgent; but to-morrow she quits her residence in the pavilion; she shall send away her women; she shall occupy two rooms in my house, where none can reach her without going through my apartment; she shall never go out alone; I will charge myself with all her expenses; as she will not have any money at

her command till her majority, which, fortunately, through the intervention of a council of our family, has been indefinitely postponed. Such is my will!"

The marquis and the baron applauded the determination of the princess; while the doctor, apparently more favourably inclined towards the young lady, suggested milder measures.

Adrienne began to perceive that something of grave nature was contemplated, and her gaiety gave place to the most bitter irony. She rose, suddenly, her face became red, her eyes sparkled, she slightly drew back her head by a movement of pride which was natural to her; and said, in a firm voice, "You have spoken, madam, of the past; I will also say a few words; but remember, you forced me to it. It is true that I left your house, but what was the reason; because I could not live in such an atmosphere of vile hypocrisy and black perfidy."

Adrienne was interrupted by the marquis commanding her to be careful of her language; and by the princess, pale with rage, exclaiming, "Mademoiselle, you forget yourself."

"No, madame, I cannot forget I had no relation from whom I could ask a home. I therefore wished to live alone, and to enjoy my riches according to my fancy, because I should not like to have seen them wasting away in the hands of M. Fripeaud—"

"Mademoiselle," cried the baron, "I do not understand how you permit yourself to—"

"Enough, sir," interrupted Adrienne, "I speak of you, but I am not speaking to you. I therefore wished to spend my income according to my inclination. I embellished the retreat which I had chosen. For servants I engaged young girls that were poor, but who had been well brought up. Their education prevented me from treating them as servants, so I rendered their condition as agreeable as possible. They did not serve me, they offered me services; and I paid them, because I was grateful. Instead of

seeing them badly clothed, I dressed them in robes which became their charming countenances, because I love what is young and beautiful. I go out alone, for that pleases me. I do not go to mass, that is true; but had I a mother, I would tell her what were my devotions, and she would tenderly embrace me. I have erected an altar to youth and beauty, for I adore God in all that is lovely, good, noble, and great. M. Baleinier, you say, has often found me in solitude, a prey to strange exaltations; yes, that is true. It is then, when carried away by my thoughts, from all that renders the present so painful, so odious, that I take refuge in the future; it is then that I discern magical horizons—it is then that splendid visions surround me; and I feel myself enraptured in sublime ecstacy, and that I no longer belong to the earth. It is then, that I respire a pure and free air—free, free—so salubrious, so grateful to the soul. Yes, instead of seeing my sisterhood so brutally humiliated by those, who, by their seductive wiles, have drawn them into slavery; have, in graciousness robbed them, in perfidy enchanted them—I see these noble sisters, worthy and sincere, because they are free; faithful and devoted, because they choose for themselves; neither haughty nor humiliating, because they have no masters to flatter. These are not only consoling visions, but holy hopes.”

Adrienne stopped to take breath. She did not observe that her listeners seemed delighted.

“The only way we can bring her to the requisite point,” whispered the marquis, “is to excite her feelings.”

Adrienne looked around, and smiling to the doctor, said, “You must acknowledge that there is nothing more ridiculous than allowing oneself to be carried away by certain thoughts. This affords an excellent opportunity to ridicule my exalted ideas, as they term them; but, at present I abandon my dreams for realities. You told me your intentions, madame;

then listen to mine. Before eight days expire, I shall have left the pavilion, for a house which I have fitted up according to my taste, and where I shall live according to my inclinations; for I have neither father nor mother to whom I can render an account of my actions."

"But, mademoiselle," said the princess, "you forget that society exacts certain moral duties which we are charged to see performed; we shall do so, rely upon it."

"Then, madame, is it you, M. d'Agrigny, and M. Fripeaud, who will represent the standard of morality? Is it because M. Fripeaud has considered that I ought to deliver up my fortune to him, as you did yours? is it because the opportunity presents itself that I shall ask you for the interest of certain monies which I think you have concealed from me?"

At these words the marquis and the princess trembled, and looked at each other in astonishment.

"This hotel, madame, belongs to me, and since I have it, it is indifferent to me, whether you remain in part of it or not; but the ground floor, which is empty, I have disposed of to three of my relations;—a young Indian prince, who is related to me by my mother's side, and two orphans, the daughters of Marshal Simon, who are also my relations."

These words increased the trepidation and fear of the princess and the marquis.

"You appear surprised," said Adrienne, looking at her aunt; "but I will astonish you more by-and-bye. Marshal Simon is expected here daily, and you can easily imagine the pleasure I shall have in introducing him to his daughters."

"Oh, certainly, you are generous, mademoiselle, and act as if you had a mine in your possession."

"Madame, it is about a mine that I wish to speak. Considerable as my fortune at present is, when compared to that which will fall to our family in a few days, it is nothing."

The marquis and the princess fearing she would divulge the secret of the medals, both went towards her, and were about to speak, when the valet, with a frightened aspect, entered, saying, that the Commissioner of Police and several soldiers were in the courtyard, and wished to see the princess.

"M. d'Agrigny," said the princess, "will you have the kindness to accompany me to ascertain the business of these men."

The marquis followed the princess into the next room.

The princess called the valet, and told him to go to the commissioner of police, and inform him that she would come to him in a few minutes. When the valet had gone, the princess said to the marquis, "Our only hope now, rests with the doctor; you must write a note to him, and I will get the valet to deliver it as if it had come from a patient requiring his aid. 'Whilst you are writing it I will go down to the Commissioner.'" She then went out.

The marquis hastily wrote a few lines to the doctor, impressing upon him the necessity of his fulfilling the pledge he had given on his being initiated into the Order. "Beware," said the writer, "of the least deviation from your oath."

Adrienne, when left with M. Fripeaud and the doctor, sat reflecting on the appearance of the Commissioner of Police at the hotel of her aunt, and suddenly it came into her mind that in some way it referred to Agricola's concealment in the pavilion. She went to Dr. Baleinier, and, drawing him as much as possible away from M. Fripeaud, she related to him the unfortunate situation in which the young blacksmith was placed, and implored him to use his influence with the Minister in behalf of Agricola. The doctor promised her that he would endeavour to fulfil her wishes as soon as he possibly could.

At this moment the valet brought a note to the doctor, saying that a stranger had left it, with the

request that the doctor would read its contents immediately.

Just as the doctor had finished reading the note, the princess, the marquis, and Madame Grivois, the princess's waiting-woman, entered the room, and, Madame de St. Dizier, addressing her niece, said, "So, my young lady, there is another scandal brought upon the family, through your spirit of intrigue."

"I am ignorant to what you allude, aunt," said Adrienne,

"Grivois," said the princess, "just enlighten my immaculate niece, will you?"

"Well," said the woman "I went along with the Commissioner of Police and the soldiers, to the pavilion in search of a young man, called Agricola Baudoin, whom the officer had orders to apprehend for some crime he had committed; and after searching every room without finding him, and about to leave, I detected a slight crevice in the wall, which I pointed out to the Commissioner, and on further investigation, a small room was discovered, wherein was sat the object of their search, a young man of the artizan class. He was immediately captured by the commissioner, and marched off to the house of detention."

"You may retire now, Grivois," said the princess. "Well, my innocent niece, what say you so this?" she continued.

"Nothing," said Adrienne, who was shocked and troubled on account of Agricola's misfortune.

A short consultation was now held among the four confederates, but it was not noticed by Adrienne, her distress preventing her for a moment or two, taking any heed of what was passing. At length she went to take up a grey beaver hat which she had taken off when she entered the room, and, placing it on her head, she was about to leave the room, when her aunt said, "Where are you going, niece?"

"Where I choose?" answered Adrienne.

"You must not leave this house," said the princess.

"And why not? Am I to be detained against my will?"

"My carriage is waiting in the court-yard," said the doctor; "and, if it be agreeable to all parties, I will conduct Mademoiselle de Cardoville to the residence of the Minister, who, I believe, she is anxious to see on some particular business."

The princess reluctantly consented to the proposal, Adrienne, quite unsuspecting at the moment, felt pleased at this proof of the doctor's friendship, and she joyfully took her seat in the doctor's carriage.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE DOUBLE ABDUCTION.

It was a dark, cold night: and before the doctor took his seat in the carriage, he, unseen by Adrienne, whispered some words to the coachman. The door of the coach being closed, the man drove off; the lanterns to the carriage cast such a very dim light, that he could scarcely find his way. For some time the two inside maintained perfect silence; Adrienne, pondering over the painful scene in which she had been a conspicuous actor, and being greatly cast down on account of the misfortune of the young blacksmith and his family, felt very little inclination for conversation. The doctor probably felt his conscience stinging him for the base part he was taking in this nefarious scheme, and was dumb from shame.

When some considerable time had elapsed from their starting from the hotel, Adrienne ventured to ask the doctor how much further they had to go. The doctor, in answer, said, "The residence of the Minister is in the outskirts of the city; it would not have been possible to find him at his office at this



hour, therefore, we shall have to go to his residence ; but we shall be there in a short time."

After proceeding for some distance farther, the carriage stopped before a sombre-looking building of considerable dimensions. The doctor rung a bell, and then handing Adrienne from the carriage, they entered a tolerably-sized apartment; the doctor telling Adrienne to sit down on a chair close to the wall, while he went in search of the Minister. He then left her.

Adrienne looked around the room, and saw that there was a strong wire frame, which was a good height, before the poor fire there was in the range. Feeling chill, she rose and went to the fire-place with the intention of brightening up the fire, when she took hold of the poker, to her surprise she found it fastened to a chain, and so with all the fire-irons. She then, intending to sit nearer the small fire, proceeded to bring the chair opposite, but found that piece of furniture fastened to the wall ; and so with all the furniture in the room ! She was astonished ; and after reflecting for a moment or two, the suspicion entered her mind that she had been entrapped, and that she was in a lunatic asylum !

The doctor did not return, nor any one else for some time : and all her efforts to get outside of the dismal abode were fruitless. At length two women attendants came to conduct her to the dormitory. She demanded to know why she had been brought there : but she might as well not have asked, as they gave her no satisfactory answer. All that they chose to say to her was that she must go quietly with them, or force would have to be used to compel her. Poor Adrienne ! she was in the toils of her enemies, and she considered it best to submit to her untoward circumstances for the present. She quietly followed the women to her sleeping apartment, where we will leave her and take a glance at some other characters in this multiple history.

Proceeding then to the residence of Madame Baudoin, in the Rue Brice-Miche, we find the old soldier's wife and the daughters of General Simon seated, conversing on the prolonged absence of Agricola, who had been away from home a day and a night. At length the Mayeux entered, wet to the skin, who cautiously informed Madame Baudoin of the arrest of her son, for writing a song which had given offence to the authorities: "But," said the kind-hearted Mayeux, "Agricola is in good health, and he thinks in a day or two he will regain his liberty. He would have been at liberty now, had not the good young lady who gave him the beautiful flower become insane, and is now confined in a mad-house."

A knock was heard at the door. "Come in," said Madame Baudoin, and the dyer, their neighbour, gave the soldier's wife a letter, which he said he had received from a person who said the matter was of a pressing nature. The letter was from the Abbé Dubois.

"My good Mayeux," said Madame Baudoin, "pray read it."

"My dear Madame Baudoin,—I have been in the habit of confessing you, every Wednesday and Saturday; but, this week, I shall be engaged on those days. If you do not wish to remain a week, without approaching the tribune of penitence, come this morning."

"A week!" exclaimed Madame Baudoin; "Heaven forbid! Alas! I feel, from the trouble and grief in which I am plunged, that there is much cause for going to-day."

The good woman now solicited the Mayeux to render a service, saying, "My husband took Agricola's last week's pay with him to Chartres, which was all the money in the house. I am sure that my good son has not a penny upon him, and perhaps he may require something while in prison. You will take the silk shawl that Agricola gave me, my silver spoons, and two pairs of sheets, to the pawnbroker's. I will try to find out the prison where my son is; I will send

him the half of what you get upon those things, and the other half will keep us till my husband returns. But when he does return, what shall we do? what a terrible blow it will be to him. What will become of us; my son in prison, and I no longer can see to work."

The good Mayeux did all in her power to console Madame Baudoin, who, after kissing the affectionate young girl, went away, leaving Rose and Blanche in her care.

The soldier's wife directed her steps to the church of St. Mary, and, on arriving within its sacred precincts, before entering the confessional, she, as usual, knelt down, and performed her devotions.

At the expiration of a few minutes, a tall priest, with grey hair and morose aspect, entered, accompanied by a little old man, who was whispering in his ear. When they saw Madame Baudoin upon her knees, the priest said, "Behold her!"

"Then," said the little man, who was Rodin, "in two or three hours we may expect the young girls at the convent of St. Mary. I shall rely upon you."

"I hope so, for their safety," said the priest, entering the confessional.

Rodin then went away, and the penitent approached the priest. The poor woman began by stating that her husband had just arrived from Siberia with two orphans, who had never been baptized, and that she felt distressed on their account, and wished to have his advice on the matter. She also confessed that in the hurry and confusion which their arrival caused, she had last night neglected to say her prayers.

The wily priest rebuked her for her negligence; and said that the only way which could be adopted for the salvation of the orphans was, to place them immediately in a convent.

The poor penitent thanked the priest for his advice, but said that her husband being absent from Paris at present, she dare not allow the orphans to remove from her house till his return.

The priest sternly forbade her to trifle with the souls of the orphans on account of her husband's absence. He commanded her to give up the girls to his governess immediately, on pain of being anathematized as an heretic. And he told her she must not inform her husband where the orphans had been placed, or she would incur the displeasure of the superior.

The poor bewildered and distressed woman scarcely knew what to say to these threatenings; she trembled, and begged the priest to wait till her husband's return; but he was inexorable; and the poor terrified creature promised not to reveal aught to her husband regarding the disappearance of the orphans.

The priest then insisted upon Madame Baudoin making oath that she would keep from her husband all knowledge of where the two young girls were concealed. The poor woman took the oath, and left the confessional.

As Madame Baudoin reached the Rue Brice-Miche, a man, nearly out of breath, came up to her, stating that the Abbé Dubois had forgotten to tell her something of importance, and therefore wished her to go back.

Just as the soldier's wife turned to go back to her confessor, a carriage stopped at the door; and a stout woman, clothed in black, and accompanied by a lap-dog, descended. This was Madame Grivois, the Princess St. Dizier's waiting-woman.

After some difficulty she reached the humble apartment, in which were the orphans and the Mayeux. She knocked at the door and enquired for Madame François Baudoin; and the Mayeux told her she was not at home.

The waiting-woman then said she would stay till Madame Baudoin returned, and sat down. Rabat Joie growled, as if he suspected some danger, and he placed himself in front of the orphans.

Madame Grivois sat chatting with the Mayeux and the orphans, until they were interrupted by the en-

trance of the soldier's wife. The wily waiting-woman sat for some time devising a scheme to get rid of the Mayeux before she carried off the two young girls. She was at last rejoiced to hear the poor young woman say, "I will now go with those things you gave me to take, Madame Baudoin." And she took up a bundle and left the apartment.

When she had gone, Madame Grivois presented the soldier's wife with a letter from the Abbé Dubois, saying, "You will see from that letter, the importance of my visit, of which I am exceedingly happy, as it brings me in connection with these two charming young ladies."

Rose and Blancho looked at each other in surprise. Madame Baudoin took the letter. It indeed required the menaces of her confessor to overcome the last scruples of the poor woman, for she trembled at the thought of Dagobert's rage.

"Your relation will be so happy to see you," said Madame Grivois to the orphans.

"Our relation," said Rose, in astonishment.

"Certainly; she knew of your arrival, but she has suffered so much from illness, that she has not been able to call. Unfortunately, as she states in her letter to Madame Baudoin, you will only be able to see her for a very short time; you will be here again in an hour."

"But can we go without waiting for the return of Dagobert?"

"Oh, yes," said Madame Baudoin, feebly "for you will be back soon."

"Come, my young ladies, make haste to accompany me, as I wish to bring you back before mid-day."

"We are ready, madame," said Rose.

The two young girls kissed Madame Baudoin, who pressed them to her bosom. She could scarcely refrain from shedding tears when they left, although the poor woman was under the conviction that what she was doing was for their benefit.

To prevent suspicion, Madame Grivois caused the coachman to wait for her at a short distance from the Rue Brice-Miche, where, shortly afterwards, she appeared with the orphans. The young girls got into the coach, followed by Madame Grivois, who whispered something to the coachman. The coach drove off, and had gone for a short distance, before Madame Grivois was aware that Rabat Joie was an inside passenger; she then ordered the driver to stop his horses, that the dog might be ejected from the carriage. Rabat Joie, however, did not appear willing to quit the vehicle; but by coaxing the orphans persuaded him to jump out. The coach went on again, and the wily confidant entertained the young girls by eulogistic descriptions of the fine house and the good people they were going to visit.

At length the coach stopped, and the coachman cried out, "The gate." The gate was opened, and the coach was driven into the court-yard. The coachman opened the door, and Madame Grivois and the orphans alighted. What was the rage of the former, and the surprise of the latter to see Rabat Joie, who with erect ears and wagging his tail, looked up at the orphans, expecting to be caressed for his fidelity. The sagacious animal had followed the carriage.

Madame Grivois went and rung a bell outside the building, which was answered by a middle-aged woman. "Here are the two girls," said Madame Grivois: "The orders of the Abbé d'Agigny and of the Princess are, that they be instantly separated, put into different cloisters, and be treated as impenitents. You understand. Come along, my dear children," she added, addressing the orphans; "this good woman will conduct you to your relative, and I will come back for you in half an hour. Coachman, keep back that dog."

As soon as the orphans had entered the convent, Madame Grivois went up to the porter, who was a tall robust man. And said, "Nicholas, I will give you twenty francs if you will kill that dog."

Nicholas shook his head, and said if he had a gun he might be able to do it; but not having a weapon of that kind, he seized a bar of iron, and chased the animal round and round, but the dog dodged and curveted so adroitly, that Nicholas gave up the contest.

Madame Grivois, in driving away from the convent, beheld her Siberian enemy sat at the outer gate, waiting for the coming of the orphans.

Dagobert, who had proceeded to Chartres, discovered, when he had gone about half-way, that he had lost his purse and money. Being obliged to return, he got into a coach that was on its road to Paris, but when he arrived at the city he had nothing wherewith to pay his fare. Being detained in the coach office, he sent a man to inform his wife of his misfortune; she, however, until the return of the Mayeux, could not relieve her husband. The poor woman was overwhelmed with trouble, being anxious, yet fearing the return of her husband. In her distressing situation she knelt down and prayed, the tears rolling down her cheeks while she was prostrate before the crucifix.

The money-taker at the coach office, relying upon the honest looks of the old soldier, permitted him to depart, on Dagobert promising to call and pay his fare at a future time; and now his wife heard with trembling, his foot on the stairs. He entered the apartment in no gentle mood: throwing his hat violently on the table, he uttered something like an imprecation on his neglect and stupidity. After sitting a short time with his head on his hand, he raised himself and glanced round the room, and then asked where the young girls were.

"My dear husband—I—" The poor woman could not articulate another word.

"Where are Rose and Blanche?" demanded Dagobert, gruffly. "Rabat Joie is not here either."

"Do not be angry," cried his wife.

"Come," said the soldier, abruptly, "you have

allowed them to go out with some neighbour, which you should not have done, without going yourself. But how pale you are, my good wife," he added, affectionately taking her by the hand, "are you ill?"

These words, spoken so kindly, affected the poor woman. Burning tears ran down her cheeks, and fell upon Dagobert's hand.

"You weep. Tell me what distresses you, my dear wife. Was it my speaking angrily to you, respecting the poor orphans? Come, be calm, you know that if I have a rough voice, I have a warm heart. But never allow the orphans to go out again with any one, without consulting me. Did they ask to go out?"

"No, my dear, I—"

"No! Who is this neighbour to whom you have confided them. Where has she taken them, and when will she bring them back?"

"I do not know," murmured Madame Baudoin, with a stifled voice. "Do with me what you like, but do not ask me what has become of the children, for I cannot tell you."

Had a thunderbolt fallen on the head of the veteran he could not have received a greater shock. He instantly turned pale; his forehead streamed with cold perspiration, his eyes became fixed, and he remained several minutes as if petrified. Then, recovering as it were, from his torpor, he with a terrible energy, seized his wife by the shoulders, and, lifting her up, he held her out before him, and cried with a frightful accent—

"The children!"

"Have mercy, have mercy!" implored his wife, in a feeble voice.

"Where are the children?" vociferated the infuriated soldier, at the same time grasping the weak and debilitated frame of the poor woman—"Answer me. Where are the children?"

"Kill me, or pardon me; for I cannot tell you."

"Wretch!" cried Dagobert, who, mad with rage,



grief, and despair, raised his wife up as if he were going to dash her on the ground. But this humane man was too brave to commit such an act of cowardly brutality. He took a chair, and, pointing to another, said, "My good wife, sit down there and listen to me. You are well aware that we cannot continue thus. Just now I gave way to my passion, for which I am exceedingly sorry. I will not do so again, I assure you; still I must know where these children are. Their dying mother confided them to me. I have brought them amidst troubles and afflictions from the heart of Siberia to Paris. Then, do you think, that your answer, 'Do not ask me—I cannot tell you what I have done with them,' will satisfy me? Is it reasonable? Suppose Marshal Simon were to arrive and to ask me for his children, what would you have me to reply? You see that I am calm. Now tell me what would be my reply?"

"Alas! my dear husband,"

"I have nothing to do with your alasses! Tell me what would be my answer."

"Accuse me, and I will tell him that you went out, leaving the children in my charge, and that when you came back, they had gone away, and that I would not tell you where they were."

"And do you think that the Marshal would be satisfied with that?"

"Unfortunately, I can tell him no more. You can kill me, but you cannot make me speak."

"From what you do tell me, I believe that no accident has happened to the young girls."

"Oh, no! God be praised, they are well; but that is all I can tell you about them."

"Did they go out alone? and when will they come back?"

"Alas! my good husband, I cannot tell. You need not ask me any more questions, for I will not reply."

"I think you will when you know one thing which you force me to tell you. Listen. If you do not

deliver me up these young girls before the morning of the 13th of February—and you see the time is now at hand—you will make me appear as the robber and despoiler of the daughters of General Simon ; and I have,” he added, with a voice of emotion, “done all I could do, to bring these children here. Oh ! did you know what I suffered on the road—I, a soldier, with two children under my protection. My love, my devotedness for them, alone sustained and supported me in the midst of my troubles and vicissitudes ; and I thought I would have had, as a recompense, the gratification of saying to their father, ‘Behold your children !’ ”

The soldier could say no more. A tear started to his eye, and ran down his furrowed cheek ; at the sight of which Madame Baudoïn for a moment felt her resolution giving way ; but remembering the oath that the Abbé Dubois had forced her to take, she overcame her inclination, by saying to herself, “All is done for the spiritual welfare of the orphans.”

“How,” she at length said, “could you be accused of having done so to his children ?”

Dagobert wiped his eyes, saying, “If these young girls are not at the Rue St. Francis, on the 13th of February, they will lose an immense fortune—and that through me, for I am responsible for what you do.”

“The Rue St. Francis, the 13th of February,” said the soldier’s wife, looking at her husband with surprise—“like Gabriel !”

“What’s that about Gabriel ?”

“There was a bronze medal round his neck, when I found the poor abandoned child.”

“A bronze medal !” cried Dagobert, “with these words, ‘You will be at Paris on the 13th of February 1832, at the Rue St. Francis.’ And does Gabriel know that you found the medal upon him ?”

“I spoke about it at the time,” said Madame Baudoïn. “He had also about him a package of papers

written in a foreign language. I took them to my confessor that he might examine them. He told me that they were of no importance. Some time afterwards a charitable person, of the name of Rodin, took upon himself the charge of educating Gabriel, and got him introduced into a seminary. The Abbé Dubois gave these papers and the medal to M. Rodin, and I never heard a word about them since."

Whilst his wife was speaking about her confessor, a gleam of light burst upon the mind of Dagobert. Fixing his eyes upon her, he said, "There is priestcraft in all this; you have no interest in concealing those children from me. You are the best of wives—you see that I am suffering, and if you were acting for yourself you would pity me."

"But, my dear husband—"

"I tell you that all this speaks of the confessional; but take care, I know where he lives, and by all that is sacred, I will go and ask who it is that is master of my affairs, and if he will not answer me I shall find out a way to make him speak."

"My God!" cried Madame Baudoin, clasping her hands in terror, on hearing these words; "he is a priest—Oh, think of that!"

"A priest who breeds discord, treason, and misfortune in my household, is only a miserable contemptible wretch, from whom I have a right to demand redress for the evil which he has done me and mine. Therefore, tell me this instant, where are those children, for if you refuse, your confessor will tell me, I'll warrant. Indeed, I would rather deal with him than with you, poor, infatuated woman!"

"Oh, dear husband, I implore you not to expose yourself to such peril," said the affrighted wife, throwing herself before Dagobert, who was approaching the door. "Insult a priest! one of the Lord's anointed—"

The soldier disengaged himself from his wife, and so much was he exasperated, that he forgot his hat, and was going out without it, when the superintendent

of police appeared at the door, accompanied by the Mayeux.

"The superintendent of police!" said Dagobert. I am glad to see you. You could not have come more *à propos*."

It appeared that the Mayeux, in proceeding to the pawnbroker's, had met with some street Arabs who had molested her, twitted her on her deformity, and had caused a crowd to surround her. An officious commissary of police, on witnessing the tumult of the crowd, had seized the Mayeux, and hauled her off to the station-house. Arriving there, the bundle she carried was examined, and the poor Mayeux was accused of having stolen the articles in the bundle. The poor girl, greatly shocked at the accusation, declared her innocence, and gave the name of the person to whom they belonged. The superintendent of police immediately proceeded with the Mayeux to the Rue Brice-Miche, to ascertain whether her statement was true. On asking Madame Baudoin if the articles in the bundle belonged to her, she answered in the affirmative, and said she would make an oath to that effect, if the superintendent required it. That officer said he did not require that—he could believe her. He then apologised to the Mayeux for the blunder the commissary had made in apprehending her.

As the superintendent was leaving the apartment, Dagobert called him back, and said he wished to accuse the Abbé Dubois of being concerned in abducting two young girls, the daughters of General Simon, from his house, a short time ago, without his consent. The old soldier then related the particulars of the disappearance, of the orphans, and that his wife would not give him any satisfactory information as to how and where the two young girls had been conveyed.

The superintendent informed Dagobert that he must arrest his wife; she alone had the custody of the young girls; and she was accountable for their production.

The soldier, however, would not allow his wife to be arrested; he remonstrated and threatened: and, had it not been for the persuasion of his wife, he would have resorted to violent measures to prevent her being carried off. Eventually, however, after hearing of the arrest of Agricola, which quite stupefied him; he sat in his chair almost oblivious to anything.

After a heart-rending adieu, in the midst of which Madame Baudoin, notwithstanding her terror, remained faithful to her oath, Dagobert said, in the bitterness of his heart—"Yesterday, my wife, my son, and my two poor orphans were with me, and now I am alone, alone and in sorrow."

Scarcely had he said these words when a soft, timid voice was heard to say: "Monsieur Dagobert, I am here. If you will permit me, I will serve you, I will remain beside you."

It was the honest Mayeux.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE MAYEUX.

ON the following day to that on which Madame Baudoin was taken by the superintendent of police before a magistrate, a noisy and animated scene was passing in the Place du Châtelet, in front of a house which bore the name of the "Sucking Calf." Day was breaking, when a motley throng of grotesquely-dressed masqueraders issued from the different tavern ball-rooms in the vicinity of the Hôtel de Ville, and crossed in jocund mirth, the Place du Châtelet. The crowd suddenly huddled itself into one of the angles of the Place, and a pale and deformed young girl, who was passing at that moment, was borne along by the mob, which eventually surrounded her.

The Mayeux, for it was she, had got up at an early hour, and was on her way to the house of her employer. The sorrowful events of the preceding day were uppermost in her thoughts, and unfitted her for the scene of mirth by which she was surrounded. She endeavoured to escape from the revellers, but could not succeed.

In a short time a cry was raised by the masqueraders of—"The carriages! the carriages!" and there came up three carriages, filled inside and outside with young men and young women, dressed in various coloured costumes, and representing the several grades of society, from the sovereign to the beggar. Conspicuous on the outside of one of the carriages sat Cephyse, the sister of the Mayeux, representing the Bacchanalian Queen.

The Mayeux had been separated from her sister for a long time, and now that she beheld her in all the fantastic pomp of revelry, the eyes of the poor girl filled with tears; for although her sister was enjoying the noisy gaiety and short-lived luxury of those about her, yet she, clothed almost in rags, and obliged to toil night and day for a bare subsistence, sincerely pitied her; and as she gazed on the beautiful face of her sister, her own pale and mild features manifested the deep interest and profound sorrow with which she regarded her.

Suddenly the joyful glance of the Bacchanalian Queen met the sad and tearful gaze of the Mayeux. "My sister! my sister!" cried Cephyse; and with one light bound, she reached the Mayeux, whom she embraced affectionately. This occurred so rapidly, that few of the masqueraders were aware of it. Cephyse, after her first greeting was over, quickly got a cloak from the carriage, and wrapped her poor sister up; then, as they were close to the tavern, she took the Mayeux by the arm and conducted her into one of the rooms at the sign of the Sucking Calf.

The two sisters held a long consultation together;

and many tears were shed by them · the poor Mayeux entreated Cephyse to quit the giddy companions with whom she was associated, and her gay sister lamented that she was so situated, that at present she could not break from them. She promised the Mayeux, however, that ere long, she would contrive some plan to sever the connexion which was daily becoming more distasteful to her, notwithstanding her assumed gaiety.

Several times during the conversation of the two sisters, vociferous cries from an adjoining room had been heard by them of—"Long live the Bacchanalian Queen!" and at length steps were heard of several persons approaching the room in which the Mayeux and Cephyse were seated. The sisters then embraced each other, faithfully promising to meet again in a short time. The Mayeux now directed her steps towards the pavilion lately occupied by Adrienne de Cardoville.

The chief among these revellers was Couche-tout-Nu, the lover of Cephyse. He appeared to be possessed of a considerable amount of money, for he bore the expenses of the entertainment of his numerous companions; and there was feasting and merriment without limit. When Cephyse entered the room of the revellers, she was hailed with the shouts of—"Long live our Queen!"

A number of toasts were proposed and drunk by the company; and at length the Bacchanalian Queen rose, and, with a glass in her hand, said, "Here's to the health of the future Madame Nine-Moulin."

"Oh, queen!" cried Moulin, "your bounty touches me so sensibly, that I will open to you the recesses of my heart, where you may see the name of my betrothed, which is Madame, Widow, Honorée-Modeste Messaline, Angèle de la St. Colombe. She is sixty years of age, and has more napoleons a year than she has hairs in her grey moustaches, or wrinkles in her withered face; her *embonpoint* is so definite and so imposing, that one of her gowns would make an ad-

mirable tent for this, our society of *bons vivans*. I trust I will be able to present her to you next Shrove Tuesday, garbed as a shepherdess who has just devoured her flock. They were trying to convert her for the sake of her lands, but I managed to divert her for the sake of her cash; and that, my faith, she liked better."

Peals of laughter burst from all quarters.

"Now, my worthy queen," he added, "to thy glorious health, thou goddess of mirth and jollity; and to thine, also, the partner of her glee—to thy health, Couche-tout-Nu, close imitator of thy old father Adam, for his mode must have been even as thine."

"Bravo! bravo!"

"I beg pardon for calling you Couche-tout-Nu," said Nine-Moulin, for I know you by no other name."

"Oh," replied Couche-tout-Nu, "my name is Jacques Rennepont."

"Rennepont!" exclaimed Dumoulin, who, notwithstanding the state he was in, appeared to be much surprised at the mention of this name. "Rennepont, Rennepont," continued he, musingly; "the Counts of Rennepont were also Dukes of Cardoville."

"Well," said Jacques, "what has that to do with me? Do you imagine that I, a poor workman, belong to such a family?"

"What was your father?" enquired Dumoulin.

"He belonged to a worthy profession—an honourable rag-merchant, sir, who spoke Greek and Latin, excelled in mathematics, and had been a great traveller."

"In that case," said Dumoulin, whom surprise had sobered a little, "it is possible that he was of the family of the Counts of Rennepont."

"At twelve years old," continued Jacques, "I was apprenticed to M. Fripeaud, a rascal of the first standing, who ill-treated all his men, and worked us late and early to aggrandise his own fortune. Two



years afterwards my father died, leaving me, for my inheritance, a paliasse, a chair, a table, some papers written in English, and a bronze medal, of about the value of tenpence. My father had never spoken to me about the papers, so I laid them aside, thinking they were of no use; but not long ago I was offered the loan of a large sum of money on them."

"Ah?" said Dumoulin, by some one who knew they were in your possession?"

"Yes," said Jacques; "a man asked me to let him look at the papers, which I readily did, and after he had read them through, he said it was a great risk, but that, if I liked he would lend me ten thousand francs on them. Such a sum was a fortune to me, so I instantly accepted the offer, and after having signed a letter, which was, he told me, a piece of formality, I received the money, and you now see that I am spending it like a prince."

At the close of Jacques' narration the waiter entered and went up to him, whispered in his ear, and both together went out of the room.

Shortly afterwards the waiter returned, and whispered something to the queen, which made her turn pale and rush out of the room. She found Couche-tout-Nu in a *fiacre*, in the custody of an officer; and the heretofore gay damsel was overwhelmed with trouble. Jacques told her not to fret, for he was only arrested for a small debt of a few thousand francs, which he would be able to discharge if a person who had promised to advance the money fulfilled his promise. The lovers were now filled with lamentation at this sudden stop being put to their gay career. Couche-tout-Nu tried all in his power to console his afflicted mistress, and advised her to go to her honest and industrious sister, and endeavour to obtain a living by labouring hard for her subsistence. Cephyse dried her eyes, and promised him that she would do so. The two lovers then embraced each other, and pledged themselves to faithfulness and fidelity, and the carriage drove rapidly away.

Before *Couche-tout-Nu* and the *Bacchanalian Queen* had taken an affectionate leave of each other, the *Mayeux* had arrived at the door of the pavilion, in the *Rue Babylone*, at which she gently knocked, and which was opened by *Florine*. She was differently dressed now from what she was when she was in the ostensible service of *Adrienne de Cardoville*. Instead of being robed in a charming dress, her handsome person was concealed beneath a high bodied black gown, and her dark hair was almost entirely hidden under a white cap, such as those worn by nuns.

*Florine*, who had been placed by *Rodin* to act as a spy upon the proceedings of *Adrienne*, was not entirely perverted, for she frequently experienced the most bitter remorse when thinking of the infamous calling to which she was subjected; and, above all, to act so basely to a young lady who treated her with so much kindness and confidence.

At sight of the *Mayeux*, whose countenance was haggard and pale, *Florine* retreated a few steps, but seeing the poor girl was suffering from fatigue, she took her arm, and said, tenderly, "Come in, *mademoiselle*, come in, and rest yourself a few minutes, for you are very pale, and seem overcome by fatigue."

"How good you are, *mademoiselle*," said the *Mayeux*; "your solicitude makes me ashamed of myself; but I feel grateful for your attentions. However, let me tell you what brings me here again. Yesterday you informed me that a young man had been arrested here. I received a letter from him yesterday, in which he begged me to acquaint *Mademoiselle de Cardoville* that he had news of the utmost importance to communicate; but that he was afraid to trust a letter, as the correspondence of prisoners is always perused."

"What! has he news for my mistress?" asked *Florine*, in surprise.

"Yes, *mademoiselle*; for at this time *Agricola* does not know of the misfortune that has befallen *Mademoiselle de Cardoville*. But is there no one in the fa-

mily to whom I can communicate the fact that Agricola possesses information of great importance respecting that young lady."

"Oh!" cried Florine, suddenly recollecting that Agricola had whispered to her these words, "Tell your generous mistress that her kindness will have its reward, and that my visit to this hiding-place may prove a fortunate thing for her. This," said Florine, "was all he had time to say."

"Yes, I believe," said the Mayeux, "his visit to that hiding-place is certainly connected with the news which he has to communicate."

"For a long time," said Florine, musing, "that secret chamber has never been opened. Perhaps Agricola found something in it which will be of consequence to my mistress."

"If the letter had not been so urgent I should not have come here," said the Mayeux.

"I am glad you did come here," said Florine; "for you must not mention a syllable of this to any one of Mademoiselle de Cardoville's relatives."

"Indeed I will not, Mademoiselle," said the Mayeux.

"Thank you!" said Florine, with a smile of satisfaction.

Florine then inquired into the circumstances of the Mayeux, and was informed that at that present time she was without employment. She had been to her employers for work, and was told that there was none to give out that day. The Mayeux said she had been enabled to earn four francs a week with her needle when she diligently attended to her business.

"Four francs a week!" said Florine. "Why I can secure you two francs a day."

"Indeed, mademoiselle, and where?"

"In a religious institution, mademoiselle, destined to procure work to unemployed women, who merit its good offices."

"But I have no recommendation, mademoiselle."

"You suffer—you are honest and laborious: these

are sufficient recommendations. But they will ask if you are religious."

"I think I can satisfy them in that matter."

"Well, the respectable matron of the convent of St. Marie is sure to engage you. To-morrow I will call upon you, for it must not be known that you know anything of Agricola. Where do you live?"

"At No. 3, Rue Brice-Miche. Ask for the Mayeux."

"To-morrow, at twelve o'clock, at the Rue Brice-Miche," reiterated Florine.

\* \* \* \* \*

The convent of St. Marie, in which the daughters of Marshal Simon had been incarcerated, was a large building, situated in one of the most deserted parts of Paris. The Mother Superior of the convent was at all woman, who had reached her fortieth year. For the interest of this Order the woman had evinced the greatest zeal, mixed with no ordinary degree of cunning.

Mother St. Perpetué was seated, the day previous to that when the descendants of Rennepont were to meet in the Rue St. Francis, before a desk, placed in the centre of a room, which was neatly furnished, and in which a fire was burning brightly. In her hand was a letter, which she was perusing, when a knock was heard at the door. The servant a few minutes afterwards ushered a lady into the room, who said, on entering, "My dear mother, I have brought a young girl who has been strongly recommended to me."

"Well, my daughter, everything shall be done for her comfort."

The lady (who was the Princess de St. Dizier,) then spoke to the Mother regarding the orphans, saying, that the old soldier who brought the young girls to France had unexpectedly returned to Paris; and that he was such a determined character that he would without doubt make a bold attempt to rescue the orphans; therefore, she told the matron to take care to order the guard to be doubled.

The Mother assured the princess that her command should be fulfilled.

On retiring, the princess said, "Florine has brought a little hump-backed girl, whom she has strongly recommended. As she acted faithfully to us when serving my unfortunate niece, we must recompense her by gratifying her wishes. Good morning, my mother. Remember the guard to-night."

No sooner had the Princess de St. Dizier left, than Florine entered the room. The Mother informed the waiting-maid that henceforth she would be located in the hotel of the princess, and that she was to take note of all that transpired in the princess's household—of visits received, and those rendered; and that she must try to find out the cause why two orphans were placed in the convent, and ordered to be treated with the greatest severity.

Poor Florine was exceedingly troubled, and said "I will try, mother."

"Who is that deformed girl you have brought with you? asked the Mother Superior.

"A poor creature without resources. She is very intelligent, and has received an education far above her station in life. She is a good work-woman, and bears an excellent character."

"Deformed, intelligent, and a good work-woman," said the Mother to herself; "she will excite no suspicion. I must see her;" then she added, in periousness, "tell the girl to come in, and go and wait for me in the other room."

When the Mayeux appeared before the Mother she was pale and trembling. On being left by herself she had mechanically advanced towards a window that opened into the garden, at which she saw a young girl appear, who began to make signs to some one in the opposite dwelling. The Mayeux trembled when she saw the beauty of the girl, her large black eyes, her open and expressive countenance, surrounded by ringlets of hair, clear and shining like burnished gold. The thoughts of Mademoiselle de Cardoville shot across her mind, for she saw in this young woman all

that Agricola had said of his fair protectress. Adrienne de Cardoville, for it was she, kissed her hand twice to the unseen object, pressed her hand to her heart, and disappeared.

Thinking of the important intelligence that Agricola had to communicate to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the Mayeux regretted that she had not attempted to attract her attention, for it seemed to her that if this young woman was insane, she appeared to be enjoying a lucid moment. The Mayeux was absorbed in these reflections when Florine returned, accompanied by one of the women of the convent. When the Mayeux was ushered again into the presence of the Superior, her agitation returned.

Mother St. Perpetue entered into a lengthy examination of the poor Mayeux; and when she had received what apparently were satisfactory answers to her numerous questions, she told her listener that the object of the founders of the institution was to procure situations for young girls in the families of opulent persons, and that there was now an opening for a young person in a house of high reputation; and that strange reports were in circulation regarding the impropriety and immorality of some members of the family. Into this household the Mother purposed to send the Mayeux as a domestic servant, if she was willing to go; and that she was to come from time to time to report to her how the members of the family conducted themselves.

The Mayeux was silent for a short time, and then said, "Madame, I cannot reproach you for putting me to such a trial. You see that I am miserable, and that I have done nothing that can merit your confidence; but, believe me, poor though I am, I would never be guilty of committing such a contemptible act as that which you have proposed, in order, without doubt, to ascertain if I am worthy of your interest."

The Superior perceived at once the sincerity of the Mayeux, and pretended to praise her for her virtuous

principles. She then asked her how many times a month she approached the holy altar.

The Mayeux replied that she had not done so since her first communion, which was now eight years ago.

Mother St. Perpetué, clasping her hands, cried out, "Father of Mercies! I am horror-struck; and regret we cannot employ you in our holy cause." She then directed her to go up a passage, turn to the left, descend a few steps, and knock at a door, where she would find Florine, who would take her away.

No sooner had the poor girl left, than tears which she had suppressed, flowed copiously from her eyes. As she passed the window at which she had seen Mademoiselle de Cardoville, she looked upwards, and saw that young lady advancing towards the cloister that separated the two gardens. At the same moment to her astonishment, she also saw Rose Simon, pale and trembling, gazing at Adrienne, and stealing towards her.

The Mayeux leaned against one of the convent-windows, watching the movements of Mademoiselle de Cardoville and Rose Simon, whom she little expected to find there. Rose approached the railing which separated the garden of the convent from that belonging to Dr. Baleinier's asylum, and having spoken a few words to Adrienne, the features of the latter were suddenly agitated with astonishment, indignation, and pity. At this moment a nun, who appeared anxiously looking for some one, approached, and seized Rose by the arm, appeared to reproach her with great severity, and notwithstanding the warm remonstrances of Adrienne, hastily led her away. Rose, with her eyes filled with tears, looked several times towards Adrienne, who, expressing by significant gestures the interest she felt for her, turned quickly away, as if desirous to hide her own tears. The Mayeux, seeing that the sun was nearly setting, and fearing that Florine would be tired of waiting for her, at once descended, approached the railings that separated the two gardens, and saw

at a little distance from her, Adrienne de Cardoville reclining on a rustic seat in the garden of Dr. Baleinier's asylum.

Adrienne, still under the painful impressions caused by her interview with Rose Simon, was sitting without her bonnet, in the garden, with her forehead resting on her left hand, and her long, golden locks hanging in clusters on her fresh and beautiful face. In this graceful attitude the charming figure was seen to great advantage. The Mayeux advanced close to the railings that separated her from Adrienne, and called to her in a soft and timid voice. Adrienne raised her head, and, on perceiving the deformed girl, uttered a slight cry of fear and surprise. The Mayeux stood motionless, with her eyes fixed and her hands clasped, gazing intently on the beauty of Adrienne: for never, even in her imagination, had she beheld such perfection. At length Adrienne arose, and asked the Mayeux what she wanted with her.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," said the Mayeux; "I have come on the part of Agricola."

"What, Agricola Baudoin. And who are you?"

"I am his adopted sister, mademoiselle."

Adrienne seemed to reflect for a moment, and then smiling, kindly said, "It was you that persuaded Agricola to come to me for bail, was it not?"

"It was, mademoiselle. I hope you were not offended at my doing so."

"By no means," said Adrienne; "it shows the goodness of your heart. But how is it you are here in the convent of St. Marie?"

"I was told that I might, perhaps, obtain work here, but I have not been successful. I felt extremely glad when I saw you at the window, and longed for an opportunity to speak to you; for, in a letter which I received from Agricola while in prison, he informed me that he had something of importance to communicate to you. I believe he found in the apartment in which he was concealed something which relates to your interest."



Adrienne was puzzled to conceive what Agricola could have found. She remembered that some documents regarding some property, the nature of which she did not fully understand, had been lost or misplaced.

"I hope, mademoiselle," said the Mayeux, "that ere now, Agricola is at liberty; as one of his comrades has put in bail for him."

"Well, what can he have to tell me?" said Adrienne. "Inform him, however, that he must wait till I am at liberty."

"I will, mademoiselle."

"The two daughters of General Simon are confined in the convent," said Adrienne; "and from what I have seen of them, I believe they are in trouble. My heart bleeds for them; and, I trust, with your assistance, we shall be able to baffle our enemies. You must see the old soldier, who is the protector of these orphans, and tell him to refrain from all violence, or he will frustrate all our efforts. Give him this ring and tell him to take it this evening to the Count de Morthron, whom he will find at No. 7, Place Vendôme. We will inform the Count of the condition of Marshal Simon's daughters, and also of mine; and I doubt not but that in a day or two we shall have our liberty restored to us; for the Count, who is a man of high authority and great experience, will instantly take measures to procure our release. But let me not detain you any longer, the time is precious; we shall soon meet again, I hope, and in better circumstances; until then, adieu."

When the Mayeux was departing from the convent, she heard one of the porters telling some one that the Superior had ordered the guards to be doubled that evening.

Before the poor girl had proceeded far on her way she was met by Rabat Joie and Dagobert, and at the same time she heard her name pronounced. When she turned round in the direction it came from, she beheld Agricola running towards her nearly out of breath.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## RASHNESS AND CAUTION.

GREAT was the astonishment of the Mayeux on meeting Dagobert and Agricola. On recovering a little from her surprise, she told them she had discovered where the daughters of Marshal Simon, and Adrienne de Cardoville were confined. Then addressing Agricola, she said, "I am happy to inform you that Adrienne is not insane."

Dagobert and Agricola were greatly rejoiced to hear the Mayeux say this. The old soldier was wild with excitement, and embraced the poor girl with the utmost enthusiasm. "I will go immediately," said he, "and see the poor children."

Rabat Joie had run before and squatted down before the door of the convent, where he was evincing by divers manifestations of gladness, an earnest desire to gain admittance.

"Ah!" cried the soldier, on observing the dog, "the children are there, are they not?"

"They are," replied the Mayeux.

Dagobert rushed towards the door of the convent, and was about to raise the knocker, when the Mayeux cried, "Oh! Agricola, stop your father from knocking."

Agricola ran to his father, and prevented him from letting the knocker fall.

"How is this?" said the old soldier. "I must instantly see the children."

"Do not stand before the door," said the Mayeux; "but come with me to a more retired place, and I will tell you my reasons for wishing you to be careful how you proceed." They went with her to a distant part where they were more secure from observation; Dagobert said he would go no further, and asked her for an explanation.

"Well," replied the Mayeux, "you know that the

house in which the daughters of Marshal Simon are confined is a convent."

"That is of no consequence. I will search for them there or anywhere else."

"Oh, but they will not be given up."

"Indeed!" said the soldier. "We will soon see;" and he was about to start off in the direction of the convent."

"Hold, father; hear the Mayeux first," said Agricola, again laying hold of Dagobert by the arm.

"I'll hear no more. What! the children are close at hand, and I am told that I cannot have them; but you shall see that I will, and that too in a short time."

"Do, I pray you, listen to me," begged the Mayeux; "there are other means that do not require violence. Here is the ring that I received from Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the lady that would have aided Agricola, had she not been prevented by being herself placed in confinement. She desired me to give you this ring, for you to take to the Count de Morthoron, who is a friend of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and a man of great influence and experience. He lives in the Place Vendome, No. 7. When you give him this ring, he will know that you have been sent by Adrienne, and as soon as you have told him of the situation in which she and the daughters of Marshal Simon are placed, he will, without a moment's delay, adopt the measures necessary to procure their release; so that to-morrow or the next day—"

"To-morrow or the next day!" interrupted the soldier; "it must be to-day. Thank you, my dear Mayeux, but you can keep the ring, for I must look after my own affairs."

"Father," said Agricola, "remember this is a convent."

"I know, but what of that? I see you are a novice; I understand all about convents. In Spain I have been in hundreds of them; you will see. I have only to knock; a girl opens the door, and asks me

what I want. I pass on without reply ; and once in the convent I call aloud for my children ; they hear me and answer me, and if I find they are locked up, I lay hold of the first thing that falls in my way, and break open the door."

"And this violence," said Agricola, "will be the signal for your arrest ; and then what will become of your poor children ?"

The excited soldier was sensible of the truth of this remark of his son ; and yet he was almost frantic when he reflected that if the orphans were not at liberty on the following day they could not appear in the Rue St. Francis. "Ah !" said he, endeavouring to become more calm, "you do not understand the cause of my sorrow. Well, if I do not take them to the Rue St. Francis to-morrow, I shall have betrayed their mother's dying wish."

"Were you to take them to No. 3, Rue St. Francis ?" asked Agricola.

"I was ; but who told you the number ?"

"It is inscribed on a bronze medal, is it not ?"

"Yes," replied Desobert, with increasing surprise ; "but how did you learn this ?"

Agricola then related the circumstance of his being concealed in a room of the pavilion in the Rue de Babylone, and having nothing to engage his attention, he looked round the room, and saw a brass button, the use of which he could not comprehend ; he pressed against it, and out sprang a secret drawer, and a bronze medal fell on the floor ; in the drawer was a sealed packet, on the outside of which was written, in large letters, "For Mademoiselle de Cardoville. She must read these papers the moment they are given to her." The packet was signed, "R. C., Paris, 12th of November, 1830."

"Had the seal of the packet been broken ?" inquired the Mayeux.

"It had not," replied Agricola.

"Then it is probable," said she, "that Adrienne

has never seen the papers, and knows nothing of them."

"No doubt of it," answered Agricola. "I then," he continued, "restored the packet and medal to their place of concealment; whilst so doing, I saw No 3, Rue St. Francis on the medal. I intended informing Mademoiselle de Cardoville of my discovery, but a few minutes afterwards I was arrested and taken to prison, without having had an opportunity of speaking to her."

"But how," said the soldier, "are we to account for the resemblance of the medal you saw to the one belonging to the daughters of Marshal Simon?"

"That is easily done, father. I recollect now that Adrienne told me the orphans were related to her."

"What? Rose and Blanche!" cried Dagobert.

"Most assuredly," said the Mayeux; "for she told me the same thing an hour or two ago."

"Well," replied the soldier, with a look of heavy sorrow, "you now understand that I must have my children immediately, for their dying mother told me, a single day's delay might be fatal to their expectations. Yes, I must have them, even if I should have to set fire to the convent."

Agricola begged his father to abstain from all kinds of violence, until he had seen the Count de Morthron, to which he at length reluctantly consented.

"You will find," said Agricola, "that the law is a protection to honest people."

"So much the better," replied Dagobert; "for, otherwise, honest people would be obliged to protect themselves."

The soldier having consented to proceed to the Count de Morthron's, while Agricola went to inform the magistrate that had taken down Dagobert's deposition, that they had discovered where the daughters of Marshal Simon were confined, they separated, with a promise to meet again as soon as possible in the Rue Brice-Miche.

The evening of the day was boisterous, and the win-

dows of Madame Baudoin's apartment in the Rue Brice-Miche were shaken by violent gusts of wind. The apartment was in great disorder, the result of the sad events which had befallen its inmates. By the feeble light of a candle, the Mayeux, overcome with fatigue, was sitting asleep on a chair, waiting for the return of Dagobert and Agricola. About nine o'clock, the soldier, accompanied by Rabat Joie, entered the apartment. The Mayeux was awoke by Dagobert's entrance, and she asked him if he had brought good news. The soldier made no answer, but proceeded to look around the apartment, and spying an iron bar, about two feet long, he examined it, and placed it beside two pistols which he had taken from his knapsack.

The Mayeux again spoke to him in a more audible voice, and cried, "Oh, sir, what are you going to do?"

Dagobert now appeared to have but just recognized the poor girl, and, after bidding her, "good evening," asked her for a pair of scissors. Having got the scissors, he went to the bed, took off a sheet, and cut it into four long slips. He then tied them together, and, along with the iron bar, put them in a sack.

The Mayeux, in some alarm, asked again what he was about to do. The soldier told her that he was determined to attempt to release the orphans from their confinement; adding, that if he was a believer in omens, he should perhaps hesitate.

"Sometimes, sir, omens do not deceive us," said the Mayeux, with a view of turning him from his dangerous enterprise. "But," added she, "what omen have you had?"

"I will tell you. As I was passing through the streets a short time ago I saw on a large red bill the representation of an enormous black panther, in the act of devouring a white horse. At this sight, my dear Mayeux, my blood was all on fire, for I had an old favourite white horse, that was killed by a black panther. Well, on reading this bill, I found that it

was announced that one Morok, a beast tamer, who had just arrived from Germany, would exhibit his collection of wild animals, among which there was a large black panther from the island of Java. Now, this was the very animal that had killed my white horse. And," continued he, while his features became dark and gloomy, "it was this same Morok that was the cause of my children and me being imprisoned at Leipzie."

"This is certainly an evil omen," said the Mayeux.

"Ay, for this wretch, if I should chance to meet him."

Agricola came into the room hurriedly.

"Ah!" said Dagobert, "I am glad you have arrived. Come, furnish me with an iron hook."

"Have you," said Agricola, "seen the Count de Morthron?"

"I have not; he left Paris three days ago, to go to Lorraine; that is my good news," said he, bitterly, "now let us hear yours."

"I went," said Agricola, "to the magistrate that received your deposition; he heard very patiently what I had to say, and when I concluded, told me, 'he was very sorry, but that he could not, on such slender information, vibrate the privacy of a convent.'"

"That's it," said the soldier, "the law will render us no assistance; now we must try and help ourselves."

At this moment Madame Baudoin entered. The poor woman was in a wretched condition, from exposure to the bitter cold weather; but her sufferings were greatly increased by the upbraidings of her conscience, and she cried out in agony, "Pardon me, my dear husband, oh! pardon me!" To account for the misery she was suffering, we must state she had just come from an interview with Gabriel, her adopted son, and in the course of their conversation together, Madame Baudoin had told Gabriel how she had been induced by the Abbé Dubois to deliver up the daughters of Marshal Simon into the power of the priest; and how also

she had given up a medal and some papers she had found on Gabriel's person when a child, into the hands of the Abbé. Gabriel, she said, was dumb with astonishment when she told him of these acts; and, after remaining silent for some time, he said, "My dear mother, there is some base plot at the bottom of all this. Pardon me, but you have acted very wrong, in being induced to give up the orphans without consulting your husband. And, as to the medal and papers found on my person when a child, I am entirely ignorant of what they relate to. 'This I know,'" continued he, "it was never my wish to become a priest; and I am now confined and watched as if I was a criminal."

When the poor woman left off speaking, Dagobert and Agricola expressed in strong language their detestation of the vile conduct of the Abbé Dubois, and the soldier again declared that he would use every effort to thwart the evil machinations of the priest and his abettors. The husband and the son vied with each other in endeavouring to soothe and console the sorrowing wife and mother; who, after some time became somewhat composed.

Here the Mayeux came into the apartment, bringing a letter, which had been given to her by a friendly neighbour.

"Open it, my son," said Dagobert, "and see what it is. I am too confused to read it."

Agricola took the letter, and read as follows:—

*"At sea, Dec. 25, 1831.*

"I embrace the present opportunity afforded me by the meeting of a vessel that is going direct to Europe, to write, my old comrade, a few lines in haste, which will inform you that I will probably be at Havre before my last letters from India reach Paris, where you ought to be present with my wife and child. Read this note; I cannot finish. The vessel is going off. One word in haste: forget not the 13th of February. The future prospects of my wife and child depend upon you. Adieu, my old and faithful friend. "SIMON."



Dagobert was so affected on hearing this letter read, that he was struck with deathly paleness, staggered, and would have fallen, had not Agricola caught him. This weakness, however, was only momentary, for passing his hand across his forehead, he raised himself to his full height, his eyes sparkled, his countenance assumed an expression of resolution, and he cried out with savage exultation—"No, no; I shall never be a traitor, nor shall I ever prove a coward. The black robe no longer frightens me, and, before day-break, Rose and Blanche will be delivered."

Determined to make his rash attempt to release the orphans, Dagobert ordered his son to make out of a bar of iron he held in his hand a strong hook, and to set about it immediately, as he would require it in a short time. Agricola asked for what purpose he required it; and the soldier answered to assist him in scaling the walls of the convent. When his sorrowing wife heard her husband say this, she fell on her knees before him, and begged him to desist from his dangerous enterprise; Agricola also joined his mother in begging the determined soldier not to expose himself to certain death, as he would assuredly do, if he persisted in his mad attempts to break into the convent. All their efforts, however, were useless.

Madame Baudoin, in her extremity, said that perhaps if they could get an interview with the Abbé Marquis d'Agrigny, he might be induced to assist them in getting the orphans delivered.

"D'Agrigny!" cried the soldier, with an expression of rage; "is there mixed up with this infernal treachery a fellow called d'Agrigny, who wore the uniform of a soldier before he became a priest?"

"There is, father; the Marquis d'Agrigny served in Russia, and in 1815 the Bourbons gave him the command of a regiment."

"Yes," said the soldier, in a suppressed tone, "In every thing concerning the parents of the poor children, he, like an evil genius, is always to be found."

"What is that you say, father?"

"Before d'Agrigny was a priest he tormented the mother of Rose and Blanche, because she rejected his proffered love with scorn. Before he was a priest he fought against his country. General Simon and he met twice. Once at Leipzig, where the general, covered with the wounds he had received, was made a prisoner; while the Marquis was triumphing with the enemies of his country. Under the Bourbons the renegade, loaded with honours, again met the soldier of the emperor. This time they fought a duel. The marquis was wounded, and the general proscribed, and, condemned to death, became an exile. Now you say the renegade is a priest, and I am certain that it was at the instigation of this wretch that Rose and Blanche were carried off. He was wreaking on the children the hatred he bore their parents. Now that I know they are in the power of this infamous renegade, I have their lives, as well as their fortunes, to defend."

"But, father, do you think he is capable of—"

"A traitor to his country," interrupted Dagobert, "that winds up his career by turning priest, is capable of anything. Ay, the daughters of General Simon are in the power of the marquis and his crew; and shall it be said that I hesitated to save them, for fear of even death itself? Never!"

The poor distracted wife saw it was useless trying to persuade Dagobert from his purpose; and Agricola forthwith commenced making a strong book, which he soon completed.

When ten o'clock had struck, the father and son prepared to proceed on their perilous enterprise. Dagobert affectionately embraced his wife and told her to have a good hope in their success; and Agricola tenderly caressing his mother, asked the Mayeux to take care of her. The two then departed, with Rabat Joie at their heels.

Eleven o'clock had struck as Dagobert and his son arrived at the wall of the convent. They spent a long

time in reconnoitring ; and, after much effort, succeeded in scaling the wall. From time to time they were startled by hearing the tramping of the guard. After much difficulty Agricola succeeded in climbing to a lattice where he perceived a light ; he tapped at the window, and quickly Adrienne de Cardoville appeared. The young blacksmith informed her who he was, and that he and his father had come to release her and the orphans. She directed him to the rooms where General Simon's daughters were confined, and told him to go and release them, while she made preparations for her departure. Agricola then descended to the ground ; and whilst Adrienne was watching his descent, she was startled by hearing two or three shots fired, succeeded by a struggling of several persons, and the loud barking of a dog. Adrienne put out the light, and retired from the window.

## CHAPTER XX.

### JESUITISM.

A SHORT time previous to the occurrence briefly narrated at the close of last chapter, Rodin and the Abbe d'Agrigny were seated in the apartment, in the Rue du Milieu des Ursins. The Abbé, at the time of the Revolution of July, fearing the Jesuits might be driven from the magnificent establishment that had been granted them at the time of the Restoration, had removed the secret correspondence of his Order to this apartment.

From the manner in which the conversation was carried on betwixt the secretary and his superior, it appeared that, for some reason, a partial change had come over Rodin ; he did not seem so humble and obedient to D'Agrigny as formerly. In the course of conversation, the secretary told the Abbé that Morok had arrived in Paris, for the purpose of exhibiting his

savage animals ; which intelligence appeared to annoy the Abbé very much.

After remaining silent a short time, D'Agrigny said to Rodin—"On the eve of so important an event as is now about to transpire, nothing must be neglected. Read again the copy of the note that was placed in the archives of our Society a year and a half ago.

Rodin then took the paper from his desk, and read as follows:—"On this day, February the 19th, 1682, the reverend father Baudoin sent the following notice—'A great secret has been revealed by a dying man, to one of our Order. M. Marius de Rennepont, one of the most active and important chiefs of the reformed religion, and the bitterest enemy of our Society, had, for the sole purpose of saving this property, which had been confiscated, on account of his religion, re-joined the pale of our church. Proofs of this having been furnished by several members of our Order, his majesty, Louis XIV, confiscated the property of said Rennepont, and sent him to the galleys, which punishment he evaded by committing suicide, and for this abominable crime his body was cast to the dogs. Having explained this, we come to a secret which much affects the future welfare of our Society. When his majesty confiscated the property of Rennepont, he, in his fatherly kindness for the church, and for our Order in particular, granted it to us, as a reward for the assistance we had given in exposing the apostate. It has, however, been just found out that a house in the Rue St. Francis, No. 3, Paris, and 50,000 crowns have been kept back ; from which it follows that our Society has been defrauded. The house, owing to the guilty connivance of one of the friends of Rennepont, who pretended to buy it before the latter had forfeited his property, has been walled round, and is, according to the will of the reprobate, not to be opened for a century and a half. As to the money, it is to be put out of interest, but with whom it was not stated, and at the end of one hundred and fifty years, by which time

it will have increased enormously, and it is then to be divided among the descendants of Rennepont. This apostate has from reasons of which we are ignorant, but which he has explained in his will, kept back from his family all knowledge of the money that he has put out at interest; but he has pressed upon them to try to transmit to their offspring, from generation to generation, his wish, that at the expiration of one hundred and fifty years, his surviving descendants should meet in the Rue St. Francis, on the 13th of January, 1832, and in order that this should not be forgotten, he has commissioned some one whose condition is unknown, but of whom we possess a description, to cast bronze medals with his wish engraven on them, and to cause each member of his family to be supplied with one of them; which precaution is the more necessary as, from some hidden motives, that it is supposed he has explained in his will, he has bound his descendants that may survive to appear in the Rue St. Francis at the appointed hour, under pain of forfeiting all claim to his property. The person appointed to distribute the medals is a tall man about thirty years of age, with thick black eye-brows, and a proud and melancholy expression of countenance. His name is Joseph, and he is much suspected of being an emissary of the republicans of the seven provinces. It clearly appears, therefore, that we have been defrauded, and it is our duty, by every means in our power to force complete restitution, until which, the curse of Cain will remain on the descendants of the apostate Rennepont."

Rodin ceased reading, and said to the Abbé—

"Now comes the history of this family, from 1682 to this present time, which it is useless to read to you."

"Yes; but there is one thing that gives me much uneasiness," replied the Abbé.

"Tell me what that is?" replied Rodin.

"The information which we have not succeeded in getting from the guardian of the house in Rue St. Francis. Have you made another attempt?"

"Yes," replied Rodin, "but without any better success. Both the Jew and his wife are childish."

"I think some of the Samuels," said the Abbé, "judging by the constant watchfulness they keep upon the house, must know in whose hands the money is placed. The nearer the important moment comes, the greater my anxiety becomes, and I ask, have I not done all in my power to secure success?"

Rodin made no reply. The Abbé gazed at him in astonishment, and said, "Do you not think that I have done all I possibly could?"

Rodin bowed his head, but kept silent.

"Do you think there is time to do anything more?"

"I dare not give an opinion," said Rodin, humbly.

After a few minutes' silence, the Abbé said, "Read the reports of the day about each member of this family," which Rodin did as follows:—"Jacques Rennepont, surnamed *Couche-tout-Nu*, was seen this evening at eight o'clock in the debtor's gaol."

"He will not annoy us to-morrow. Read on."

"The superior of the convent of St. Mary, having obtained some information from the Princess de St. Dizier, caused Rose and Blanche Simon to be locked up in their cells at nine o'clock this evening, and she placed a strong guard in the convent garden to keep watch all the night."

"We need not fear anything from that quarter. Proceed."

"Dr. Baleinier, having also received a warning from the Princess, caused the door on the pavilion in which Mademoiselle de Cardoville is confined to be locked and bolted at a quarter to nine this evening."

"Go on."

"I have got a letter this morning," continued Rodin, from M. de Bressac, the friend of Hardy, who helped us when we sent the manufacturer away for a few days. In this letter is one from M. Hardy, sent to a friend, which Bressac has forwarded to us, in the

hope that he will give up the papers which put him in our power. M. Hardy's letter runs as follows :—

*"Toulouse, Feb. 10th.*

"My dear Sir—I have at last found a few minutes to explain the cause of my sudden departure, and also to ask a favour of you. I have often spoken to you of M. de Bressac, who you are aware was one of the comrades of my youth. A few days ago he sent a letter to Toulouse, couched in the following terms :

"'If you love me come; I stand in need of your aid. Perhaps your consolation may create in me a desire to live. If you should arrive too late, think of him who to his latest hour was your best friend.'"

"You can easily judge of my distress. I immediately ordered horses. The foreman of my factory, an old man whom I highly esteem, who is the father of Marshal Simon, hearing that I was going to the south, asked to go with me, to which I readily acceded. When I arrived at Toulouse, I was told that Bressac had departed the night before, with firearms in his possession, in a state of the most violent despair. Having, at the end of two days, received tidings of him, I instantly set off in quest of him, and after a good deal of trouble I at length found him at a small village, in the most lamentable state of mind conceivable. I offered all the consolation that friendship could suggest, and thinking that a change of scene might be of use to him, I proposed going to Nice, whither we intend to proceed to-morrow, so that I shall not be in Paris before the end of March. As to the service I have to ask of you, it is conditional. It appears, according to some papers belonging to my mother's family, that I am interested in appearing at Paris, in the Rue St. Francis, No. 3, on the 13th of February. As I shall not be able to be present, I have written to my foreman, whom I have left in the department of Cremé, desiring him to go there, not as my representative, but only to observe what takes place. But as it is possible that he may be too late, I would be much

obliged to you, should he not arrive in time, if you would go in his stead. "FRANCIS HARDY."

"It would be best not to have the presence of Marshal Simon's father there to-morrow, however important it may be," said the Abbé. "Hardy is safe. We have only the young Indian. It was well arranged for M. Norval to carry the presents of Mademoiselle de Cardoville to this prince. The presence of the doctor, chosen by Baleinier, to accompany M. Norval, will not cause suspicion, therefore we need not fear the coming of the prince."

"Regarding Gabriel," said Rodin, "he has requested an interview with your reverence."

A knock was heard at the door; and a servant entered and informed Rodin that some one below wished to speak with him on important business.

"Did he give his name?" inquired the Abbé.

"He did not, but he says he has been sent by M. José, a merchant in the island of Java."

The secretary and his superior exchanged a glance of surprise, mixed with alarm. The Abbé then retired by a side-door, and shortly afterwards Faranghea, the chief of the Strangers, entered. Rodin instantly recognized him as the person he had seen at the Château de Cardoville, but not wishing the other to know that he did so, he took a slip of paper, and wrote a few words on it.

"Sir," said the servant, "this is the person that inquired for you."

Rodin folded his note, and giving it to the servant, told him to take it where it was addressed, and bring back an answer. He then fixed his gaze on the stranger, and courteously said, "To whom have I the honour of addressing myself, sir?"

Faranghea, on his part, fixed his penetrating gaze on Rodin, and, after a long pause, said, "You have seen me before, sir. You know me, and I know you. We met at the Château de Cardoville, where you asked me what I wanted: I said, '*nothing* now, but *much*'



hereafter.' You also know the handwriting of M. José," said the strangler, showing Rodin the packet he had taken from the smuggler. The secretary held out his hand to receive the packet, but Faranghea placed it again in a bag he carried.

After this there followed a trial of skill betwixt the audacious chief of the Stranglers and the cunning and self-possessed secretary. The object of Faranghea was to excite the fears of Rodin by relating to him several disreputable transactions which the secretary had been mixed up with; and amongst those that of Rodin having sent a person under the disguise of a medical man, to the Château de Cardoville, for the purpose of drugging, or perhaps poisoning, the Prince Djalma; and thus," said the stranger, "would have been effected, if I had not given the prince a counter-potion, which destroyed the effect of that given by the doctor."

Rodin saw, or imagined he saw, the drift of the strangler—he wished to be bought. He therefore treated the accusation the other made with cool indifference; and drew from him the intelligence of the place where he had left the prince, the name of the hotel, and the street in which it was situated. Then Faranghea drew from his pocket the medal of Djalma, and, showing it to Rodin, said, "You see I am speaking the truth. Now I will end where I began, by saying, 'Brother, I come to ask much.'"

Here Rodin put on a stern aspect, and mentioning some of the atrocious crimes which the strangler and his infamous colleagues were charged with committing, asked him if the statements of such a fellow were worthy of credence. The secretary then ordered the chief of the stranglers to leave his presence instantly.

The servant returned with an answer to the note Rodin had sent; and, after reading it, he penned a few words in reply, and gave it to the servant, who retired.

Faranghea remained, and again appealed to the secretary, saying that he would deliver Djalma into his

power, if he would give him a handsome reward. The only answer Rodin deigned to give was to go and pull the bell violently, and when the servant appeared, he said, "See this person out of the room."

The strangler, seeing that there was no chance of attaining his object, reluctantly quitted the office.

The Abbé d'Agrigny now entered from an adjoining room, his face and his whole frame agitated. "What have you done?" said he; "I overheard all. The villain will now join the prince, who is in his power."

"I think not," said the secretary, assuming his usual monotonous aspect.

"And what is to prevent him joining the prince?"

"When the scoundrel made his appearance I knew him; and before entering into conversation, I prudently penned a few lines to Morok, who was below with Goliah, and when the answer was brought back, seeing how matters stood, I sent fresh instructions."

"And what does all this signify since the man has left the house?"

"I did not permit him to leave until I had got to know where the prince is staying. Faranghea will have been secured, however, for Morok and Goliah were waiting for him a few steps from the door."

"Violence again," said the marquis, with repugnance.

"It is to be regretted—much to be regretted," said Rodin; "but the system hitherto adopted renders it imperative."

"Is this meant as a reproach?" said the marquis, who perceived that Rodin was not a mere writing machine.

"I would not allow myself to take that freedom with your reverence," said Rodin, bowing to the ground; "but it was requisite he should be detained for twenty-four hours."

"But afterwards, if he should complain?"

"Such a murderer dare not complain; besides, he left this place untouched."

An old servant here presented himself with a bag in his hand. Rodin opened it, and on drawing forth the letters from M. José, and Djalma's medal, said, "Ah, Morok has been expeditious. I must now send some one to the hotel where the prince is located."

"Very well," said the Abbé. "Remember to bring Gabriel to the Rue St. Francis to-morrow morning at seven. I must grant him the interview he has been asking for the last three days."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE HERITAGE.

AT this period of our history might have been seen, in the Rue St. Francis, the top of a large house, surrounded by a high wall, the large gate to which was surmounted by long and strong pikes; in one of the panels of the gate was a small door, which served Samuel, an old Jew, who inhabited this mournful dwelling, for ingress and egress. The window of the room which the old man occupied looked into a garden, in the middle of which was a sort of tower, containing two floors, with an almost insurmountable staircase, which led to a door that had been built up for a hundred and fifty years. To prevent the rain from entering, the roof was covered with lead. Similar precautions had been taken with a small turret, situated at the extremity of the building; save that by some strange fantasy each fourth sheet of lead, corresponded with the four cardinal points, were pierced with seven holes, and formed the shape of a cross.

On the evening of the 12th of February, 1832, Samuel the Jew, who was eighty-two years of age, sat writing at his desk, and his wife Bathsheba, who was fifteen years his junior, sat weeping on a chair beside him. To account for the present trouble of the

aged matron, Samuel, in his computations, had mentioned the 19th of October, 1816; and on this very day their son Abel had suffered a martyr's death in Poland, by the knout, the effect of Russian tyranny. The old woman's bosom heaved with sorrow on hearing the fatal day mentioned; and her aged partner, in his endeavours to console her, mingled his tears with hers.

"Alas! Alas!" said Samuel, wiping his eyes; "yet God in his goodness, has enabled us, by prolonging our lives, to fulfil the duty imposed upon us by our forefathers. Does not that casket contain a princely fortune? That house which has been shut up one hundred and fifty years, will be opened to-morrow to receive the descendants of the benefactor of my ancestors."

On uttering these words, the good old Jew turned his eyes towards the window. He became pale, rose, and said to his wife, in a trembling accent, while pointing to the turret, "Look! look, Bathsheba—the seven lights that we saw thirty years ago!" In fact, rays of light shone through the holes in the sheet of lead above the turret, as if some one had entered the house by the interior, as the door and walls were built up.

The aged Jew and Jewess remained notionless for some minutes, with their eyes fixed on the seven luminous points that shone in the darkness of the night on the summit of the turret.

Samuel, at length broke silence, saying, as he passed his hand across his brow, "The sorrow that the allusion to our child produced prevented us from remembering that there is nothing in what has just passed of which we need be afraid. My father told me that he and his father had, at distant periods, seen similar lights." The aged pair shortly regained entire composure.

"I will now," said Samuel, "make out a clear account of the immense wealth contained in that cedar chest, which must be given up to those who are entitled to it."

We will here give the unvarnished but romantic account of the 50,000 crowns, which is closely connected with the family of the Samuels. About 1670, M. Maurus Rennepont, who was then travelling in Portugal, assisted by three powerful auxiliaries, managed to save the life of an unfortunate Jew, who had been condemned to the death of a martyr, on account of his religion. This Jew was grandfather to the guardian of the house in Rue St. Francis, and was called Isaac Samuel. Men of kindness of manner are attached to all persons. M. Rennepont having discovered that Isaac was a good man, offered to take him to France, as his agent, which the Jew at once agreed to, with a determination in his own mind to devote all his energies for the advancement of his benefactor's interests. M. Rennepont had no reason to regret the choice he had made, for everything prospered in the hands of the Jew. At length persecution came upon him, and his property was confiscated for the benefit of the Jesuits, who had informed against him. As he had decided to destroy himself, he secretly took Isaac to the place of his concealment, and gave into his hands the sum of 50,000 crowns—which he was to accumulate by putting it out to interest. And if he should have a son, to give the management of it to him; but if not, to give it into the care of one of his relations with the same understanding; in this manner it was to be transmitted from one relation to another, until a century and a half had expired. M. Rennepont begged of Isaac also to become guardian of the house in Rue St. Francis, and get some of his relatives to succeed him in that office.

The strong link of friendship which bound the families of the descendant of Abraham together, would have been sufficient of itself to make the wishes of M. Rennepont practical, even if Isaac had not had any children of his own. All his kinsfolk united to fulfil the sacred duty imposed upon him. In 1689, a short time after the death of M. Rennepont, Isaac had a son

born, named Levy Samuel. By the first wife this son had no children, but his second wife, whom he married when he was nearly sixty years of age, had two sons, one born in 1750, whom he named David Samuel, who was guardian of the house in Rue St. Francis in 1832, and was then eighty-two years of age; the other was Abel Samuel, whose loss Bathsheba so much lamented, was born in 1790, and perished under the Russian knout, at the age of twenty-six.

After Bathsheba and her husband had compared their accounts, the latter said:—"There is in that cedar box, at the disposal of the heirs of Rennepont, the sum of 212,175,000 francs."

"I can scarcely believe it," cried Bathsheba. "I knew you had large sums of money in your care, but I never thought the amount was so large."

"The amount has increased from 50,000 crowns to the sum just stated," said the old man.

"There must have been much forethought and care exercised to increase it to its present amount, for we have taken no more than legal interest, according to M. Rennepont's wish."

"Is it true?" asked Bathsheba.

"Nothing is more so," said Samuel. "Everybody knows, that money at the rate of five per cent doubles itself in fourteen years. Now taking into account that in 150 years there is ten times fourteen years, and that which now surprises you will seem quite plain. In 1682, M. Rennepont gave into the care of my grandfather the sum of 50,000 francs, which being put out at five per cent compound interest would make more than the sum already given, but, owing to some losses it does not reach more than 212,175,000 francs."

"Now I know your meaning," said Bathsheba. "But how rapidly has the amount increased, with but little at the commencement."

"Such was the knowledge of M. Rennepont," replied Samuel; "for he was one of the ablest men of the day in which he lived."

"I hope his descendents may be the same," cried Bathsheba.

Day was now breaking, and looking from the window Samuel said :—"The masons will soon arrive ; I am as curious as you are to know who the descendants of M. Rennepont are who will be present to-day."

Two or three knocks were now heard at the door. Three men appeared in the dress of masons, accompanied by a young man dressed in black.

"What do you want ?" asked the Jew.

"I have a letter," replied the clerk, "from my employer, M. Dumesnil, to M. Samuel."

"Have the goodness to place the letter in the box," said the Jew, "I am the guardian here."

The clerk did as requested. Samuel took out the letter, read it, and afterwards opened the gate.

"My good sir," said the clerk, "if you had been opening the gate of a fortified castle you could not have been more formal."

Samuel bowed and was silent.

The clerk cried out, "Are you deaf ?"

"I am not, sir," said the Jew, smiling cheerfully. "There is the door which must be cleared of the masonry, and then the iron bars of the second window to the right must be unfastened."

"Why not open all the windows ?" asked the clerk.

"Because my orders are not to allow that, as guardian of this house."

"From whom did you receive those orders ?"

"From my father, and he received them from my grandfather, to whom they were given by the proprietor of this house."

"Oh, indeed," said the clerk, rather surprised ; then he added, addressing himself to the masons,—  
"Now, my good fellows, the rest is your business. Clear the masonry from the door, and remove the iron bars from the second window on the right."

While the masons were at work, under the inspection of the notary's clerk, a carriage stopped before

the gate, Rodin and Gabriel alighted, and Rodin knocked at the little door. As soon as Samuel had opened the door to Rodin and Gabriel, the former said to the Jew, "Are you the guardian of this house?"

"I am, sir," replied Samuel.

Rodin then introduced Gabriel to Samuel, and they were shown to an apartment, the former requested Samuel to conduct the Abbé d'Agrigny to their presence when he arrived. Samuel promised to do so, and retired.

When the Jew had gone out, Gabriel wished to know of Rodin why he had been brought to this house, and what was the business they had come to transact, which required so much mystery and secrecy.

The wary secretary did not condescend to answer Gabriel, but asked him for what purpose he had had a secret interview with his adopted mother, Madame Baudoin; and if she had not at that interview given him some information regarding a medal and some papers that were found upon him in his childhood.

Gabriel answered it was true that she had mentioned something of the kind; but that medal and those papers she gave into the hands of the Abbé Dubois, who afterwards transferred them to those of the Abbé d'Agrigny; "but still," said Gabriel, "I am entirely ignorant of their nature."

At this instant the Abbé d'Agrigny entered the apartment, and he saluted Gabriel in a most cordial and affable manner; apologizing for not being able to grant the interview the young priest had so earnestly solicited. D'Agrigny then commenced to address Gabriel in a fulsome and adulatory manner, praising him for his devotedness to the cause which he had espoused; saying that he was an ornament to the Order to which he belonged, and the Abbé went on in a similar strain for some time, winding up in this manner: "This brief summary of your past career, my dear son, was necessary, in order to arrive at what follows, which, if possible, will bind you yet more



closely to us. Listen, therefore, my dear son, to what I am going to say, which is confidential, and highly important, not only to you, but to all the brotherhood."

"In that case," said Gabriel, "I cannot—I ought not to hear you."

The young priest turned pale, and the evident emotion under which he was labouring, was visible in his countenance. He quickly recovered, and gazing on his auditors, he again said, in a resolute tone, "I repeat to you, father, that I must not listen to the confidential affairs of the Society."

"My son, what is the matter? Speak fearlessly, and tell me how you cannot listen to me."

"I cannot do so till I also have taken a rapid survey of the past; after which you will see that I am no longer entitled to your confidence."

It is not possible to describe the appearance of d'Agrigny and Rodin at this moment. The secretary anxiously bit his nails, as he fixed his piercing gaze on Gabriel. The Abbé turned pale, and his brow was covered with cold sweat. Reflecting, however, on the immense interests that were at stake, he preserved his composure, and said in a gentle voice, "It is not possible for me to believe, my dear son, that you and I shall ever be separated by an abyss, without it be one of sorrow; for anything that would endanger your salvation, would afflict me sorely. But speak on—I will hear you."

"I was, by your influence, father," said Gabriel, in a firm voice, "twelve years since placed at a college belonging to the Jesuits. I entered it with love, faith, and confidence. How were those two precious instincts of infancy fostered? I will tell you. On the day of my arrival the superior said to me, pointing to the two children rather older than myself, 'These will henceforth be your companions, and you must always accompany them in their walks, for the rules of the college prohibit all conversation between two persons, unless they are accompanied by a third. And

you will be required to listen attentively to the discourse of your companions, in order that you may be able to report it to me; for these children may, unknown to themselves, have wicked thoughts, and evil inclinations, which, if you love your comrades, you will acquaint me with, so that I, by my paternal remonstrance, in pointing out their faults, may save them from punishment. For it is always better to prevent evil than to inflict punishment."

"These are certainly, my dear son," said d'Agrigny, "the rules of our colleges, and this is the language addressed to our pupils on their entrance."

"I know it, father," replied Gabriel, bitterly. "Three days after this, I, a simple and submissive child, was innocently playing the spy on my comrades, and reporting their conversation to the Superior, who commended me for my zeal in this base employment, which I was taught was a duty of charity, and which I, in my infantile faith, believed as implicitly as I would the word of God. Not long after, I transgressed one of the rules of the college; on which occasion the superior said to me, 'You deserve to be severely punished, my child, but you will be forgiven if you detect either of your companions in a similar fault to that you have committed.' And fearing, notwithstanding my faith and blind obedience, that this encouragement to turn informer, based as it was on self-interest, might appear odious to me, he added, 'I am speaking to you, my child, for the welfare of your comrade, for if he should escape punishment, he would become habituated to evil. But by detecting him in his error, and thereby bringing on him a salutary punishment, you will reap the double advantage of contributing to his amendment, and of screening yourself, by your zeal for your neighbour, from the punishment you have merited.'"

"All you say," said D'Agrigny, growing increasingly alarmed at the language of Gabriel, "is in conformity with the rules of the colleges, and the customs of the Order."

"Until that time," continued Gabriel, "I had watched the other children disinterestedly, but the orders of my superior induced me to take another step in this infamous career—I became an informer to secure myself from punishment, and so great was my faith and humility that I actually performed this odious task with candour and innocence. Once, however, I confess I was tormented by vain scruples; this was the last effort of these generous aspirations that were afterwards stifled in my bosom. I asked myself if the religious and charitable motive that was attributed to this continual system of *espionage* was sufficient to excuse me. I acquainted my superior with my scruples, and he told me that obedience was my duty, and that to him alone belonged the responsibility of my acts."

"Providence ordered that it should be in the free and fertile land of America, that my eyes were first to be opened. Yes," continued Gabriel, "it was there, after I had left the sombre abode in which I had passed so many years of my youth, that, for the first time, I was face to face with the majesty of the Creator, amid immense solitudes; and being overpowered with so much magnificence and grandeur, I took an oath, which I shall shortly explain. That day was a sad and fatal one, for I then doubted and accused that which I had so long venerated and blessed. Oh! I assure you, my father, it was not for myself alone that I then wept."

The wily but uneasy Abbé, in a commiserating tone, praised Gabriel for his tender and humane disposition, and asked him to proceed.

"You know, father, that the latter part of my childhood—that happy age of frankness, innocence and affection—was passed in an atmosphere of fear, restraint, and suspicion. How, alas, could I have yielded to the slightest impulse of confidence, when I was told to avoid the gaze of those that spoke to me; in order that I might more effectually conceal my feelings from

them. When I attained the age of fifteen, the rare visits that I was permitted to pay my adopted mother were restricted, with a view of rendering my heart insensible to all the tender and gentle feelings of our nature—gloomy and fearful, in that sad and silent abode, I felt that I was being isolated from the freedom and affection of the world. My time was passed in useless studies, and in the observance of the minute forms of devotion. The blessed words of the Saviour, '*Love one another,*' were supplanted by '*Mistrust one another.*' My adopted mother and brother, whom I had not seen for six months, paid me a visit. A few years before I should have received them with joy—this time my heart was cold, and my eyes were dry—they departed in tears, and I was troubled—I began to be sensible of the coldness and insensibility that had enshrouded me during my stay in that tomb. I was affrighted, and wished to leave it, while I had yet strength sufficient left. I then applied to you, father, respecting the choice of an occupation, for I then fancied I heard in the distance the hum of free and busy life—a life endeared by family affections. Oh! how I then felt the want of liberty. I told you that the life of a soldier or an artizan would suit me. It was then you informed me that my adopted mother, to whom I owed everything, had but one desire."

"That was, my dear son, that you should enter the priesthood."

"Nothing of the kind," said Gabriel, rather indignantly. "It is unpleasant for me to contradict you, father; but Frances Baudoin never had such a desire."

"You form a hasty judgment, my dear son."

"She told me all yesterday, father."

"You rely more then, my dear son, on the word of your adopted mother than on mine."

"A plain answer would perhaps irritate you—then pray excuse my silence."

At this moment Samuel entered, and said that some one wished to speak to M. Rodin.

"Thank you," said Rodin; and having placed in the hands of d'Agrigny a slip of paper on which he had written a few lines with his pencil, he withdrew, leaving Gabriel and the Abbé together.

For a few moments after Rodin's departure there was a painful silence. The note which Rodin had given him remained in the hand of d'Agrigny unopened. Not daring to reply to the reproaches of the young priest, for fear of irritating him, the Abbé waited in mute anxiety the conclusion of that interview which had begun so inauspiciously.

"It is necessary," Gabriel at length said, "for me to continue the exposition up to the period of my departure from America; then you will understand the prospect of this interview. When informed of the pretended wish of my adopted mother I became resigned, regardless of my own inclinations; for I owed this good woman a sacred debt, which I was desirous of paying. Then the true spirit of the religion of Christ is so vivifying, that I became animated at the idea of studying the adorable counsels of our divine Saviour. I imagined that the seminary to which you had destined me, was a place of holiness, where all that was good and evangelical were to be found; where the ardent love of humanity and the delights of commiseration and tolerance were depicted in their true colours—softening the hearts of the wealthy, and drawing their attention to suffering humanity."

"Such is, undoubtedly, my dear son, the spirit of Christianity; but it is necessary to study much to understand it to the letter. To do so is a work of analysis, of discipline and submission, and not the effect of the heart and of sentiment."

"On entering your seminary, I saw too much of that; I, alas! found my hopes blasted—my heart seared. Instead of the affection which buoys up the heart of youth, I found the same inexorable discipline—the same mode of informing upon each other, and the same obstacles to prevent all ties of friendship."

"Order, submission, and regularity, my dear son, are the foundations of our Society."

"Alas ! such destroys the spirit instead of being a balm to it. In the midst of my dejection I applied myself to the scholastic studies of theology—dark and sinister studies, that awaken up animosity, jealousy, and suspicion ; never the ideas of peace, of amelioration, or of liberty."

"Theology, my dear son," said d'Agrigny, "at once is a cuirass to defend and shelter dogmas, and a sword to cut down heresy."

"But yet Christ and his apostles were unacquainted with this dark science, and their simple and touching words regenerate men, and cause slavery to give place to liberty. But, instead of pouring into our ears that divine language, our young minds were filled with the various warfares of religion, and initiated with the floods of blood that the Lord required to drown heresy. The cruel practice of informing against each other produced the most inveterate hatred and profound resentment. At last I became a priest, and you invited me to enter the society of Christ, as you styled it, and I, almost unknowingly, did so."

The Abbé, pale and agitated, reminded Gabriel that he had left him to choose for himself, that they only require voluntary services.

"True," said Gabriel, sorrowfully. "Solitude had deadened my powers. Then I pronounced the irrevocable vow, and so fell into your hands. The true end of the Society had always been kept a secret from me. The abandonment of my will, which I was to place in my Superior's, was required in order to further the glory of God ; and in becoming a passive instrument in your hands, you told me that I should be engaged in a glorious and holy work. Six months previous to my going to America, you informed me that you would prepare me for the confessional ; and for that purpose you gave me a book containing the questions that a confessor ought to put to young men and girls, and

married women. Oh, God!" cried Gabriel, shuddering, "I shall never forget that terrible moment. In the evening I retired to my cell with the book, which was written by one of our fathers, and revised and enlarged by a reverend bishop. With respect, confidence, and faith, I opened the book, and was struck with horror and confusion. I shut the book, and trembling, ran to you, and told you that I had involuntarily glanced over the work which had no title, that you had in error placed in my hand."

The Abbé again interrupted Gabriel by telling him that a priest who was destined to hear all kinds of evil in the confessional, ought to know everything; that the Order regarded that compendium as a classic work, and enforced its perusal upon all deacons and upon young priests before they entered the confessional.

"When I returned to my cell with the book," answered Gabriel, "and read—Oh, God!—the most frightful revelations—all the abominations that lust and luxury could suggest, I shuddered with confusion and terror, and it seemed as if my reasoning faculties were vanishing. My blood boiled in my veins, then horrible hallucinations succeeded, lascivious objects appeared to start from the book, and I lost all knowledge in trying to escape from their burning caresses. A fearful illness seized upon me, and when my senses returned, you told me I was too unsophisticated for certain functions. It was then I solicited permission to go as a missionary to America. After some demur on your part, you consented; and I set out. From infancy I had always lived at school, or in the seminary, in a state of subjection. Well, then, what a delight did I experience in the mid ocean, with the blue sky over my head. It appeared to me as if I had escaped from a world of darkness; my heart bounded freely in my bosom, and for the first time I felt that I was master of my own thoughts, and that I dared to examine the past. Strange doubts started in my mind, and I asked myself the right the Order had in depriving me,

for such a length of time, of the liberty, judgment, and of the powers of reasoning which God had bestowed upon me."

At this moment Rodin entered, and whispered to the Abbé that the father of Marshal Simon had arrived at the workshop of M. Hardy. After exchanging a significant glance with Rodin, d'Agrigny said, "Go on, my son."

"Shortly, sir, you shall know all. On reaching Charleston, I applied to the Superior of the Order in that town to enlighten me regarding the objects of our Society, and he frankly did so." I was horror-struck! I read the 'Casuist.' Oh! what frightful revelations. Each page of these volumes, written by a father in our Order, contains passages excusing and justifying theft, calumny, rapes, adultery, perjury and murder. When I thought to myself that I belonged to a Society, a priest of Him, who was all justice, forgiving, and loving; when I thought that I belonged to a Society, whose Superior professed such doctrines, and indulged in such wickedness, I made an oath to my Maker that I would, on reaching home, break for ever the ties that united me to it."

On hearing these words, the Abbé and Rodin exchanged terrified looks. AM was lost. Their prey had escaped.

"Having fulfilled my mission, several times, in vain, I sought an interview with you. It was ordained by Providence that I should have a long conversation with my adopted mother, and from her I learnt the scheme that had been concocted to get me into the Order, and the sacrilegious abuse made of the confessional, by inducing that poor woman to deliver up the orphans, whom a dying mother had confided to the care of a brave and honest soldier; you can easily understand, even if I had previously hesitated to take such steps, that what I learned yesterday rendered my decision unalterable."

"You wish then, my son," said the Abbé, with a



pallid countenance, "to break the bonds that bind you to the Order; but you must be aware that the Society can do so with you, but you cannot do so with the Society."

"I place great importance on my oath; nevertheless, if you refuse me, I will no longer consider myself either in the eyes of God, or in those of men, in any way connected with the Society."

The Abbé was dumb, and gazed despairingly at Rodin. The latter, seeing that his note was unopened, approached d'Agrigny, and demanded, with an alarmed voice, "Have you not yet read my note?"

"Oh, God! I never thought of it."

The secretary started in anger and astonishment; then he hesitated, and with a calm voice said—"Read it now."

Hardly had the Abbé cast his eyes on the paper, than a ray of hope illumined his countenance. Grasping the hand of Rodin, with a feeling of deep gratitude, he whispered in his ear, "You are right. Gabriel is still ours."

A pause of some duration then ensued, the Abbé apparently being greatly distressed. After using all his efforts in trying to persuade Gabriel to re-consider his decision to leave the Order, and finding that he could not succeed, d'Agrigny then said:

"It is very clear according to my opinion, that there are two motives that govern your conduct. In the first place, we are menaced, and you deem it prudent to leave us. In the second, a modest independence from the heritage is now before you; and, by separating yourself from us, you can annul the donation which at a former time you made to us."

"To speak plainly," said Rodin, "you perjure yourself because we are persecuted, and that you may cancel the gift which you formerly bestowed."

At this infamous accusation, Gabriel lifted his hands up to heaven, ejaculating, "Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"You are going too far, I think," said d'Agrigny,

"My dear son would certainly be acting basely and treacherously, had he known of this inheritance; but he affirms the contrary, in spite of appearances."

"I am grateful to you, my father, for thus suspending your judgment; for God knows that I was ignorant both of the danger that threatened you, and of this inheritance—and that—"

"Hear me, my son. It was by the greatest chance in the world that I was made acquainted with the latter. A short time after your return from America, in classifying the archives of our Society, your endorsement fell under the eyes of the proctor, who, on examining the contents, learnt that one of your ancestors, to whom this house belonged, had left a will, which would be read to-day. It was no longer you, then, but the Society who, in my person, would claim in virtue of your donation, the rights which you previously possessed. But now, that you are separated from us, it is meet that you should present yourself. We only came here for the good of the poor, to whom you had previously given up all claim to everything you might one day possess. At present, however, the hope of receiving a fortune, changes your sentiments. As you are now free, take back your gift."

"And do you, my father," said Gabriel, "consider me capable of taking back a gift which I had previously made to the Society, for the education and attentions which I had received from it."

"This patrimony, my son, may be a large one."

"If it was the fortune of a king," cried Gabriel, "it matters not. Listen: you say the Society in which I was installed is menaced with dangers—I shall look to this, and if I find it so, although morally separated, I shall remain with you till the termination of your difficulties. As to the heritage of which you think me so covetous, I give it up; for my only desire is, that it may be employed in comforting the poor."

The Abbé could scarcely suppress his joy, but calm-

ly said, "I expected this from you, my son!" Then he made a sign to Rodin, the signification of which the other well understood.

"All this is probably very fine," said the secretary, contemptuously; "but your son only gives you his word for this."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Gabriel.

"The law," replied Rodin, "might find protests against gifts made in favour of our Order, and to-morrow you would be able to take back what you gave to-day."

"But my oath, sir?"

Rodin fixed his piercing little eye upon Gabriel, then said, sarcastically, "Your oath! you formerly swore eternal allegiance to our Order—and what is the value of that oath now?"

Gabriel appeared embarrassed, but feeling within him the falseness of the comparison, he rose, went to the desk, and penned the following—

"Before God, who sees and hears me! and in the presence of the Abbé d'Agrigny, and M. Rodin, I swear that I freely give to the Society of Jesus, through the medium of the Abbé d'Agrigny, all that to which I may fall heir. This donation having for its object the repayment of services rendered to me, and to secure that which may alleviate the sufferings of the poor. I declare that, if I ever think, under any circumstances, of revoking, I shall deserve the contempt of every honest man.

"I write this on the 13th of February, 1832, prior to the will of my ancestors being read.

"GABRIEL DE RENNEPONT."

Gabriel, approaching Rodin, gave him the paper in silence.

"Why, this is a written oath—that's all," observed the secretary, with a sneering coolness. "Of two things your dear son means one, that is, to render his oath irrevocable, or to—"

"Sir," interrupted Gabriel, "spare me such a disgraceful supposition."

"You have no objection to render this document legal," said Rodin.

"My dear son," remarked the Abbé, affectionately, "if it were a donation made to me, I would require nothing more, but anything that might injuriously affect the poor ought to be seriously guarded against. In a moment God might call you to himself, and who knows if your heirs would be satisfied with the oath you have taken."

"You are right, my father," said Gabriel; "I did not think of death, to which we are ever subject."

Samuel here opened the door, saying, "Gentlemen, the notary has arrived; may I show him into the room?"

"We shall be happy to see him," said Rodin; "for we wish him to draw up a deed."

We will leave these three personages for a little while, and revert to the walled house.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE WILL.

WHEN the masons had finished their work in opening the walled-up door-way, Samuel directed them to apply to the notary, and he would pay them for their labour. The clerk was anxious to have a look into the mysterious house, but the guardian would not permit him, and eventually got rid of both clerk and masons.

The old Jew, on opening the door, felt a gust of humid air. He shut the door after him, locked it on the inside, and advanced to the vestibule. A feeling of melancholy stole over him as the idea shot across his mind that the last footsteps echoed within these walls were those of his ancestors; and he experienced a feeling of fear when thinking of the strange lights he had seen in the morning. He observed the words "red room" engraved on one of the doors.

Samuel drew forth a key which had that inscription attached to it, turned the lock, and entered an extensive apartment, which the window that was opened, lighted up. The room was splendidly furnished in the style of Louis XIV.,—a large round table, with a crimson velvet cover, stood in the middle. On Samuel approaching it, he saw a piece of white vellum with these words—

“Let my will be read in this room. The other apartments to remain closed till my last wishes are known. M. do R.”

Suddenly the strokes of the clock striking ten, came from an adjoining apartment; and Samuel asked himself, with surprise, mingled with terror, how it was possible for a clock, without winding up, to go for one hundred and fifty years. After reflecting for some time on this singular fact, he thought on the traditions that existed about the mysterious personages that were said to introduce themselves into this house from subterranean passages.

Pondering on this matter, Samuel approached the mantel-piece, which was opposite the window, the light fell upon two portraits, a male and a female, which the Jew had not till then observed. The female appeared to be about thirty years of age. Instead of being dressed in the mode of Louis XIV., her attire appeared to be of a more modern style; her hair encased in large braids her mournful countenance. The eyes, large and blue, were expressive of sadness. Her face was oval, and her skin pure and white, save a slight tint of red that brightened her cheeks.

On the left side of the mantel-piece was the portrait of a man of tall stature, about thirty years of age. His countenance was also expressive of sorrow. His hair was black; and singularly-formed eye-brows stretched across his forehead. Samuel, admiring the noble look of the two figures, asked himself whose portraits they could be. “According to what my father told me,” thought he, “they are not those of the Rennepont family, for they are in the mourning hall.”

The Jew, on glancing at the door of the room in which the clock had struck, directed his steps towards the vestibule. A knock was heard at the door—he opened it, when he was a little chagrined at seeing Rodin, the Abbé, and Gabriel, with Bathsheba and the notary, who had acted as guides. Samuel could not refrain from heaving a sigh, as he said, “Enter, gentlemen; everything is prepared.”

On entering the red chamber, Gabriel, Rodin, and d’Agrigny, seemed to be differently affected. Gabriel, in a melancholy mood, was anxious to depart, feeling himself relieved from a heavy burthen, by the legal transfer of his rights to d’Agrigny. He had never suspected the base designs of the Abbé; and in relinquishing his rights in that person’s favour, he did not consider that he was yielding to a fastidious sentiment of honour, because this transfer had been freely made by him several years before, and he would have deemed it dishonourable to retract it now, for on no consideration would he have incurred the reproach of being actuated by cupidity.

The Abbé, paler and more excited than Gabriel, tried to account for his emotion by attributing it to the heavy sorrow he felt at Gabriel’s desertion of the Jesuits.

Rodin, calm and self-possessed, witnessed with suppressed indignation the deep emotion of d’Agrigny; yet, notwithstanding his apparent composure, he was perhaps more anxious than his Superior about the success of this important affair.

When the actors in this scene were, at the invitation of the notary, going to sit down, the Jew advanced with a black register in his hand, and addressing himself to the notary, said—“I have been ordered, sir, to place this register here. It is at present locked, but you shall have the key as soon as the will has been read.”

“This,” observed the notary, “is mentioned in a note that accompanies the will, which I will read to

you; for it describes the formalities that are to be observed on opening the will."

The notary then read as follows:—"On the 13th of February, 1832, my testament shall be carried to No. 3. in the Rue St. Francis, and precisely at ten o'clock the door of the red chamber shall be opened to my descendants, for the purpose of hearing my will read; and when the clock is at the last stroke of twelve, my property will, in conformity with my wishes, be divided among my descendants that are there present."

The notary having read this, said, in an impressive tone, "M. Gabriel Rennepont having proved his relationship to the testator, and being the only heir of the Rennepont family present, I now, in his presence, in the manner that has been prescribed, open the will."

The three personages present now manifested the deepest interest, Gabriel's anxiety on the occasion arose more from curiosity than from any selfish motive; indeed he had sacrificed all to the Abbé. That person and Rodin could scarcely conceal the agitated state in which they awaited the denouement.

The notary having opened the will, read as follows, amid the profoundest attention:—

*"Hamlet of Villetamuse, Feb. 13, 1682.*

"I am now, by my death, about to escape from the disgrace of the galleys, having been condemned to that punishment, as an apostate, by the inveterate enemies of my family. My life, besides, has been a burthen to me since the death of my son—the victim of a mysterious crime. Poor Henry was but nineteen years old, his murderers are unknown—no, not unknown if my suspicions be correct. So long as my beloved child lived, I pretended that I had renounced Protestantism, and I scrupulously observed the forms of Catholicism, for the purpose of securing to him my property. But when he was killed, I could not any longer bear this restraint. I was watched, accused, and convicted of apostacy. My property was confiscated, and I was sentenced to the galleys.

"These are horrible times. Degradation and servitude! Sanguinary despotism, and religious persecution! Death is to be preferred to these!

"Previous, however, to my departure, I must remember my kindred that I leave behind, or rather those of them that may be alive in better times. The sum of 50,000 crowns, which were given back to me by a friend, is all the wealth I have left. This, divided among my numerous relatives, would not help them much. I, therefore, acting by the advice of one of the best of men, dispose of it otherwise. And if my wishes be faithfully attended to, the result, in a century and a half, will be a vast and mighty one.

"In order that my descendants may be able to appreciate my wishes, I will inform them who were the persecutors of my family. My grandfather, a Catholic, was induced, less by his religious zeal, than by perfidious counsel, to join the Society of Jesuits. Some time afterwards, fearful revelations were made to him, regarding the secret objects of this Society, and the means they adopted in accomplishing them. This was in 1610, a short time before the assassination of Henry IV. My grandfather, alarmed at the secret which shortly after resulted in the death of one of the best of kings, not only quitted the Society of Jesuits, but he abjured the Romish religion, and turned Protestant. Documents indubitably proving the connivance of the Jesuits with Ravallac, were brought forward, in the trial of Jean Chatelet, the regicide. This was the beginning of the bitter hatred of the Jesuits to our family. Thank God! those documents are in safe keeping. And if my wishes are attended to, they will be found, marked to M. C. D., G., in an ebony box in the mourning chamber. My father was also, on this account, subjected to the vengeance of the Jesuits, which would have resulted in his ruin, and probably his death, but for the interposition of an angelic woman, whom he afterwards almost worshipped with religious adoration. The portrait of this wo-



man, and also the man, whom I profoundly venerate, were painted by me from memory, and hung up in the red chamber. And I hope they will be regarded by my descendants with feelings of the most intense gratitude."

The latter portion of this document was listened to by Gabriel with deep interest. He was struck with the coincidence of his ancestors having, two centuries before, abandoned the same Society that he had himself quitted only an hour before. And he likewise thought it no less strange, that this Society should, by his own voluntary act, become possessed of the inheritance that had been transmitted to him, through the lapse of a century and a half. When the notary came to the passage regarding the portraits, Gabriel turned to look at them, and no sooner had he cast his eyes on them, than he uttered a loud cry of astonishment.

At Gabriel's cry the notary stopped reading, and the Abbé approached the excited youth, who stood gazing with increased amazement, at the portrait of the woman. Shortly he murmured. "Can it be possible! Yes, those eyes and that pale forehead are hers!"

"What is the matter, my dear son?"

"A few months ago," replied Gabriel, "when amid the Rocky Mountains, I was captured by the Indians, who, fixing on me a cross, were about to scalp me, when Providence opportunely sent that woman to my aid."

"What woman?" asked the Abbé.

"A woman," replied Gabriel, "so closely resembling that portrait, that if it had not been shut up here for a century and a half, I should have believed that she had sat for it."

Rodin irritated at the interruption, said to the notary, "it seems to me, sir, that this little romance has nothing to do with the reading of the will."

"It has not, sir," replied the notary, resuming his task.

"By means of confiscation, the Jesuits have become

possessed of my property, and I am about to die. Would that their hatred to my kindred might be extinguished by my death. I have sent this morning for Isaac Samuel, a man whom I can trust, whose life I saved. To him and to his descendants, I have confided the management of the 50,000 crowns, for the term of one hundred and fifty years, by which time it will have increased to an enormous sum. So many changes take place in the space of a century and a half, that it is possible that my descendants may, at that time, be found in every grade of life, and thus, represent the different social classes of their time. However this may be, my most ardent wish is, that they may be united in a close bond of union, and that they may carry into effect the divine words of the Saviour, '*Love one another.*'\* Oh! if my descendants should prove faithful to this wish, what immense benefits may be produced by a proper use of their mighty resources, for the welfare of entire humanity.

"When the reading of my will is finished, and the division of my property is accomplished, the apartments of the house will be thrown open to my descendants, where, especially in the mourning chamber, things worthy of their pity and their respect will meet their sight.

"My desire is that the house may not be sold, but that it may remain furnished, and serve as a place of meeting for my descendants. If, however, instead of uniting in the manner I have desired, they should prefer their own individual and selfish interests, let the house be razed to the ground. I have now done. My duty is fulfilled.

"MARIUS DE RENNEPONT."

Gabriel now reflected with anguish on the consequence of having given up his patrimony. He perceived that the generous family association, so urgently recommended by M. Rennepont, was made impracticable.

Samuel, then addressing himself to the notary, said,

"In this register, sir, you will find an account of the sums in my possession."

"What is the total sum?" asked Rodin, with apparent indifference.

"Two hundred and twelve millions, one hundred—"

"What is that you say?" interrupted the Abbé.

"Yes, what is the amount?" said Rodin, in great agitation, losing, perhaps, for the first time in his life his self-possession.

"Two hundred and twelve millions, one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs," replied the Jew.

This astounding declaration was succeeded by profound silence, during which a clock in an adjoining apartment began slowly to strike twelve.

"Twelve o'clock!" cried Rodin, reaching forward towards the box, as if to seize it.

"It is, at last!" exclaimed the Abbé, in a state of the greatest excitement. Then embracing Gabriel, he added, "Ah, my dear son, how you will be blessed by the poor."

"Let us now thank Providence," said Rodin, falling on his knees, "for entrusting us with so much wealth, to be employed for the advancement of his glory."

When the last stroke of twelve had struck, the notary said, "No other heir of Marius de Rennepont having presented himself, I declare Gabriel de Rennepont having, this morning, in my presence, freely and legally transferred his claim to the Marquis d'Agrigny, the latter is now therefore the legitimate possessor of this wealth."

At this juncture Dagobert appeared at the door of the red chamber. The soldier was ghastly pale, and carried his arm in a sling; he leaned on the arm of Agricola; Rodin, at the sight of Dagobert, rushed towards the box containing the money, seized it, and firmly kept it in his possession.

D'Agrigny appeared not to notice Dagobert, and never having seen Agricola before, was puzzled at the

fright manifested by Rodin ; but he understood all when he saw Gabriel rush into the arms of the young blacksmith, saying, " Is it you, my brother ; and you, my second father ? God, in his goodness, has sent you to me at this critical time ! "

The old soldier shook hands cordially with Gabriel, and then walked up with a menacing look to the Abbé, who retreated back a few steps, saying, " Who are you, sir ? and what do you want with me ? "

Without replying, Dagobert drew nearer, cast a disdainful look on the ex-colonel, and said, " You do not recognize me then. Do you remember when you, with the Russians, were fighting against the French, that on your asking General Simon, when covered with wounds, to yield, he replied, renegade that you are, and to your confusion and shame, ' I will never give up my sword to a traitor ; ' he then crawled to a Russian grenadier, to whom he yielded ? Well, sir, by the side of General Simon there was a soldier who was also wounded—I am that soldier. "

" Well, sir, what is it you want ? " asked the Abbé, in the utmost rage. •

" I wish to expose you, infamous priest that you are ! "

" Ah ! " cried Agrigny, in ungovernable fury.

" I repeat it, that you are an infamous wretch ! " cried the soldier, with increasing energy. " To strip the daughters of Marshal Simon, Gabriel, and Mademoiselle de Cardoville of their heritage, you have practised the basest means. "

" What is that you say ? " inquired Gabriel, in agitation, " the daughters of General Simon ! "

" They are related to you, my brave lad ; so is the worthy lady Mademoiselle de Cardoville. That vile priest, " he added, pointing to the Abbé, " has shut the latter up in a madhouse, and confined the orphans in a convent. As for you, my good sir, I did not expect to meet you here ; I thought you would have been prevented, like the others, from coming to claim your

heritage. I would have been sooner, but the loss of blood made me weak; but, thank Heaven, I have arrived in time."

It is not possible to describe the curiosity, anguish, surprise, and fear, of the various actors in this scene, on hearing the pointed words of Dagobert; but none felt their force so keenly as Gabriel. His face flushed, his knees trembled, and he cried in a heart-rending tone, "Oh, God! it is I who am the spoliator of this family!"

"You, my brother!" cried Agricola. "Not so."

"The will," said Gabriel, with anguish, "states that the inheritance will belong to those of the heirs who appear at twelve o'clock—it is now past twelve. I am the only one of the family present, and the heirs are dispossessed by me."

"By you!" exclaimed Dagobert. "No, no; all is safe; I know you too well; you will share all with the others."

"But I have given away my right—everything is lost!"

"To whom have you given it?" inquired the soldier.

"To that person," said Gabriel, pointing to d'Agrigny.

"To him—to the renegade," said Dagobert. "Still the scourge of this family."

"It is our duty to forgive injuries," said the Abbé, withdrawing his eyes from the ferocious gaze of the soldier, "and to offer them to God as a proof of our humility."

Gabriel continued silent a moment. The baseness of the Abbé's conduct flashed across his mind, and rage and despair overcoming his natural timidity, the young priest's eyes glared fiercely, his face crimsoned, and addressing d'Agrigny, he said, "So, sir, you placed me in one of your colleges, not out of commiseration, as you stated, but in order to get me to renounce, in favour of your Order, a portion of this heritage; not

satisfied with sacrificing me to your cupidity, you make me the involuntary instrument of an unworthy spoliation. If it only concerned my claim upon the riches that you covet, I should care little about it, but to rob two orphans and a worthy young lady of their rights is what I shall never submit to; therefore I revoke the donation which I in ignorance made!"

On hearing this, the Abbé and Rodin looked at each other; the former shrugging his shoulders, said, "I, as the representative of the Order, ask you, Gabriel Rennepont, whether you did not freely bestow your claim to the heritage upon the Society as a recompense for favours received?"

"Well, yes, I did make the gift freely," said Gabriel.

"And this gentleman, acting as notary, drew up the deed."

"But Gabriel," said Dagobert, "only gave the share belonging to himself; he would never think of your despoiling others of their portion of the property."

"Hear me explain," said d'Agrigny. "The amount of the donation was not known, when first bestowed, and after the great sum was disclosed, Gabriel fell on his knees, and thanked God for inspiring him with the desire of spending his wealth to the glory of the Lord."

"That is a fact," said Gabriel.

D'Agrigny enforced his claim to the whole heritage, on the ground that Gabriel was the only claimant present at the time stated in the will—12 o'clock. He appealed to the notary, asking whether he was not justified in supporting his claim. The notary answered that he must acknowledge that, by the unbiassed act of Gabriel, the Marquis d'Agrigny was entitled to the heritage.

At this decision Samuel groaned, and Dagobert, addressing the notary, said, "Surely, sir, it is not legal thus to strip two poor orphans of their heritage, I assure you, sir, upon my honour, that that man took advantage of my wife's weakness, and carried off, in

my absence, the girls to a convent, in order that they might not be here at the time. I applied to a magistrate, sir."

"Well, and what did the magistrate say?"

"That he could not, on my deposition alone, release them from the convent, but the authorities would see to this violation of the law."

"Well, sir, what a magistrate cannot do, I dare not. This is a serious matter. My duty is to execute the testament of a dying man. If the persons you speak of have been injured, they will find a remedy in the law."

"Since the law, then," said Gabriel, "is not powerful enough to sustain justice, I will resort to extreme measures. Before doing so, however, let me ask the Abbé if he will be contented with the share that belongs to me?"

"This is an affair of charity," said d'Agrigny; "and not at all connected with me; therefore in refusing the offer, I call upon M. Gabriel to remember his engagement."

"Then you will not agree to this arrangement," said Gabriel, with emotion.

"The state of the poor and suffering compels me not to do so."

"Then, sir, you force me to revoke my donation. I only promised my own, not that which is another's."

"Ah! but I hold in my hand an oath of yours, Gabriel, formally drawn up."

"Notary," cried Rodin, in a shrill tone, "please inform the young man that he can perjure himself if he chooses, but that the civil code is not so easily violated."

As the notary was about to reply, the door was opened by Bathsheba, who introduced other two persons into the red-chamber.

One of the two persons was Faranghea, whose forbidding aspect caused Samuel to go up to him, and inquire what business brought him there. Faranghea's

answer was, that he came in search of Prince Djalma, who, from a medal that was in his possession, he (the strangler) believed the prince was required to be in that room at this time. Faranghea further said that he had left Djalma at an hotel on the previous day, when he went out on some business, and when he returned, he found the prince was gone away. On making inquiries, he learned that a lady and gentleman had called at the hotel, and taken the prince away with them. Djalma being an invalid, the lady told the proprietor of the hotel, that they were taking the prince to an eminent medical man. While Faranghea was relating this story, he cast significant glances from time to time on the imperturbable Rodin. Whether the strangler was anxious to come to some terms with the two conspirators—Rodin and the Abbé—we know not, but he uttered not a syllable about his being waylaid and the bag containing the medal and papers taken from him.

Gabriel's surprise and chagrin was greatly increased when he learned that Prince Djalma was a joint claimant for the heritage; for the young priest felt the liveliest respect and esteem for the Indian prince.

The other person whom Bathsheba had introduced, now came forward. Agricola hastily approached him, exclaiming, "What! you here, M. Simon?"

"Yes, my lad," said the old man, shaking him cordially by the hand, "I have just arrived. M. Hardy should have been here, respecting some inheritance, but not being able to come, he has sent me to represent him. But you look pale! What is the matter with you?"

"The matter!" cried Dagobert. "Why, your granddaughters have just been disinherited."

"You!" cried M. Simon, endeavouring to recognise the features of the soldier, "You must be Dagobert, who is so generously devoted to my son; but did you not speak of his daughter?"



"Of his daughters; for he is more fortunate than he is aware of. The children are twins."

"And where are they?"

"In a convent, where they have been detained by the treachery of that man, in consequence of which they have been disinherited."

"What man?" inquired M. Simon.

"The Marquis d'Agrigny."

"My son's most inveterate enemy."

"And that is not all," interposed Agricola. "M. Hardy is disinherited."

D'Agrigny, anxious to put an end to this scene, said to the notary, "This, sir, has lasted long enough. The other claimants have not appeared at the specified time; and therefore, I think that in justice you will allow that I am the lawful possessor of this wealth."

"Sir," replied the notary, "I declare in the name of the law that, by the act of Gabriel de Rennepont, you are the sole owner of this money, which I shall now place in your possession."

Gabriel now clasped his hands, and exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "Oh, God! wilt thou permit the triumph of this iniquity?"

Rodin, without heeding the young missionary, took from the hands of the notary the cedar box, containing the money.

At this critical moment the door of an adjoining apartment was suddenly opened, and a woman appeared. Gabriel uttered a loud cry, and stood as if thunderstruck, while Samuel and Bathsheba fell on their knees. All the other actors in this scene were perfectly amazed; even Rodin recoiled a step or two, and put the box back on the table. Profound stillness followed the woman's appearance, for fear and astonishment had taken possession of all present; the woman seemed a living original of the portrait which had been hung in that room a century and a half before. She proceeded slowly, without noticing the sensation her appearance caused, advancing to a piece of fur-

niture, she opened a secret drawer, and took from it a sealed packet, which she placed before the notary. She then gave Gabriel a look of kindness and melancholy, and turning to Bathsheba and Samuel, who were still kneeling, she bent her head with tender solicitude, held her hand out for them to kiss, and softly retired.

As Gabriel saw her retire, he said, "It is she."

"Who?" inquired Agricola.

"Behold!" cried Gabriel, pointing to the portrait. "It is upwards of a century and a half since it was hung there."

Dagobert, Faranghea, and Agricola, lifted their eyes to the portraits, and each of them gave an exclamation of astonishment. "What is this I see?" cried Dagobert, looking at the portrait of the man. "This is the emissary and friend of Marshal Simon, that last year sought us out in Siberia."

"My sight does not deceive me," muttered Faranghea. "This is the same man whom we strangled and buried by the side of the Ganges."

"Who is this woman, and how did she come here?" asked d'Agrigny of the Jew.

"I do not know," replied Samuel. "I have heard father say that there are subterranean passages under this house that lead to a considerable distance."

"Oh, then," said d'Agrigny, "her appearance is easily accounted for, but what could be her motive for coming here? As to her resemblance to this portrait, that is a matter of chance."

Rodin, imagining that he could steal away with the cedar box unperceived, during the excitement that prevailed, was getting ready to depart, when Samuel cried, "Stay, sir, I must first request the notary to examine the packet."

Rodin expostulated angrily with Samuel, but he would not let him depart.

The notary, after opening the packet, read as follows:—

"This is a codicil, adjourning the execution of my will until the 1st of June, 1832. The house is to be closed, and the money to remain in the hands of the depository. "MARIUS DE RENNEPONT."

"Villetoneuse, February 13th, 1683.

"Eleven o'clock at night."

"I protest against this codicil!" exclaimed d'Agrigny, in anger and despair.

"It must be a forgery," cried Rodin.

"It is not," said the notary. "I have looked at the signatures, and find them exactly the same. You can dispute the authenticity of this codicil, but everything must be suspended until the 1st of June."

The rage of Rodin and d'Agrigny knew no bounds when they saw the Jew re-take possession of the cedar-box. Finding themselves frustrated, they proceeded to their carriage, and drove to the Hotel de St. Dizier, in the Rue de Babylone.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

WHEN the Superior and his secretary alighted from the carriage, they repaired at once to the cabinet of the Princess de St. Dizier, and here a scene was represented that was little expected by one of the actors in it. The dejected countenances of d'Agrigny and Rodin caused the princess to suspect that they had not succeeded in the project which had so deeply interested them all. Madame St. Dizier, however, inquired what had happened; and the Abbé replied, while his eyes sparkled with rage, "The inheritance which we supposed to be about forty millions, amounts to about five times that sum. And notwithstanding the treason of Gabriel, who has left our Society, was in my possession."

"Above two hundred millions!" cried the princess; "it appears like a dream."

"Ay," replied d'Agrigny, bitterly, "it is a dream to us. A codicil was discovered which postpones the execution of the will for three months, and thus all is lost; for the descendants are now aware of the nature of this inheritance, and will be on their guard."

"Is there then no hope?" inquired the princess.

"Our only hope is that Gabriel may not retract, for his share alone is about thirty millions."

"That is a great sum? why then despair?"

"Gabriel being now free and surrounded by his family, will probably annul his gift. I fear that we have lost the inheritance. I think it prudent to write to Rome, and ask permission to retire from Paris for a while, which is now becoming hateful to me."

He then dictated as follows to Rodin:—

"The Rennepont affair, in spite of all our care and ability, has entirely failed; still everything was done to secure success. I must repeat, however, that this important affair has irrecoverably failed."

Rodin here threw down his pen, and walked leisurely towards the fire-place, muttering to himself, "This man is turning imbecile; a stop must be put to this."

The Abbé, astonished, asked Rodin why he had left his place, and then, turning to the princess, he said, disdainfully pointing to Rodin, "His senses are leaving him."

The princess apologised for Rodin, on account of his grief for the failure of the enterprise in which he had been engaged.

"Return to your place, sir," said d'Agrigny, haughtily.

Rodin, indifferent to the order, turned his back to the fire-place, and raising himself to his full height, looked fixedly at the Abbé. The secretary had not uttered a word, but his forbidding countenance suddenly displayed such contempt for his Superior—such cool

audacity and self-possession, that the princess and d'Agrigny were astounded.

The Abbé was too well acquainted with the customs of his Order, to believe that Rodin had assumed this air of superiority without due authority. He saw, when it was too late, that his subordinate might have been placed as a spy, with power to supercede him whenever he should exhibit any signs of incapacity. From the moment that Rodin had taken his stand before the fire-place d'Agrigny's manner, usually so haughty, instantly underwent a change; and although his pride was severely wounded, he said, addressing Rodin with great deference, "You have, no doubt, authority to command me, in the manner I have hitherto commanded you?"

Rodin, without replying, drew from his greasy pocket-book a slip of paper, on which were written a few words in Latin. When d'Agrigny had read them, he raised the paper respectfully to his lips, and then returned it to Rodin, with a profound bow. On raising his head, his face was red with shame and vexation; for in spite of his passive obedience to the will of his Order, his pride was severely galled at seeing himself so unceremoniously displaced. When the first pang of humiliation had passed, he said to Rodin, with extreme deference, "You threw down the pen when I was dictating, will you have the goodness to tell me in what I have erred?"

"I will," said Rodin, and the ex-secretary, but now superior, then commenced a lengthened and severe criticism on the skill, or rather, want of skill, displayed by d'Agrigny throughout the whole affair. Rodin taunted his listener with the indecision which he had manifested on various occasions when he ought to have been firm and resolute. In short, the one so exposed the other's weakness and want of foresight as made d'Agrigny wince and tremble before his critic.

Rodin then in a vaunting tone declared that the Rennepont affair, which d'Agrigny supposed was lost,

would, in his hands, yet prove successful. The Abbé and the Princess greatly doubted his ability to achieve what he so confidently promised to perform. The Superior elect asserted that he would, in a short time, cause the two hundred and twelve millions of francs to enter into the coffers of the Society.

After thus boasting, the ex-secretary alluded to the members of the Rennepont family, who were claimants to the inheritance; and said that it was possible, by good management, to so work upon the feelings of these persons, as to induce the most obstinate among them to solicit the privilege of becoming members of the Society which they now held in such abhorrence.

"It is impossible!" cried d'Agrigny.

"Impossible! And what were you fifteen years ago? Your life was passed in gaiety, impiety, and debauchery! yet you came to us, and your property is now ours. What! have we not overcome princes and popes? And shall we now be baffled by a single family? Are we not sagacious enough to obtain our ends without resorting to violence? Ah! you are ignorant of the numerous resources, that the skilful management of the human passions places at our disposal; especially when aided by an all-powerful auxiliary."

"What kind of auxiliary?" asked d'Agrigny.

"Why," replied Rodin, his countenance becoming cadaverous. "This formidable auxiliary is advancing slowly; mourning and lamentation announce its terrible approach. It is the CHOLERA!" •

The Abbé and the Princess shuddered and turned pale. An interval of silence followed. At length Rodin, with an imperious gesture, motioned d'Agrigny to the desk, at which he had himself only a few minutes before been seated.

D'Agrigny at first started with surprise, but remembering that his position was changed, he bowed humbly to Rodin, and went to the desk. Rodin then dictated as follows:—

"By the mismanagement of the Abbé d'Agrigny the Rennepont affair has been seriously endangered. However, we think that success is still possible; and to enable us to attain it, we only require to be invested with full authority."

A quarter of an hour after this Rodin left the hotel, brushing his old hat, which he had taken off to return the salute of the porter.

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The Rue Clovis is one of the most solitary of that part of the town called Montagne Saint Geneviève. At the period of our story, No. 4 was one of the principal buildings, at the side of which was a dark alley that conducted to a second building, of miserable and degraded aspect, in which was a half-subterraneous shop where coals, second-hand handkerchiefs, vegetables, and milk were sold. The shopkeeper, an old woman with sickly aspect, was named Mother Arsène.

As the old woman was busy picking off the faded leaves from her vegetables, a young woman, called Rose Pompon, a companion of Cephyse, the Bacchanalian Queen, came from the house into the shop, to purchase a small quantity of milk. It appeared from the conversation that ensued betwixt the two women, that Rose and Cephyse rented a small room in the old woman's house—for a portion of their conversation related to the disconsolate situation of Cephyse since the arrest and imprisonment of Couche-tout-Nu—Jacques Rennepont. From gossiping about Cephyse, the two garrulous women then turned their remarks upon the mysterious lodger who occupied two rooms in the house, and whose name, Mother Arsène said, was M. Charlemagne—a little man, about fifty years of age, with a forbidding aspect, and small piercing eyes.

"Mother Arsène, in the course of further conversation with the young woman, bantered her on the former gay life which she and Cephyse had indulged in, and contrasted that and the present condition they

were placed in. Rose, upon this, related to the old woman her history—how she had been seduced when a mere girl, and the consequent misery which had fallen upon her since.

Whilst the two women were busy conversing together, Jacques Dumoulin entered the shop, and saluted Rose Pompon with great familiarity. Rose inquired after Madame de St. Colombe; when Jacques informed her he had forsworn the engagement, for he had now got a situation of great importance; being editor of a religious journal, for which he received a very liberal salary. Dumoulin then invited Rose to go with him, and have a day's pleasure in feasting and jollity.

In the midst of their conversation, Mother Arsène said, on seeing a little man approaching the shop, "Here comes M. Charlemagne." Dumoulin turned his head to look at the man, and instantly murmured, "M. Rodin, as I live! where can I hide?" Rose seized his hand, and they together left the shop, and went towards Rose's apartment.

Rodin, on entering the shop, bade good morning to Mother Arsène, and apologized for coming so early. The old woman said that he had no need to make any apology, as he came so seldom. She then presented him with two letters which had come to the shop the night before. On receiving the letters, Rodin went up to his room.

He placed the letters on the table, and walked about the room for some time before he broke the seals. When he did so, the perusal of the first letter appeared to rouse his ire, for he shrugged his shoulders, struck the table violently, and then threw the epistle from him. But no sooner had he cast his eyes on the first few lines of the second, than, struck with astonishment, he rose and went to the window, to assure himself that what he read was correct. A strange expression of joy spread itself over his cadaverous face, he dropped his arms, and remained for some minutes silent, his eyes fixed on the ground.



Thanks to his artifice and dissimulation—thanks to a singular mixture of fear, admiration, and confidence, which he had inspired in many influential personages, Rodin had just learnt from the pontifical government, that in a given time he might fill a position which had too often excited the fear, envy, and hatred, of many sovereigns, and which had been filled by men of great wealth, by the most atrocious scoundrels, and by parties who had raised themselves from the lowest classes of society.

But in order that Rodin might attain this end, he must, without violence, and only by working on the passions, succeed in bringing into the coffers of the Society the wealth of the Rennepont family.

Starting up from his seat, he went to gaze at a picture on the wall, representing a young herdsman, surrounded by a herd of swine, at the bottom of which was, "Sixtus V. in his youth." Rodin, drawing his head back, said, "Eh, brother; and I, too, for I am certain of succeeding in the Rennepont affair."

While this mute scene was occurring, Rodin did not perceive that the curtains of one of the windows of the third floor were drawn aside, and half disclosed the face of Rose Pompon, and that of the jovial Jacques Dumoulin.

Astonished as Rodin was with the second letter from Rome, he was careful that his epistle should not betray his surprise. After partaking of a frugal breakfast, he got a sheet of paper, and hurriedly penned the following letter, in that bitter and audacious style, that he, when not under restraint, invariably adopted.

"I am not surprised at the information I have received; for I expected it. Cowardice and indecision ever produce such results. Heretic Russia is massacring Catholic Poland; Rome blesses the murderers, and curses the victims; and in return Russia, by means of Austria, guarantees the extermination of the patriots of Romagna. This is wise policy. The hordes of assassins employed by the good Cardinal Albani,

are no longer sufficient to butcher the impious liberals. The independents of every country must be exasperated—liberalism must be made to foam at the mouth, and every thing that vociferates most loudly be stirred up against Rome. To achieve all this, the three following propositions must be enunciated in the face of the world:—

“1. It is absurd to maintain that salvation may be obtained by purity of morals, under any form of worship whatever.

“2. It is the worst of folly to grant the people liberty of conscience.

“3. It is not possible to have too great a horror of the liberty of the press.

*The feeble man* must be induced to declare these propositions orthodox in every point of view, by boasting of their beneficial influence over despotic governments, over the embers of democracy, and over all true Catholics. He will be entrapped in the snare—the propositions enunciated—the tempest will burst, and there will be a general rising against Rome. The sacred college will be separated into three parties; one of which will approve, the other condemn, and the other tremble. *The feeble man* will be more alarmed at having abandoned Poland than he is now, and he will stand aghast at the clamour, reproaches, and menaces that will assail him on every hand. Then his conscience must be wrought upon, his mind disquieted, and his soul terrified. In short, he must be overwhelmed with horror, dismay, and shame, and his council divided. The cravings of Sanfedists must be again excited; let them plunder and murder as they did at Cesena. This perpetrated in *the feeble man's* name will strike him with horror; his days will be passed in remorse, his nights in agony, and the abdication which he already threatens us with, will speedily follow—probably too speedily. This is the only danger we have to fear at present; it is you that must provide against it. In case of abdication, instead of

entrusting the command of our Order—the best militia of the Holy See—to a general, I will command it myself. This militia will then occasion me no uneasiness. For example—the janizaries and prætorian guards were always troublesome to authority—and why? Because they could organize themselves in its defence, without being subject to it—hence their power of intimidation.”

At this point the melodious voice of Rose Pompon, warbling one of the popular songs of Béranger, struck on Rodin's ear. He listened for a short time, and then resumed his pen.

“I was never so confident of success as at the present time—the greater reason therefore not to be negligent. I have commenced a journal entitled *Love your Neighbour*, which, from its ultra Catholic principles will be regarded as the organ of Rome. I am about to introduce the question concerning the right of instruction. Some of the liberals will patronize us—more fools they. In admitting us to the enjoyment of our civil rights, they forget that we are placed beyond the pale of these rights by our privileges, our influence at the confessional, and our obedience to Rome. This will add to the general clamour, and increase the discontent of the *feeble man*. So much the better—every rivulet assists to swell the torrent.

“Briefly, abdication is our aim, and continuous harassing our means. The inheritance of the Renneponts will pay for the election. I engage to manage that affair myself—it is the sole pivot of all our temporal proceedings. Self-interest and the play upon the passions must be employed instead of the stupid violence of d'Agrigny. The Rennepont affair is doubly mine; the two hundred millions, before the expiration of three months, will be ours with the entire consent of the heirs themselves. This is absolutely necessary for my advancement, for should it fail, my chances would be materially diminished. I have asked for full power—one thing is indispensable to the suc-

cess of my projects. I expect it from you; your brother's influence at the court of Vienna, will assist you. I wish to be correctly informed respecting the present position of the Duke de Reichstadt, whom the Imperialists regard as Napoleon the Second. I want to know if a secret correspondence with the Prince could be entered into unknown to those about him. This note will be sent off to-day—to-morrow I shall finish it."

Whilst Rodin was sealing the letter, a gentle knock was given to his door. He started, for no similar occurrence had happened since he had lodged there. The knock was repeated louder than before; and Rodin, having sealed his letter, went and opened the door, when he was confronted by Rose Pompon, who, making a respectful curtsy, said, "How do you do, Monsieur Rodin?"

Rodin, with unfeigned surprise, asked the lively grisette who it was she wanted. Rose told him she wanted Monsieur Rodin. He then said he was not the person she wanted, for his name was Charlemagne. The young girl replied she was not to be deceived by that story, for she had been told by some one who knew him well, that his name was Rodin.

The adroit schemer now concluded to humour the talkative young girl, and ascertain whether he could draw anything from her which would assist him in carrying out his plans. He then entered into conversation with Rose, and, in answer to his questions, she told him she lodged in the room above that in which they were at present, and that a companion, named Cephyse, or the Bacchanalian Queen, lodged with her; and that at present Cephyse was in great distress on account of her lover, Jacques Rennepont, or Couchtont-Nu, being in prison for debt.

When Rodin heard this, he bethought him of the Mayeux, sister to Cephyse; and having a great desire to be better acquainted with the deformed girl, he imagined this might be accomplished through her sister. He therefore promised Rose that he would use his in-

terest in gaining Jacque's release from prison ; and in the mean time would take care that the necessities of Cephyse should be immediately relieved.

Rose was greatly rejoiced on hearing him say this, and invited him to walk up stairs, and see Cephyse. Rodin, however, excused himself from going up at that time, but said that he would shortly pay a visit to the Bacchanalian Queen.

After some further conversation, Rodin, leaning on the arm of Rose Pompon, descended the stairs, and then left the house.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### RODIN IN A NEW CHARACTER.

SINCE the nocturnal adventure of Agricola and Dagobert, Mademoiselle de Cardoville had been more strictly watched. Although the soldier had been severely wounded in that encounter, yet, assisted by the intrepidity of Agricola, they both managed to elude being captured.

Through the medium of the Mayeux, Adrienne was daily expecting that, by the efforts of her friends in her behalf, she would shortly be released from confinement. Her chief anxiety was on account of Agricola and Dagobert, for she was ignorant of the issue of that enterprise. For greater security, she had been removed to another apartment, where she was sitting at a small table, a book in one hand, and her forehead resting on the other, which was partially concealed by her long golden ringlets. A slight paleness was visible on her beautiful features, the only effect of her recent sufferings.

Presently the door of her apartment was opened, and Baleinier entered. The doctor, a docile and passive instrument to the will of the Order, was ignorant

of the object d'Agrigny had in view in imprisoning Adrienne, and also of the change of position that had taken place between him and Rodin. D'Agrigny, acting under the command of Rodin, had given the doctor orders to confine Adrienne more closely, and treat her with more severity, for the purpose of inducing her to forego the revenge which she intended to take on her persecutors. Adrienne manifested the disdain and aversion which she felt towards the doctor; but he came forwards with a smiling countenance, stopping at a short distance from her to examine her more closely. Appearing satisfied with his scrutiny, he said, "Come, the recent attack on the convent, has not had the bad result I had feared."

Accustomed as Adrienne was to the doctor's audacity, she could not help saying, scornfully, "What effrontery! still masked. If this hateful comedy fatigues you as much as it disgusts me, you earn your money dearly."

"Alas!" cried the doctor, "you still cherish the idea that you do not require our care, but with the exception of this false impression, your condition is considerably improved. Your cure will soon be perfected, and then your excellent heart will render that justice that is due to me."

"Yes, sir," said Adrienne, "the time approaches when you will have your due."

Then followed a scene of crimination and recrimination between Adrienne and the doctor, in the course of which the latter threatened that if Adrienne laid any complaint against him, the soldier and his son would be speedily apprehended for their attack on the convent.

At this point a servant entered, and, addressing the doctor, said, "Sir, there are two gentlemen below, who wish to speak to the lady and you immediately. One of them, I believe, is a magistrate."

The doctor, in great trepidation, said, "Show them up."

"God be praised!" cried Adrienne, clasping her hands, "the hour of justice has at length arrived."

"Take care, mademoiselle, for should you denounce us, the attack on the convent is sure to be brought to light," said the doctor, unable to conceal his alarm.

"Oh, I am not any longer your dupe, sir; why don't you at once tell me that if I make an accusation you will instantly denounce the soldier and his son."

"I again say," replied the doctor, "that the safety of your friends is in your own hands."

The doctor was urging Adrienne to acknowledge before the magistrate that her mind had been in such a state as to require the restraint of her person, when the door opened, and Rodin entered, accompanied by a man, dressed in black, and of a dignified manner.

The ex-secretary, from motives which will be explained hereafter, had not informed d'Agrigny or the doctor that he intended to pay a visit to the asylum; and therefore the doctor's surprise and dismay may be imagined, at seeing Rodin and the magistrate enter. The doctor made several signs to Rodin, but the ex-secretary treated him as a stranger. At last, when Balcinier's patience was nearly exhausted, Rodin went to him and said, "What is your wish with me, doctor? Ever since I came you have been making signs to me; you must have something very particular to communicate. I want no secrets; therefore speak out."

Astonished and confounded, the doctor was for some minutes unable to speak. The magistrate appeared surprised at this incident, and he gazed at the doctor with a feeling of suspicion. Adrienne was likewise astonished, for she expected to have met her friend, M. de Monthron.

In a short time the doctor regained his composure, and addressing himself to his brother Jesuit, said, "In trying to make you understand by signs, sir, I was anxious not to disturb the silence of that gentleman since he entered the room;"—here he glanced at the magistrate—"and I wished to show my surprise at this unexpected visit."

"The cause of silence I shall explain to mademoiselle," said the magistrate, bowing courteously to Adrienne, to whom he directed his further remarks. "I have just received information of a serious nature respecting you, mademoiselle, so, when I entered, I examined your features, to see if it was well founded or not, and from what I have observed, I have every reason to believe that it is so."

"I wish to know, sir," said the doctor, "whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"My name, sir, is Gernonde, and I am a magistrate. You are accused, sir, of having committed a serious error, not to use a harsher expression, for I would willingly believe that you were mistaken, and have not wilfully violated that liberty which is so precious to every one."

"Well, sir, inform me what I am charged with?" asked Balcinier.

"Mademoiselle," said the magistrate, addressing Adrienne, "is it true that you were brought here under a false pretence?"

The doctor interposed.

"I speak to this young lady," said the magistrate, sternly; "and allow me, sir, to be a judge of the propriety of my questions."

Adrienne was about to answer the question in the affirmative, when an expressive glance from the doctor reminded her of the danger to which she exposed her friends if she did; she therefore returned an evasive answer.

The magistrate, perceiving that there was some unknown influence that prevented Adrienne from speaking freely, turned to the doctor, and said, "You are accused, sir, of having, for the sake of gain, forcibly taken this young lady from her peaceful home, and immured her in this asylum, under a false charge of insanity."

"And who is my accuser?" demanded the doctor.

"I am, sir," said Rodin, calmly.



"You!" cried the doctor, in the utmost amazement.

"Yes," said the magistrate; "he came this morning, with proofs of what he advanced, to solicit my interference on behalf of Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

On hearing this, Balemier, in spite of his cunning, hypocrisy, and audacity, stood like one thunderstruck. When he regained his self-possession, fancying that Rodin had turned traitor, he said, indignantly, "And you, sir, have the effrontery to accuse me, when only a few days ago—" Then, knowing that if he accused Rodin he would criminate himself, he added, "Ah, sir, you are the last person I should have suspected of so odious an accusation."

"No one could do it but myself. Was I not in a condition to learn—though unfortunately too late—the plot you are carrying on against Mademoiselle de Cardoville? And was it not my duty as an honest man to warn the magistrate to prove to him the truth of what I advanced, and accompany him here?"

"I might at present," said the doctor, "treat this accusation with silent contempt, but I appeal to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and I request her to say if I did not tell her this morning that her health would soon allow her to leave this asylum."

"Well," said Rodin, "suppose this young lady, from pure generosity, should make this declaration; what would it prove in your favour?—why, nothing!"

"What!" replied the doctor; "you permit yourself to—"

"To unmask you without your permission. It annoys you, I allow; but, sir, you ought to be ashamed to speak on this subject in the presence of the lady whom you have injured. Do spare her this indignity."

"Sir," said the doctor, turning to the magistrate, "you are not acting impartially in allowing me to be assailed with such gross calumny."

"It is my duty," replied the magistrate, "to hear both sides; and it appears to me, sir, from your account, that mademoiselle is in a fit condition to return to her friends,"

"I see nothing to prevent her," said the doctor; "only I maintain that the cure is not yet so complete as it might be, so if she leaves I will decline all further responsibility."

"My authority, then, to liberate the lady, will not be required," said the magistrate.

"She is free—perfectly free, sir."

"As to whether you have confined her unjustly or not, you will have to answer elsewhere."

"I have nothing to fear, sir, my conscience does not reproach me."

"The magistrate, then addressing Adrienne, said, "I can imagine how painful this scene may be to you; however, you will have an opportunity of entering an action against M. Baleinier, if you think proper. One word more. That generous man," said the magistrate, pointing to Rodin, "who has defended you so disinterestedly, has informed me that he has reason to believe you would like, for the present, to take charge of the daughters of Marshal Simon. I am now going to release them."

"Sir," replied Adrienne, "it was my intention as soon as I heard of their arrival, to offer them an apartment in my house, for they are my relations. It will be for me both a duty and a pleasure to receive them as if they are my sisters. Therefore, sir, your entrusting them to my care will make me doubly grateful."

"I believe I cannot do better," said the magistrate; "and if you will permit me, doctor, I shall send them here by the time that mademoiselle is ready to depart."

"I beg," replied the doctor, "that mademoiselle will consider this house as her own while she remains; my carriage is also at her service."

"I regret," said the magistrate, approaching Adrienne, "that I was not called sooner, for I might have spared you some days of cruel suffering."

"I shall always," said Adrienne, "remember, sir, the interest you have shown on my behalf, and I hope you will allow me to thank you, not for the justice you

have rendered me, but for the kind, and, I may say, patient manner in which you have rendered it; and," added she, smiling, "I am anxious to prove to you, that my *cure*, as it is called, is real."

During Adrienne's and the magistrate's conversation, Rodin, profiting by the circumstance, slipped into the doctor's hand a note, which he had written with a pencil.

The magistrate and the doctor then departed. The latter hastened away to read the contents of the note, which ran thus:—

"The magistrate will go up the street to the convent, run through the garden, and inform the Superior to obey the order I have given regarding the young girls, for it is of the utmost importance."

When the magistrate and the doctor had left the house, Adrienne and Rodin had a long conversation together. The liberated young lady was lavish in her expressions of gratitude to Rodin for his interposition on her behalf; and said that she had made a vow to release every year a certain number of unhappy persons confined for debt, as a memento of her own deliverance from confinement.

Rodin highly commended her benevolent project, and then began to relate to her a history of the whole proceedings which had been carried on against each individual among the claimants for the inheritance of Maurice Rennepont. He named Adrienne herself, Marshal Simon's daughters, Prince Djalma, M. Hardy, Gabriel Rennepont, Jacques Rennepont, or Couchout-Nu; and told her of the way in which each had been dealt with to prevent them from appearing before twelve o'clock at noon on the 13th of February, 1832, in the Rue St. Francis, with the exception of Gabriel Rennepont. He said all this had been accomplished at the instigation and determined will of the Abbé d'Agrigny, assisted by the Princess de St. Dizier; and that he (Rodin) had been compelled to take an active part in carrying out these nefarious designs. Now,

however, he said he had left the service of the Abbé, and was determined to make all the reparation in his power.

Adrienne was astounded at hearing these revelations; for she had no distinct idea that she was one of the claimants of this inheritance. From what she knew of the antecedents of Rodin, and from his sudden apparent anxiety to make amends for the past, Adrienne felt rather doubtful of his thorough sincerity. She would not, however, give him any cause to imagine that she suspected him in the least; and therefore she apparently placed implicit confidence in all that he said and did.

Rodin, who was a skilful physiognomist, perceived the doubtful impression on the countenance of Adrienne; and he resorted to flattery as a means of removing that impression. He commenced a long panegyric on her taste in surrounding herself with all that was noble and grand in science and art; on the purity of her mind; and on the peerless beauty of her person.

Adrienne was insensibly divested of her suspicions by Rodin's adulatory rhapsody, and was about to chide him for his boldness, when the conversation was interrupted by one of the nurses entering and saying, "Mademoiselle, a little deformed woman wishes to see you; she is so badly dressed that I did not—"

"Tell her to come up stairs," interrupted Adrienne.

"The doctor left orders that his carriage was to be at your service; shall the horses be put to it?"

"In a quarter of an hour," said Adrienne; then turning to Rodin, she added, "do you think the magistrate will be long before he returns with the orphans?"

"I do not think so, my dear lady; but who is this deformed woman?"

"She is the adopted sister of a worthy young artisan who risked his life for my interests—a young woman of excellent qualities, with a generous and noble heart."

The Mayeux entered, and Mademoiselle de Cardo-

ville went up to her, took her by the hand, and said, smilingly, "Come, my dear girl, there are now no rails to separate us."

At that allusion, which reminded the Mayeux that her laborious hand had been kissed by that noble lady, she exhibited a feeling of gratitude, at once noble and praiseworthy. As she hesitated to reply to that cordial reception, Adrienne, perceiving her embarrassment, embraced her affectionately. No sooner did the arms of the young lady encircle her neck—no sooner did the coral lips come in contact with her pale and sickly cheek—than the poor girl, instead of speaking, burst into a flood of tears.

Rodin withdrew to a corner of the room, and regarded all with secret uneasiness. He had heard of the noble manner in which the poor girl had acted, when suffering, and in distress, she refused the tempting offer of the mother of the convent; he also knew her devotedness to Agricola, which devotedness had, during the last few days, extended itself to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, on account of her being Agricola's patron. He therefore wisely thought that one never ought to disdain enemies or friends, however insignificant they apparently may be, and consequently determined to win the poor girl's esteem.

When the Mayeux had shed abundance of tears—tears of gratitude—Adrienne, taking her richly embroidered handkerchief, wiped her moistened cheeks.

"Oh, how kind you are! how charitable!" cried the Mayeux, fervently.

"Mons. Rodin," said Adrienne, exultingly, "look here, this is a treasure that I have discovered. Look at her; love her and honour her as I do; she possesses a heart that endears her to all. Would that we could find many hearts of such worth!"

The Mayeux slowly raised her eyes, and fixing them on the ghastly countenance of Rodin, which had assumed a sullen look, she shuddered. Strange! she had never seen that man before, and the moment she

looked upon him, she experienced a vague feeling of terror.

The ex-secretary had studied physiognomy too well, not to read, in the countenance of the Mayeux, the instinctive aversion she had for him. Fixing his eyes upon her, he seemed to examine her with attention. After a short pause he launched out into a laudatory description of the individuals belonging to the family in the Rue Brice-Miche—Dagobert, his wife, and the son, Agricola—saying, that though they were poor, yet they deserved to be ranked with the honourable of the earth—especially Agricola, who was possessed of qualities that a prince might be proud of. Rodin then, taking the hand of the Mayeux, complimented her on being on terms of friendship with such an excellent family; and praised her highly for that devotedness which she had ever manifested for Agricola's welfare.

The poor Mayeux's cheeks became crimsoned at hearing Rodin speak thus of herself and the family she was so much attached to; she felt her suspicions giving way, and began to have a feeling of respect for the stranger.

After making use of a little more flattery and commendation, and promising to befriend the girl to the utmost of his power, Rodin perceived that he had gained the good opinion of the Mayeux.

"Well, my good girl," said Adrienne, "what good fortune sent you here?" The Mayeux replied:

"This morning Dagobert received a letter, telling him to be at this place, as he would hear that which would interest him much. Thinking that it related to the Mesdemoiselles Simons, he said—'You have taken a great interest in these poor orphans; come with me, then, and you will witness my joy in finding them.' When we arrived here, he became impatient, asked the woman who opened the door if the orphans were here, and on being told that they were not, he would not listen to my remonstrances, but went straight to the convent."

"Ah! with such a man," said Rodin, "reasoning is of little avail."

"I hope he will not be detected," said Adrienne.

"I do not think he will. He will be refused admittance, that's all. The magistrate will soon return, therefore I think I will retire, and go and look after Prince Djalma. Should I get any information, where shall I write to you—or where can I see you?"

"You will find me in my new house, in the Rue d'Anjou. But stop—I do not think it will be prudent to take Djalma to my pavilion. I will find out some other place equally suitable; for I do not wish him to know that I befriend him."

"Why?" inquired Rodin, not pleased with this arrangement.

"I wish Djalma to be totally ignorant of his unknown friend. At a later period I will be guided by circumstances. Call upon me to-morrow, and we will converse further on the matter."

"Your wishes, my dear lady, will be carefully attended to."

As Rodin was leaving, Dagobert entered. "At last I have found one," said Dagobert, seizing Rodin by the throat.

Adrienne and the Mayeux cried out in alarm, "In the name of heaven, what are you doing?"

"What am I doing!" replied the soldier, impatiently, still keeping his hold of Rodin; "I have caught one of the scoundrels belonging to the renegade, and he shall not go till he tells me where my children are."

"You are strangling me," cried Rodin, trying to free himself.

"Where are the orphans?" cried Dagobert, in a towering voice.

"Help! Help!" cried the Jesuit.

The Mayeux went to the soldier, and cried, "For shame, Dagobert, to act in this manner in the presence of Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

On hearing the name of his son's benefactor, the soldier relaxed his hold of the ex-secretary, who hastily adjusted his dress.

Adrienne gently chided Dagobert, and asked him why he acted in such a manner to the gentleman.

"Why, mademoiselle," said the soldier, "Marshal Simon will be in Paris to-day or to-morrow, and what shall I say to him when he asks me for his children?"

"Is the Marshal indeed coming so soon?" asked Adrienne.

Rodin assumed an air of surprise and gladness.

"He is," said Dagobert. "I received a letter from the Marshal yesterday evening; he landed at Havre. I have been seeking the children ever since the failure of the plot of these wretches."

"Hear me," said Rodin, "and I will—"

"Go away!" said the soldier, his anger increasing as he thought of the Marshal's arrival.

The ex-secretary assured the soldier that he intended to do so instantly; then whispering to Adrienne, he said, "Poor fellow! sorrow has bewildered him, and he is incapable of understanding me. Explain everything to him, my dear lady, and give him this packet; it will avenge me nobly."

Rodin then left the apartment. Adrienne approached the soldier, and said, smilingly, "Your ire, my good friend, was aroused against that gentleman, who has just left us; but let me assure you that he is your friend."

"The Lord preserve me from such friends!" cried Dagobert.

"Oh, but he is indeed your friend," returned Adrienne; and as an instance of his friendship, he has requested me to give you this packet."

Adrienne then gave to Dagobert the packet, which, when he had opened, the soldier found his silver cross of honour, attached to a faded red ribbon, that had been purloined from him along with his papers, at the inn of the White Falcon, where his horse Jovial was destroyed.



The soldier was in an ecstasy of joy when he saw this emblem of his bravery, and, on the spur of the moment, he ran out of the room, and overtaking Rodin before he had left the house, brought him back to the apartment in which Adrienne and the Mayeux were seated, and humbly apologised to the ex-secretary for having behaved so outrageously towards him.

Rodin freely pardoned the soldier, and told the three persons in his presence that they must attribute all their mishaps and misfortunes to the evil designs of the Abbé d'Agrigny; and warned them to be on their guard against his future machinations, as he was the chief agent of a Secret Society that existed for the purpose of entrapping unwary individuals, and persecuting them under the pretext of religious zeal. The ex-secretary then turning to the Mayeux, gave her directions where she could find her sister Cephyse, and, taking out his purse, presented her with some money, telling her to take it to relieve the wants of her destitute sister.

M. Geronde, the magistrate, here entered the apartment, but without bringing with him the daughters of Marshal Simon. The Superior of the convent pretended that she had no knowledge of them, and the magistrate, after a rigid search, was unable to find them.

The hopes of Dagobert to find the children were now entirely destroyed.

While the magistrate was relating the failure of his object, Rodin slipped quietly away unperceived. His departure was not noticed for several minutes after, and then every one was surprised with his strange conduct. Before they had time to recover from their surprise, the door was opened, and Marshal Simon stood before them.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## SUSPICION AND DUPLICITY.

MARSHALL SIMON, Duke of Ligny, was tall in stature, with an expressive and chivalric countenance. His hair, cut short, was tinged with gray about the temples, but his eyebrows were dark as jet, as also were his large moustaches, while his walk was free and firm, and testified his military impetuosity. As some are proud of their high birth, so General Simon prided himself on his obscure origin ; for he was proud of his father—a rigid republican—an intelligent and laborious artizan—who for forty years had been an honour to—the example and the glory of—the labouring classes. In accepting with gratitude, the aristocratic title which the Emperor had awarded him, Pierre Simon had acted like those good-hearted people, who, receiving from an affectionate friend, a useless gift, accept it with gratitude, on account of the hand that bestowed it.

When the Marshal entered the room, a melancholy expression shaded his countenance ; but when his eye rested on Dagobert, a flush of joy irradiated it, and he ran with joy to the ex-grenadier, crying out, "My old friend ! my brave old friend !"

Dagobert was silent, but tears ran down his cheeks.

"Well, you reached Paris by the 13th of February," said the Marshal.

"Yes," replied the soldier, "but everything is put off for four months."

The Marshal then inquired about his wife and child.

At this Dagobert remained speechless. Adrienne now approached the Marshal, and in as judicious a manner as possible informed him of the death of his wife ; "but," said Adrienne, "she has left two lovely girls, twins, and they are related to me by family ties."

The Marshal was greatly shocked to hear of his wife's death, and tears trickled down his bronzed face. Recovering himself, however, he gazed with interest on the amiable countenance of Adrienne. Then, in amazement he murmured—"Twins—relatives of yours—dear lady!"

"Yes," replied Adrienne, "they are my relations, and I love them dearly."

"But where are they? why are they not here to welcome their father?" asked the Marshal.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville then informed Marshal Simon how his daughters had been abducted from Dagobert's wife under a false pretence that they were merely going to pay a visit to a relative, and that they would be brought back in a short time. "Instead of that," Adrienne said, "they have been immured in a convent; and all the efforts of the good Dagobert, and his son, have been as yet unavailing to release them."

The Marshal gently chided Dagobert for not exercising more care and watchfulness over his treasures; and inquired in what convent they were confined.

The Marshal had scarcely asked the question, when Rodin, holding Rose and Blanche by the hand, entered the apartment.

The lovely twins were immediately locked in the embrace of their father; and in a short time afterward, Adrienne, the Mayeux, Dagobert, the Marshal, and his two daughters, left the asylum.

At a short distance from the asylum, Adrienne parted from the company of Marshal Simon and his two daughters, saying she would see them again in a short time. She then, taking the Mayeux along with her, proceeded to her mansion in the Rue d'Anjou. Adrienne had richly furnished this house some months previous to leaving her aunt; and it was now further embellished by the addition of all the elegance and costliness that had so recently decorated the hotel de St. Dizier. Wishing to have persons about her in whom she could place confidence, she sent for M. Du-

pont, her steward at the Château de Cardoville, to come and take charge of her household in Paris. Her friend, the Count de Monthron, advised her to engage an equerry, and he recommended M. de Bonneville, a person well skilled in the manège. Hebe, Georgette, and Florine, had returned to Adrienne. Florine was compelled by Rodin to act still as a spy on her mistress. Adrienne had taken the Mayeux to live with her, and had appointed the poor girl to act in the capacity of almoner, to distribute to the poor the bounty of her benevolent mistress.

Adrienne, a few days after she had got her household completed, sat at her boudoir, reflecting on something which the throbbing of her heart told her was necessary to her happiness. At length she rang a little bell, and Hebe presented herself in a new and beautiful costume.

"Where is Florine?" asked Adrienne.

"She went out two hours ago, Mademoiselle, respecting some business that was very urgent."

"Who called for her?"

"The young person who is your almoner, mademoiselle; she went out very early this morning, and on her return she asked for Florine, who went out and has not since returned."

Adrienne attributed Florine's absence to some business connected with the office which the Mayeux sustained in her household. In a short time afterward Adrienne sent for her almoner.

The Mayeux entered hurriedly, her face was pale and agitated, and she cried in a tremulous voice, "Ah! mademoiselle, my presentiments did not deceive me—you are betrayed!"

"What presentiments are you alluding to, my dear girl, and who is it that is betraying me?" asked Adrienne.

"Monsieur Rodin!" replied the Mayeux.

Adrienne looked at her with astonishment, and said, "What do you say?"

"M. Rodin is betraying you, mademoiselle."

"Ha! Impossible!" cried Adrienne.

"The first time I saw M. Rodin," said the Mayeux, "I was seized with a feeling of terror which I could not resist. I was afraid on your account, mademoiselle."

"But why," said Adrienne, "were you not afraid on your own account, my dear friend?"

"I know not, mademoiselle, but so it was; and so great was my fear, that in spite of his benevolence to my sister, I could not help being afraid of him."

"Well, how has your suspicion changed into certainty?" inquired Adrienne.

"Yesterday I went to take my sister Cephyse the money M. Rodin had given me for her. She was not in, so I came away, and went again this morning; and then I learned that M. Rodin, who lives in the same house with my sister, was visited yesterday by the Abbé d'Agrigny!"

"The Abbé d'Agrigny!" cried Adrienne.

"Yes, mademoiselle, and he stopped two hours with M. Rodin. This awakened my suspicions. I asked the porter if they appeared angry with each other; and he told me they did not, and that the Abbé said, on leaving Rodin at the door; 'To-morrow I shall write to you.'"

"What motive can he have in betraying me? Is it not rather that the Abbé and my aunt have reason to be afraid of me?"

"But, mademoiselle, how can we account for the meeting of these two men, who have so many reasons for disliking each other and keeping asunder—does it not appear as if they had some sinister project in view? I am not alone in this opinion, when I told Florine of the Abbé's visit to Rodin, she was as much alarmed as myself, and said that she did not like to disturb your rest by informing you of our suspicions, but would herself go immediately to the Hotel de St. Dizier, and try if she could discover whether matters were as we suspected."

"Florine is an excellent girl," said Adrienne, smiling; "but I think both she and you have been misled by your zeal on this occasion."

"We may be so," said the Mayeux; then, after reflecting for a moment, she added, as if yielding to a conclusion superior to all reasoning, "and yet, believe me, mademoiselle, you are betrayed. I am convinced of it. Appearances are against this opinion; but, believe me, my presentiments are too strong not to be correct. Did you not discover the most secret instincts of my heart, and why should I not divine the dangers with which you are threatened?"

"What did I discover?" inquired Adrienne.

"Alas! all the susceptibility of an unhappy creature, whose life is not like that of others. If I have hitherto been silent, it is not because I am ignorant how much I am indebted to you. In short, mademoiselle, who told you that the only way you could aid me without hurting my feelings, was by appointing me to an office which would render me useful to the poor and unfortunate with whom I am so well acquainted? Who told you, mademoiselle, when you wished to place me at your table as your friend—I, a poor work-girl, in whose person you were desirous of honouring industry, resignation and probity—who told you when I replied by tears of gratitude and regret, that my refusal was not from false modesty, but by a consciousness of my deformity? Who told you that I would be glad to have a small and solitary apartment in this splendid mansion, rather than be near you, where, without envying the elegant and charming creatures that surround you, I would, by an involuntary comparison that would present itself, be always embarrassed and confused in their presence? and who revealed to you all the painful and secret susceptibilities of an isolated position like mine? He undoubtedly, who in his infinite greatness watches over the whole universe, and at the same time forgets not the meanest creature that crawls! and yet, you will

not believe that my gratitude enables me to divine the dangers which now threaten you. Ah! Mademoiselle, some have an instinct for the preservation of those whom they cherish. This instinct God has given me. I say again—you are betrayed, mademoiselle!"

Florine, in some trepidation, now appeared.

"Well, Florine, where have you been?" asked Adrienne.

"At the Hotel de St. Dizier, mademoiselle."

"Why did you go there?" asked Adrienne.

"This morning, Mademoiselle there," pointing to the Mayeux, "told me of her suspicions concerning the Abbé d'Agrigny's visit to Rodin, and showed me that there could be no doubt as to his treason, so I went to the pavilion pretending I had left something behind, and I inquired of Madame Grivois where Rodin had been lately, but she evaded my question. I then found I could get no information. In a short time I saw M. Rodin drive to Rue Blanche, No. 39.

"There he will see the prince," said Adrienne.

"To be sure he will," replied Florine, "perhaps his intentions are to betray him too. I have thought of a plan which would show whether or not he is deceiving you, mademoiselle."

"Explain yourself?" said Adrienne.

"Rodin will soon be in the presence of the prince," replied Florine, "by hiding yourself near the hothouse, you will be able to hear whether Rodin is a traitor or not."

"What! become a despicable spy?" said Adrienne.

"Permit me to go then, Mademoiselle," said the Mayeux.

"I cannot permit any such thing," said Adrienne; then turning to Florine, she added, "request M. de Bonneville to get the carriage ready at once."

"You agree then, Mademoiselle," said Florine.

"Yes;" replied Adrienne, "it is the only course left open for removing my suspicions."

After half an hour's drive they came to the gate of

the garden; Florine went in first, and found that the blind of the window in the garden was down, and both herself and Adrienne advanced without being seen to the place of concealment, and distinctly heard the following conversation between Djalma and Rodin.

Rodin entered Djalma's apartment, and roused him from a deep reverie. Starting up the prince said, "Excuse me, I did not see you enter."

"No apology is needed; my dear prince. I desire to make you as comfortable as if you were in your own country."

"I am thankful for your kindness," said the prince, "your goodness makes me think of my father, and of one who was as a parent to me."

"I come to release you," said Rodin. "Your seclusion was necessary for your own interest."

"When may I leave this place?"

"As soon as you like, my dear prince."

"Come, then, let us go," said the prince, joyfully.

"Where?" cried Rodin, in surprise.

"To thank those friends who I have waited three days to see. It is a long time."

"Stay," said Rodin. "I have many things to explain. Certainly, you have friends, or rather a friend; for friends are rare."

"But you?"

"Yes, myself, and another who desires to remain unknown," said Rodin.

"Why?"

"Because his peace and happiness require it."

"Why this mystery in doing good?"

"You would justify your friend if you knew him."

"Perhaps I might, if he is a true friend."

"Just so, my dear prince."

"Why does this friend hide himself? Is he ashamed of me, or ought I to be ashamed of him? I only accept the hospitality of those who think I am worthy."

"You are too susceptible, my dear prince. Remember you are a long way from your own country, and that consideration ought to weigh with you."



Although ignorant of certain social regulations, Djalma had too much candour and good sense not to acquiesce to what seemed to be reasonable; he therefore gently replied, "You are right, my father: I am no longer in my own country; the customs are different—I shall reflect." The Indian remained pensive for a few moments, and then resumed in a calm tone, "I have reflected, father, and I find that, in no country in the world, under any pretext whatever, ought a man of honour to conceal himself from his friend, who is also honourable."

The prince was now proceeding towards the door, when Rodin arrested his steps by saying, "But, supposing it was a lady—"

"A lady!" cried Djalma, in a joyful tone.

Rodin then told him that an elderly lady had formed a strong attachment towards him—so strong that she had set apart this house for his dwelling, and furnished it in the manner he now beheld; and that by her liberality he would have everything provided for him suitable to his rank,—servants, carriages and horses—in fact, the entire equipage of a royal prince; and that the Count de Monthron would introduce him to the best society in Paris. But the arch Jesuit cautioned the prince to be wary, as he would be in great danger from some enemies he had in the city.

Djalma replied that he was not afraid of open enemies; if they would confront him, he had no doubt but he would be able to cope with them.

Faranghea now entered, and said to Rodin, "A man has been at your house with this letter. He says it is of importance, and that it is from the Marquis de

"Will you excuse me, prince?" said Rodin; "this letter is of importance. On leaving the house this morning, I told them to send the man here with it when he came."

When Faranghea had gone out, Rodin began to search his pockets; and, after feeling in all of them, he cried, "Ah, how unfortunate."

"What is the matter?" asked Djalma.

"I have left my spectacles, or lost them; and this letter requires an immediate answer—'Yes,' or 'no,' and I cannot read it without spectacles."

"I will read it for you, if you choose, and think no more about it," said Djalma.

"I should feel extremely obliged, my dear prince, if you would."

Djalma took the letter, and read as follows:

"Your visit to the Hotel de St. Dizier, after what I have heard, must be considered as a new aggression on your part. Behold the last proposition that will be made to you, which will probably be as fruitless as that which induced me to see you yesterday in the Rue Clovis. Take care; if you are obstinate enough to maintain an unequal strife, you will expose yourself to the hatred of those who foolishly endeavour to protect you. In being hostile to us, you have everything to fear, and little to gain in embracing the cause of those who call you their friend—dupe would be a more appropriate title; for if you are sincere, your disinterestedness would be inexplicable. In order to make up for the probable generosity of your friends, on condition that you quit Paris for six months, you will receive 1,000 francs per month, 10,000 francs on setting out, and 20,000 francs after the six months are

"Who are those people whom you protect?" asked Djalma; "and why do their enemies wish you to absent yourself for six months?"

"The former are poor people, my dear prince, without resources, who are engaged in a law-suit, and who are in danger of being crushed by powerful parties. However, I know all well, and can turn everything in favour of those whose cause I have espoused. What could I do? Poor and helpless, I naturally took their part. You must understand, that in securing my absence there will be no one to watch the movements of the latter, and by the expiration of six months they will have gained their cause."

Djalma continued—"You will receive this letter at three o'clock; if at four o'clock we have not an answer in your own hand-writing, we shall begin war, not to-morrow, but even this evening."

Rodin took the letter, and crumpled it in the form of a ball, and calling Faranghea, said, "Give this to the man who is waiting, and tell him that such is my answer."

"Your doing this, my father," said the prince, "may endanger your safety."

"Yes, dear prince; but I must not, like you, kill my enemies because they are wicked." He added, on seeing Djalma's countenance darken, "I am wrong; I will not advise you any more on this subject. Only let us put the question to the worthy and noble protectress, whom I will see to-morrow; if she gives me permission I will tell you the names of your enemies."

"And that lady—that sacred mother—is one to whom I may submit my judgment."

"She!" cried Rodin. "There is no more noble or generous being upon earth." Going towards the window, he added, "Your protectress is the impersonation of morality and courage. One who soothes the suffering, and is generous to all. A short time since, that noble woman spoke to me in the most ennobling language. 'Sir,' she said, 'as soon as I suspect one in whom I have confidence——'"

Before Rodin could finish, Adrienne came from her hiding-place. Djalma started back, and Rodin, with pretended surprise, said, "What! Mademoiselle de Cardoville?"

"Yes, sir," said Adrienne, with emotion, "I come to end the sentence you began, I have said to you already that when I suspected any one I always told that person openly. Well, I admit that I did not act up to my word. I came here with unjust suspicions; and your answer to the Marquis d'Agrigny gives me additional proof of your truth and devotedness. For the first time in my life, I allowed myself to be the

spy, and this act deserves punishment—a reparation which I am ready to make—excuses which I make to you.” Then speaking to Djalma, she added, “Dear prince, the secret is there no longer. I am Mademoiselle de Cardoville, your relative; and I trust that you will accept from a sister the hospitality that you would have got from a mother.”

Djalma was silent. He thought much of this sudden apparition, which, for beauty far exceeded the visions of his dreams.

Adrienne, compelled, through the fixed look of Djalma to withdraw her eyes, again looked at him as if in request of a reply to her kind offer; but she met with the same silence, the same ardent and savage look. Wishing to terminate her embarrassing situation, she murmured in a low and trembling voice, to Rodin, “You can let the prince know my offer, sir; I cannot stay here any longer.”

At the first step that Adrienne made, Djalma sprang towards her, as a tiger would upon his prey, when the young lady in terror screamed. The shriek seemed to call Djalma to himself, for, falling upon his knees, he said, in a tremulous voice, and a tear in his eye, “Oh, do not go; do not leave me; for a long time I have been expecting you.”

“It is impossible for me to stay any longer.”

“But you will return! I shall see you again soon!”

“Oh, no. Never!” said Adrienne, with great emotion. Then she withdrew in the midst of the excitement.

As Florine was passing before Rodin, to join her mistress, the Jesuit whispered—“Finish that business of the Mayeux to-morrow.”

Florine, trembling, hurriedly followed her mistress.

Rodin advanced to Djalma, who was still upon his knees, his head hung upon his breast, and said, “Alas, my dear prince, I did not wish to let it be known who was your benefactress. I was aware that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was beautiful, and I like-

wise knew that love was an ardent passion in youth, and when that love was unrequited, it becomes dangerous. For, my dear prince, your fair benefactress loves even to madness, a handsome young man of this place."

As soon as these words were uttered, Djalma raised his hands to his heart, uttered a shrill cry, and falling back, fainted.

Rodin coldly looked at him for a few minutes, then brushing the elbows of his old coat, he turned away, saying, "Ah, ah, the bait takes; a bite—a bite."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE INNOCENT VICTIM.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the evening of the day that Adrienne had seen Djalma for the first time, Florine, pale and agitated, stealthily went into the Mayeux's bedroom, and placing the candle on the mantel-piece, cast a hurried glance round the chamber, opened the drawers, and, after an impatient search for some time, she at length found a bundle of papers, which she rapidly perused, and was about to put them in her pocket, but, after a moment's reflection she placed them where she had found them, and restoring everything to order, took the candle and quitted the apartment without being observed.

The following day, when the Mayeux was sitting alone in her chamber, a servant entered, and said, "Mademoiselle, a young man of the name of Agricola Baudoin wishes to speak to you." The Mayeux uttered an exclamation of joy and surprise, blushed slightly, and ran out to meet him.

Agricola, on seeing the Mayeux, saluted her in the most affectionate manner, and said, that he had come to consult her on one or two subjects of the utmost

importance. The poor girl, with blushing countenance, invited him to come with her into her own apartment. When Agricola and his adopted sister had seated themselves in Mayeux's chamber, the young blacksmith told his hearer that on the morning of that day, whilst he was going to the refectory, a carriage drove up to where he was, and a lady alighted, and coming up to him, asked him if he was one of M. Hardy's workmen; and on his replying in the affirmative, she

I told her that he had not, so far I knew; for I said M. Hardy was at that time absent from Paris. "Now, my dear sister," said Agricola, "I thought I would ask you what you thought of this affair."

The Mayeux told Agricola that she could come to no other conclusion than that the lady was in love with M. Hardy; and the poor girl bethought her of the proposition the Mother of the convent made to her when applying for employment through the recommendation of Florine: that proposition being that she should act as a spy in the family of M. Hardy. The Mayeux asked Agricola if the lady was young and handsome

The young blacksmith replied that he thought the lady had some beauty, but as her veil partly concealed her face, he could not have a full view of it; yet what partial glimpse he got of her countenance, he could say she was handsome.

The Mayeux again reiterated her former opinion that the young lady was some one who was in love with M. Hardy.

Agricola then related to the Mayeux a disagreement there was between M. Fripeaud's workmen and those employed by M. Hardy; and said that the former were circulating slanderous handbills about M. Hardy's workmen, calculated to do them an injury.

The Mayeux advised the young blacksmith to acquaint M. Hardy of that matter, who would no doubt put a stop to it,

Agricola had now a more delicate subject to bring before the Mayeux, and he approached it in some trepidation. He began by saying, "You know, my dear sister, that since my childhood, I have concealed nothing from you; I have, however, always intended, should anything serious occur, which should make me think of marrying, I would seek your advice as I would that of a sister. Well, I am now deeply in love, and I think of marrying."

At this announcement the poor Mayeux felt as if paralysed; it seemed to her that her blood stopped in her veins; her heart ceased to beat; she felt as if she were about to fall from her seat. This violent emotion, however, passed away; she raised her head, and looking with calmness at Agricola, said, in a firm voice, "Ah! you are in love with some one."

"Yes, my good Mayeux, the young woman to whom I am attached is very pretty, as fair as a lily, with the form of a nymph, and large blue eyes, as mild and kind as your own."

"Oh, Agricola, you flatter me"

"No, no, it's Angèle I am flattering. Isn't that a pretty name, my good sister?"

"Charming," replied the poor girl, contrasting it, with sorrow, to that of the Mayeux. "Yes," resumed she, with fearful composure, "it is a charming name."

"Ay, and her heart is as good as yours."

"She has, then, my eyes and my heart," replied the poor girl, smiling, "it is singular how we resemble each other."

The young blacksmith did not detect the hidden meaning of these words, and he continued with tenderness and sincerity, "Do you think, my good Mayeux, I would have fallen in love with any one whose character and disposition did not resemble yours."

"Fie, brother," said the Mayeux, "I think you are gallant to-day; but how did you become acquainted with this charming person?"

"She is the sister of one of my comrades, and has lately come from Lille. The first time I saw her I passed three hours in her company, talking to her, her mother and brother. I became at once deeply enamoured of her, and my love has been augmented ever since, so that I have resolved to marry her, if, after you have seen her, you give me your consent, for you know I place implicit confidence in the almost incredible instinct of your heart; therefore I want you to go with me, to-morrow, to visit Angèle."

The Mayeux, before promising to accompany Agricola, asked the consent of Adrienne to do so, and this being readily granted, the young blacksmith took his departure, having promised to call again on the morrow at three o'clock.

When Agricola had gone, the Mayeux visited Adrienne, and remained with her till ten o'clock, and then retired to her chamber, where she took up some manuscript papers, and commenced writing, adding more to what was already written; and continued her task for some hours.

This manuscript was a journal, or diary of the poor girl's experience for some time past. In this journal she noted down her hopes and fears on the subject of her love for Agricola. The Mayeux found a melancholy charm in these mute and solitary confessions, sometimes written in simple and affecting poetry, and now in artless prose; and she gradually accustomed herself to note down other feelings than those relating to Agricola, although he was at the bottom of all her thoughts. Yet there were thoughts that arose in her mind at the sight of beauty, requited love, maternal joy, riches, and misfortune, which related too closely to her own peculiarly unfortunate condition, for her to communicate them, even to Agricola.

On the following day this courageous young woman kept her promise, and went with Agricola to M. Hardy's factory, to visit Angèle. Florine, availing herself of the Mayeux's absence, entered the poor girl's



chamber, and in searching a drawer found this journal, took possession of it, and left in its place a sealed packet, which Rodin had given her for that purpose.

When Florine had entered her own chamber, yielding to her curiosity, she began to look over the manuscript she had taken possession of. Among several scraps of poetry, all of which breathed love for Agricola, she found several fragments in prose, relating to divers facts. Two or three passages nearly at the close of the journal, regarding Florine's efforts to obtain employment for the Mayeux, deeply interested the young girl. They were as follows:—

"This has been a happy day for me, for I am, in fact, to get work; which good fortune I owe to a young person, full of kindness and of tender heart. She is going to take me to-morrow to the convent of St. Marie, where she thinks I will get employed.

"Never shall I forget the kind and touching manner with which that handsome young girl received me—me, so poor and wretched. That, however, does not so much astonish me; for she has been a long time near Mademoiselle de Cardoville. The remembrance of her name will be always dear to me—a name pretty as the girl herself—Florine.

"I am nothing—I have nothing—but if the fervent wishes of a heart overflowing with gratitude are available, Mademoiselle Florine will be happy—very, very happy."

These lines, which expressed so forcibly the Mayeux's gratitude, deeply affected Florine. Happily, good is as contagious as evil. Stimulated by all that was upright and noble in the pages which she had read, Florine, yielding to her better nature, which occasionally showed itself, left her room with the manuscript, determined, if the Mayeux had not returned, to put it again in its place, and to tell Rodin that her search was in vain; that the Mayeux had apparently discovered her first attempt to extract her journal.

A few minutes after Florine had decided on placing

the manuscript where she had found it, the Mayeux returned from the factory, where she had fulfilled her painful task in regard to Angèle, whom the poor girl, after a long conversation, advised Agricola to marry.

The Mayeux entered her chamber, broken down with fatigue and sorrow. She threw herself into a chair, while the most profound silence reigned in the house, occasionally disturbed by sudden gusts of wind that shook the trees in the garden.

"At least," said she to herself, "I shall now no longer be agitated by foolish hopes, and ridiculous suppositions. The marriage of Agricola will put an end to the silly dreams I have indulged."

Absorbed in reflection for some moments, she at last rose, and going to her drawer, said, "My sole gratification will be in confiding to this mute witness my troubles and afflictions. At some future period, when perusing these pages, I may find consolation in that which now affects me so much."

With this comforting observation, the Mayeux, looking in the drawer, started back in alarm at not finding her journal; she became pale, and her knees trembled, on perceiving a letter addressed to her in its place.

On opening the letter, a cheque for 500 francs fell upon the table, and she read as follows:—

"Mademoiselle,—Your history is strange and interesting. That portion of it which relates to your love for Agricola, will be submitted to him, for I cannot resist the pleasure of making known your passion, persuaded that he will not be insensible to it.

"To share the gratification which I have enjoyed with others, the whole shall be printed, as good things cannot be too widely spread. Some will weep, others will laugh; such is the world. One thing certain is, that your journal will make a noise, depend on it.

"As you may be desirous of withdrawing after this triumph, and as you were the only possessor of rage when you entered this house, where you wish to ap-

the lady, which ill becomes one of your engaging appearance, 500 francs are enclosed in this letter for your manuscripts. Should you be modest enough to withdraw from the felicitations which will be showered down upon you to-morrow, when your journal will be in circulation, you will not be without resources.

“One of your sisterhood,  
“A TRUE MAYEUX.”

This insulting note, appeared to be framed by some one jealous of the position the Mayeux occupied, and had been concocted with the skill likely to produce the desired effect.

“Oh, God!” were the words uttered by the unhappy girl in her sudden consternation. This fresh stroke stunned her senses, and for several minutes she remained bewildered and stupid. The hospitable house in which, after so many vicissitudes the poor Mayeux had found shelter, she must quit for ever. The fear and delicacy of the innocent creature would not permit her to remain in a house where the secret thoughts of her soul had been so shamefully laid bare, and which would soon reflect upon her derision and contempt.

The Mayeux had no thought of demanding justice from Mademoiselle de Cardoville. To foment trouble in the house she was about to leave for ever seemed to her ungrateful. She did not attempt to guess the author of so despicable a theft, and of so insulting a letter. What good could result therefrom? She had determined to flee from the humiliation which threatened her. With calmness she arose; her looks somewhat haggard; her eyes tearless—for she had wept the whole day—went to the table, and penned on a piece of paper, which she left with the cheque:—

“May Mademoiselle de Cardoville be blessed for her good deeds, and may she pardon me for leaving her house, in which I can no longer stay.”

The poor girl threw the infamous letter in the fire, then casting a bitter look around her pleasant room, a

sudden thought appeared to strike her, and she trembled convulsively. Resolved on leaving, she made a few steps towards the door; then recollecting that the clothes she wore did not belong to her, and that the letter had spoken of her rags, she said to herself with a bitter smile, "Yes, that is true, I would be called a thief if I were to go away with these garments."

She then brought from a closet her old clothes, which she had preserved as a *souvenir* of her misfortunes. At that instant the tears ran down her cheeks, they were not tears caused by a recollection of her misery; no, they were tears of gratitude, for every thing that surrounded her, to which she was bidding an eternal adieu, brought to her the recollection of the kind acts of Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

After dressing herself in her old clothes, the Mayeux fell upon her knees, and in a voice broken by sobs, she cried, "Farewell! Farewell for ever, you who called me friend and sister!" The poor girl then rose in alarm; she heard footsteps in the corridor which led to her apartment. They were those of Florine, who, when too late, was taking back the journal. Terrified, the Mayeux left her room, crossed the hall, reached the court, and disappeared by the door which the porter opened to her.

Adrienne, by the departure of the Mayeux, lost a devoted and faithful servant, and Rodin freed himself from the active and penetrating judgment of one who instinctively suspected him. Guessing that the poor girl, from her confusion at his first interview, was strongly attached to Agricola, and knowing that she was poetically inclined, the arch Jesuit logically supposed that she must have written verses, breathing her hidden passion. Consequently he ordered Florine to search for some written acknowledgment of her love, which she found; hence the infamous letter, of the contents of which, we must state, the waiting-maid was totally ignorant.

Florine, yielding to her generous impulse, reached

the Mayeux's room as the poor girl left the house. The young delinquent was startled at seeing the black dress of the Mayeux, and her heart sank within her on reading the few lines the poor girl had left beside the cheque. Then seeing the inability of carrying her resolution into effect, Florine sighed, and took the journal away to give to Rodin.

Next day Adrienne received the following letter, in answer to one she had sent respecting the inexplicable departure of the Mayeux :—

"*My dear Mademoiselle.*—Obliged to call, on an affair of gravity, at the manufactory of the worthy M. Hardy, I must defer the pleasure of seeing you till another time. You ask me, 'What do you think of the disappearance of the poor girl?' In truth, I can scarcely say; only remember what I told you at Dr. Baleinier's respecting a certain Society, and the secret emissaries with which it surrounds the persons in whom it feels an interest.

"I blame no one; but look well at the facts. That poor girl accused me, and I am, you know, one of your most faithful servants. She possessed nothing, and yet 500 francs were found in her drawer. You overwhelmed her with kindness, and she abandoned your house without accounting for her strange conduct.

"My dear mademoiselle, I feel great repugnance to accuse any one; but reflect well, and be upon your guard. You have, perhaps, escaped from great danger. Be watchful, and trust to no one. This is the respectful advice of your humble and obedient servant,

"RODIN."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### COMMUNISM.

THE little village of Villiers was situated at a short distance from M. Hardy's factory; and was princi-

pally inhabited by quarrymen and stone cutters, who were employed in the neighbourhood. Many of the workmen were, or imagined they were, but ill-requited for their labour; hence a spirit of discontent was engendered amongst them. And, as is too frequently the case, a feeling of envy and ill-will was manifested against other workmen who were better remunerated and in more comfortable circumstances than those who thought they were hardly dealt with.

The workpeople in M. Hardy's factory had frequently been the butt and envy of the dissatisfied artisans in other workshops; and now these quarrymen and stone-cutters showed a vindictive feeling against those employed by M. Hardy, because they refused to combine with the dissatisfied labourers in an attempt to redress their grievances.

Emissaries and designing persons were not wanting to foment and encourage this discontented spirit amongst the workpeople, and to direct their hostility against the comfortably situated artisans in the employ of M. Hardy. The chief emissary at this time was Morok, the beast tamer; now, however, he had undertaken the part of turning men into beasts, by rendering them more savage and cruel. To accomplish his object, he would inveigle them into taverns, and supplying them with liquor, he would pour into their ears all kinds of false and base insinuations against M. Hardy and his workpeople, so that the besotted listeners would be roused to the bitterest hatred against those who were so basely maligned.

Couche-tout-Nu, and others of a similar stamp, who were too lazy to work, were the principal dupes to the wily stratagems of Morok; but many others manifested such a spirit of insubordination, that, if the authorities did not speedily attend to the matter, serious consequences might be the result.

One Sunday morning, a large number of these misguided men had assembled around the tavern in which Morok was located, and he addressed them in such in-

flammatory language on the rights of labour and remuneration for labour, that their passions were roused to the utmost pitch. Seeing his opportunity, Morok pointed to M. Hardy's factory, and said, "How long are these cowardly fellows to be permitted to refuse to help you to better your condition?"

The infuriated crowd instantly departed from the tavern, and proceeded with a threatening aspect towards M. Hardy's factory.

The factory of M. Hardy had on this morning a holiday appearance, perfectly in accordance with the serenity of the weather. It had just struck nine by the clock of the Community-house, which was separated from the workshops by a broad road planted with trees. The sun was darting down his rays on the imposing mass of buildings, situated about a league from Paris, in a position as delightful as it was salubrious, whence would be seen the wooded and picturesque hills which on this side overlook the great city. Nothing could be more simple and animated than the aspect of these dwellings which M. Hardy had provided for his workmen.

Before, however, we go further in this description, which will probably seem somewhat imaginative, we assert that the wonders we are about to describe, are no utopian dreams, but realities, in which capital has been safely and profitably invested. To undertake so grand and beneficial a scheme as that of providing a large number of human beings with comforts, that seem ideal when contrasted with the frightful lot to which the poor are almost always condemned; to instruct them and elevate them in their own esteem; to cause them to prefer intellectual enjoyments to the degrading pleasures of the tavern, where they escape from the consciousness of their miserable destiny; to render them moral and happy by a generous undertaking which is easy of adoption; in short, to take a place among the benefactors of humanity, and at the same time make a profitable employment of capital,

would appear fabulous ; yet this was the secret of the wonders to which we allude.

Agricola, ignorant of the disappearance of the Mayeux, had this morning finished his toilet with more than ordinary care ; he then left his comfortable apartment, and proceeded to the other wing of the building where Angèle and her mother resided. Angèle, who ought now to be called Agricola's betrothed, fully justified the portrait he had drawn of her in his interview with the poor Mayeux. When Agricola entered she blushed slightly. "Mademoiselle," said he, "I am come to fulfil my promise, if your mother is willing."

"Certainly, Monsieur Agricola," cordially replied the mother, "she would not let either her father, her brother, or me show her over the building, because she wished to visit it with you to-day ; she has been waiting an hour for you with great impatience."

Angèle expressed her regret that the Mayeux was not there to accompany them ; and then, after putting on her bonnet, and embracing her mother, she took the arm of Agricola, and they proceeded together.

"Do you know, mademoiselle," said Agricola, "why I am so delighted with the gratifying task I am about to execute."

"I do not, Monsieur Agricola," replied Angèle.

"To show you this building, and explain to you the resources of our association, is to inform you, that here a workman, assured of both the present and the future, is not, like a great number of his poor brethren, compelled to repress the dearest wish of his heart—the desire of choosing for himself a partner for life, fearful of increasing the misery of both. Here a workman may, without anxiety, indulge the hope of possessing family enjoyments, for he will not afterwards be annoyed with seeing those who are dependent upon him subjected to misery and privation. In short, to explain all this to you," added he with a smile, "is to prove to you that nothing can be more rational than to love, and nothing wiser than to marry."



"Monsieur Agricola," said Angèle in a tremulous tone, blushing deeply, "let us continue our promenade."

Agricola having conducted her over the building, then took her into the garden. While the two lovers were promenading the garden, General Simon arrived on horseback, in the costume of a marshal of the empire, and descending from his horse, he gave the reins to a servant, and, taking off his hat, he advanced to an old man with long white hair, and said, "Good day, father." After affectionately embracing each other, the old man said, "Where are my granddaughters—shall I not see them to-day?"

"They are coming in a carriage, accompanied by Dagobert," replied the marshal.

"You appear thoughtful to-day; what is the matter?"

"I have some serious matters for your consideration," said the marshal in a grave tone.

"Come with me, then," said the old man, leading the way to his apartment.

Angèle was very much astonished to learn that the father of this officer, who was a duke, was an old workman, and she said, "Who is that old workman, Monsieur Agricola?"

"M. Simon, father to the duke of Ligny, my father's friend," replied Agricola, proudly.

"What is the reason he allows his father to be a workman?"

"Because the father, who has been all his life a workman, wishes to die one, notwithstanding he has a son who is a duke and a marshal of France."

After Angèle had expressed her astonishment at hearing this, Agricola said, "I wish not, my dear mademoiselle, to profit by this circumstance, and spare myself the trouble of describing the secret of our prosperity."

"Oh, Monsieur Agricola," replied Angèle, "I feel too much interested in what you have already told me, to let you break your promise."

“ Well, then, listen to me, mademoiselle; M. Hardy, like a true magician, has pronounced these cabalistic words, ‘*association, community, fraternity* ;’ these words were understood by his workpeople, and the wonders, which you see, are created for our advantage, and, also, I repeat it, for that of M. Hardy. Supposing, mademoiselle, that M. Hardy, instead of being what he is, had been a heartless speculator, caring for nothing but his profits—saying to himself—‘ In order that my factory may bring me large returns, what is required?—perfect workmanship, great economy in the use of the raw material, rigid employment of the workmen’s time; strict parsimony, in order to produce cheapness and excellence in the products, that they may be sold dearly. Well, mademoiselle, I will tell you how these things were attained. ‘ My workmen, in residing so far from the factory, will be compelled to rise earlier than they would otherwise do; consequently, they will have less sleep than they require, and will not be so well able to work. Then, again, the severity of the weather will render things worse; the workman will arrive wet, shivering with cold, and unfit to work, therefore what sort of work will he put off his hands? If, however, I provide lodgings for my workpeople near the factory, it will do away with these inconveniences. Let me estimate—a married man pays, in Paris, about two hundred and fifty francs a year for two small and unhealthy apartments in some dark and filthy street, the hotbed of fever; what kind of work can be expected from people thus circumstanced? The unmarried men pay about one hundred and fifty francs for apartments which are smaller, but equally unhealthy. Now I employ 146 married men, who pay for their miserable dwellings about 36,500 francs a-year; and I employ 115 young men, who pay for theirs about 17,280 francs a-year, making a total of upwards of 50,000 francs! To induce my men to leave their abodes in Paris, I must offer them great advantages. I must reduce their

rents one-half, and in place of unwholesome apartments they must have them large and airy, and constructed so that they may be heated at little expense. The outlay required to construct buildings for my men will be 500,000 francs at the most, and the rents will bring in from 26,000 to 27,000, so that I shall have good interest for my money, which will be perfectly secure, for the rents will be paid out of the wages. Then again, as it is a well-known fact that men work better when they are well fed, I must persuade them to adopt the principle of association, which will enable them to purchase the necessaries of life at half the price they are now paying to the petty dealer. Thus my men will be well fed and well lodged, will be more efficient workmen, which will be greatly to my advantage, independent of the five per cent. I shall receive for the outlay of my capital! Therefore, you see, mademoiselle, that in a pecuniary point, without reckoning other and higher considerations, our employer, while contributing to the comfort and happiness of his workmen, would at the same time be reaping no small advantages to himself."

At this point, Agricola and Angèle having arrived at the garden gate, an aged woman came up to them, and inquired if M. Hardy had yet arrived, Agricola told her he had not; and she asked when he was expected home; upon which the young blacksmith directed her to the factory for information on that point. When the aged woman had departed, Agricola began to ponder whether she was not in some way connected with the young lady who had accosted him a few days before relative to M. Hardy. After reflecting for a short time on the matter, the young artisan continued his description of the community.

"A few words more, mademoiselle, and then you will understand, as well as I do, all the secrets of our association. We will still continue to take the same view of the intended speculator. He says to himself — 'Here are my workpeople in the best condition pos-

sible for working well. Now a great deal of my success depends on the economical employment of the raw material. What shall I do to induce my workmen not to waste it? But this is not all; to obtain a good price for my products they must be faultless in their manufacture. The men I employ work tolerably well, but I must have work that cannot be excelled. To accomplish these things, I must give them an interest in the use of the material, and I must persuade them to try and discover the best modes of working by making it their interest that everything that comes from their hands should be the most perfect of its kind. For a workman who has no interest in these matters, says to himself, 'What need care I about them? I don't get any more pay.' But, on the contrary, make it his interest to be zealous and industrious, and he redoubles his activity, and stimulates every one about him. What treasures of experience and practical knowledge are often lost for want of encouragement? This is a great pity! for a man engaged the whole of his life in a particular calling, must discover a thousand ways of doing things faster and better. I will establish a committee for consultation composed of my ablest workmen, and now that our interests are the same, vivid rays of light must necessarily be sent forth from this source of practical intelligence! The speculator is not deceived; for very soon, astonished at the incredible resources and ingenuity displayed by his workmen, he exclaims, 'You were in possession of all these things without telling me of them.' That which has cost me, for ten years past, a hundred francs to manufacture, would have cost me only fifty, leaving out the immense saving of time! 'Oh!' replies the workman, 'what did your gains signify to me? Now it is different, I have, besides my wages, an interest in your success; you have raised me in my own esteem, and have consulted my knowledge and experience, and instead of treating me like an inferior, you have held communion with me therefore it is my interest, as

well as my duty, to acquaint you with what I already know, and also to acquire still more.' But what do I see? why here is M. Hardy."

M. Hardy and his friend, M. de Blessac, who was betraying him, soon after entered the court-yard belonging to the factory.

In a short time after the arrival of M. Hardy and M. de Blessac, a coach—the occupant of which was no other than M. Rodin—was seen advancing in the direction of the factory.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ANTI-COMMUNISM.

THE dissatisfied quarrymen, and a number of workmen from the factory of M. Fripeaud had banded themselves together under the terrible title of "The Wolves," and, whilst Agricola and Angèle were examining the manufactory, this band, gathering strength as it proceeded, was making towards M. Hardy's factory, to attack his workpeople, whom the Wolves, in their hostility towards them, styled "The Devourers."

When M. Hardy and M. de Blessac had alighted from the vehicle in which they had come from Paris, they proceeded to the mansion of the former, which was at a short distance from the factory. When the friends had got comfortably seated in the parlour, they began conversing on the subject of Communism, and the struggles which M. Hardy had had before he had overcome the difficulties which had beset him on every hand. M. Hardy attributed his success in a great measure to the wise counsels and sage advice of his mother; and said that if it had not been for her indomitable energy, he should have sunk under the weight of care and anxiety that oppressed him. That excellent mother, however, was suddenly snatched from him by death.

After this distressing affair, M. Hardy became more attached to his workmen. Not but that he was always good and just to them, but being constantly with his men, he took great delight in seeing those happy and comfortable by whom he was surrounded. He then withdrew, as it were, from the world, concentrating his life in three affections—sincere friendship for M. de Blessac, an ardent and sincere love, and a parental attachment for his workmen.

His days were passed in the midst of this little world—a world filled with gratitude and respect. So, after considerable grief and anxiety, M. Hardy attained the age of maturity, having one friend, a lady's affections, and the passionate attachment of his work-people.

M. de Blessac had for a long time been his sincere and affectionate friend, but M. Rodin and d'Agrigny had corrupted his honesty, and made him the instrument of their nefarious schemes.

"Ah! my dear Blessac," said M. Hardy, "I am decidedly getting old, for the quitting of my house and my habits derange me, and," he added, laughingly, "I abhor every thing that causes me to leave this comfortable and happy spot."

"When I think that you undertook a long excursion on my account," said M. de Blessac, blushing, "I—"

"But then, my dear Marcel, did not you accompany me on an excursion rendered pleasant by you, which otherwise would have been very dull and fatiguing?"

"Ah! what a difference! Then I contracted a debt which I shall never be able to repay."

"Come, come, my dear Marcel, is there any real difference between that which is called mine, and that which belongs to you? To those devoted to each other, is there not as much pleasure in giving as receiving?"

"What a noble heart!"

"Say happy heart," said M. Hardy; "for it de-

lights in doing good—especially in doing good to those I esteem."

"Who deserves happiness, my friend, if it be not you?"

"To what do you think I owe this happiness—to affection, which I found ready to sustain me, when, at my mother's death, I lost all my strength, and was almost incapable of bearing up under adversity—Ah, Marcel, in your friendship I found great consolation."

"Name not me, my friend," said M. de Blessac, with well-feigned embarrassment; "let us speak of another affection that is as tender as a mother's."

"I comprehend you, my good Marcel. I have nothing to hide from you, since, in this matter, I had recourse to your friendship. Well, each day adds to the love I have for that excellent woman, and though she passionately loves me, still she tells me with her habitual frankness,—‘I have sacrificed everything for you, still, I would sacrifice you to my mother.’"

"But, my friend, you do not think that Marguerite will be reduced to that trial. I thought her mother had long since given up the idea of returning to America."

A servant here entered, and said, "An old man wishes to see M. Hardy on important business."

"Show him into this room," said M. Hardy.

M. de Blessac wished to retire, but M. Hardy prevailed upon him to remain; and, shortly after, M. Rodin was ushered in by the servant.

"M. Francis Hardy?" enquired the ex-secretary, looking first at one and then the other gentleman.

"That is my name, sir," said M. Hardy.

"I have a secret communication to make."

"Speak out, sir; this gentleman is my friend."

"But it is to you alone I wish to speak."

Thinking, from the shabby appearance of Rodin, that he had come to ask alms, M. Hardy said, "Permit me to ask you, sir, if the secret of this interview relates to you or to me?"

"To you, sir; absolutely to you."

"Then, sir," said M. Hardy, "you can speak: I keep no secrets from my friend."

After a short pause, Rodin said, "I know, sir, that you are worthy of the good name which you bear, and, being so, merit the good services of all honest men."

"I hope so, sir."

"Then, as an honest man, I come to render you a service."

"What kind of a service, sir?"

"Well, I come to reveal an infamous plot, of which you have been the victim."

"I think you are mistaken, sir."

"I can prove what I assert, by a written document, that the man you took for your bosom friend has basely deceived you."

"Give the name of that man."

"M. Marcel de Blessac."

On hearing these words, M. de Blessac started, turned pale, and remained silent.

M. Hardy, without noticing his friend, turned upon Rodin, and said, "You accuse M. de Blessac! Do you know him?"

"I never saw him," replied Rodin.

"Then how dare you accuse so worthy a man of having betrayed me?"

"Hear me," said Rodin, with feigned emotion. "A man of honour, who sees a worthy man on the point of being assassinated, ought he not to cry out 'murder,' or try to ward off the fatal blow; for, in my opinion, treachery, in some instances, is as criminal as murder."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Without doubt, you know the handwriting of M. de Blessac?"

"I do, sir."

"Then read this letter."

Casting his eye upon M. de Blessac, M. Hardy started backwards, astonished at the pale and disordered look of his friend.



"Marcel," he cried, "how pale you are! Why don't you speak? Do you not hear what this man says? He asserts that you are a traitor—that you have betrayed me!" Then seizing his hand, which was very cold, he added, "O, God! can it be true? You do not answer me!"

"Marcel!" exclaimed Rodin; "then *you* are M. de Blessac. Since I am before you, allow me to ask if you dare deny having addressed several letters under cover to M. Rodin, Rue Milieu des Ursins, Paris."

M. de Blessac remained silent.

M. Hardy tore open the letter, and read a few lines. He stopped—he could read no farther. The letter fell from him, and, staggering backwards, he covered his face with his hands. Soon, however, indignation and contempt succeeded to grief; and raising his arm as if to strike Blessac, he cried, "despicable scoundrel!" Then he added, with frightful calmness, "No, it would be soiling my hand to do so; it will be better used in grasping yours, for you deserve esteem for unmasking a villain."

"Sir!" cried Blessac, in shame, "I am at your service, and—"

He had not time to conclude. A noise was heard at the door, which was burst open, and a woman in years, in spite of the remonstrances of the servant, rushed into the apartment.

"I am determined," said she, "to speak to your master."

On hearing that voice—on seeing that woman, pale and breathless—M. Hardy staggered, exclaiming, "Madame Dupare, you here! What is the matter?"

"Oh, sir, a terrible misfortune!"

"Marguerite!" cried M. Hardy, in terror.

"She has gone!"

"Marguerite gone! Marguerite gone!" he repeated, thunderstruck.

"Yes; all is discovered. Her mother has taken her away."

"Gone! Marguerite! It is impossible. It is not true. I am deceived," cried M. Hardy; who, without saying another word, ran down stairs, sprung into his carriage, calling out to the postilion, "To Paris, at full gallop."

As the horses rushed rapidly along the Paris road, the wind, which was blowing strong, bore along the distant war-song of the Wolves, who were advancing towards M. Hardy's factory.

When this sudden interruption to his visit had occurred, Rodin slowly returned to the coach, and, looking around, he started with joy and surprise on seeing at a little distance Marshal Simon and his father, directing their steps to one of the wings of the Community-house.

"Capital!" said he, on approaching the coach; "I trust my man has secured Rose Pompon."

The wind, which continued to rise, now brought the war-song of the Wolves more distinctly to the ear of the Jesuit. After listening attentively to the distant noise, he entered the coach, and, as he seated himself, said, "The worthy José Van Dael, of Java, little thinks that his claims on the Baron Fripeaud are in a fair way of becoming successful." The coach proceeded in the direction of Paris.

Old Simon occupied two elegant rooms on the ground-floor at the extremity of one of the wings of the Community-house. The sun was darting his rays into the apartment in which the old workman, dressed in his blouze, and the Marshal of France, in full uniform, had just entered. The Marshal took hold of his father's hand, and said, in a voice, full of emotion, "Father, I am very unhappy."

"Unhappy!" cried the old man.

"I will tell you all, father, for I need the advice of your inflexible integrity."

"Explain yourself, I beseech you."

The marshal hereupon told his father that he was very much surprised and deeply pained at the appa-

rent unhappiness of his daughters ; saying that once or twice he had, in coming into their presence, beheld tears falling from their eyes ; and all his efforts to induce them to tell him the cause of their grief were ineffectual.

Old Mr. Simon, after expressing his surprise at hearing this, said that probably in a short time, when they had fully recovered from the sufferings they had recently endured, his granddaughters would regain their wonted gaiety and cheerful disposition.

The marshal further remarked that he was also distressed on account of Prince Djalma having fallen so deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Cardoville ; saying that the mad passion of the prince was seriously affecting his bodily health.

The old man told his son that he ought not to let that distress him, as Djalma was only eighteen years of age, and love, with young people at that age, was flickering and changeable ; probably as the prince mixed more in society, he would be smitten with the charms of more than one lady.

Marshal Simon then declared to his father his unalterable attachment to the son of his late master, the Emperor Napoleon. He informed the old man that he was certain there were those about the young prince who were determined to get rid of him.

"Who told you this ?" asked the old man.

"A friend who knows it. The son of the emperor is struggling against an early death, with his eyes turned towards France ; he waits, but no one stirs to aid him. Among all the men whom his father raised from nothing, there is not one that thinks of the child that is now dying. I have sworn fidelity to him. Yes, for one day, the emperor, pointing to him, as he lay in the cradle, said to me, 'My old friend, you will be to the son what you have been to the father.' I have now convincing proofs that I am not deceived in the information I have had respecting the sufferings of the emperor's son, for I have seen a letter from a person

high in rank at the court of Vienna, who has offered to any faithful friend of the emperor the means of entering into correspondence with the King of Rome, and, perhaps, also the means of carrying him off from his tormentors."

"Well," said the marshal's father, "when once Napoleon the Second is free?"

"Father!" cried the marshal, "do you think that the memory of the emperor is forgotten? No, no; it is when our country has been humbled that the revered name is secretly invoked; and should this glorious name appear on our frontier, reanimated in the person of his son, would not the hearts of all France throb for him?"

"This is a conspiracy against the present government," gravely replied old M. Simon.

"Father, I told you I was unhappy. Not only do I ask myself if I ought to abandon my children and you, to enter on the dangers of so hazardous an enterprise, but I want to know if I am not bound to the present government for having acknowledged my rank and title—in short, for having rendered me justice. What ought I to do? Shall I abandon those I love, or remain insensible to the sufferings of the emperor's son, to whom I have sworn personal fidelity? I have passed a sleepless night in endeavouring to discover, amid this chaos, the road which honour points out. Tell me, father, if I exaggerate what I owe to the emperor, for you alone can guide me in my duty."

The old man was about to reply, when a young man entered the apartment in breathless haste, and cried, "Monsieur Simon, Monsieur Simon, they are coming, and are going to attack the factory!"

"Who?" cried the old man, rising hastily.

"The Wolves! Do you not hear them? They are shouting death to the Devourers!"

The clamour was certainly becoming more distinct.

"This was the noise I heard a short time ago," said the marshal, rising.

"There are more than two hundred of them," said the young man; "all armed with sticks and stones: unfortunately most of our men are at Paris. There are not above forty of us at the most. The women and children are fleeing to their apartments for safety."

"As you are inferior in numbers," said the marshal, "you must first barricade all the gates, and then—"

He was interrupted by tumultuous and deafening shouts. The marshal, his father, and the young man, then went into the garden, which was surrounded by a high wall, when a shower of large stones fell amongst them, one of which struck old M. Simon on the head, and he fell, covered with blood, into the arms of his son.

It was terrible to witness the fury of this crowd, whose first act of hostility proved so fatal to the father of Marshal Simon. The best dressed amongst the assailants wore blouses; the others were nearly all covered with rags, for the train of the Wolves was swelled by a number of idlers from the barriers, amongst whom were several bloated and hideous-looking women, who, by their shrieks and provocations, greatly increased the exasperation of the crowd. One of these hags was a tall, robust, and savage-looking creature, who appeared to be possessed of the fury of a demon; she brandished a stick in one hand, and in the other she held a large stone. Among the men who used the most insulting cries to the workmen of the factory was a pale, ferret-faced looking little man, whose condition was evidently different from that of the troop by which he was surrounded. The savage cries that accompanied the first discharge of stones was followed by a profound silence, which was broken by the stentorian voice of a gigantic quarryman.

"The Wolves," said he, "have howled. We must wait and see if the Devourers will come out to battle. If, after a second volley of stones, they are afraid to come out, we will force the gates open, and attack them in their holes."

A clamour of voices succeeded; one advising one plan of attack, and others different plans; amidst the confusion, the huge quarryman shouted, "Silence. We must give them another salute, and if they don't come out, then down with the gate."

This proposition was received with frantic shouts, and the quarryman, whose voice rose high above the tumult, cried out, "Attention, my Wolves! Has everyone a stone in his hand? Are you all ready?" "Fire!"

This volley was followed by the cry of "*Death to the Devourers!*" But when the assailants saw the women of the factory passing and repassing in the utmost terror, some carrying their infants, and others stretching out their arms to heaven for aid, their shouts became still more frantic.

As the assailants, with the quarryman at their head, were about to force the gate, it was all at once partly opened, and disclosed to view a group of workmen, unfortunately few in number, but whose appearance manifested determined resolution. They were armed with sticks and bars of iron. At the head of these was Agricola, who had armed himself with his heavy forging hammer. The young smith was very pale, and it was evident, from the fire of his eyes, that his blood was up, and that in case of a struggle he would be a formidable foe to encounter.

Agricola demanded in a firm voice the reason of the outrageous attack on the factory. To which the quarryman answered they were come to fight the Devourers.

The young smith replied that he knew nothing about the Devourers; he and his fellow-workmen did not want to fight, but if they attempted by force to enter the factory, the workmen would defend themselves to the utmost.

After some further parley, the quarryman, with a huge hammer attempted to break open the gate. Agricola, with his ponderous hammer, warded off the blows of the quarryman; and, after successfully pre-

venting the assailant from breaking open the gate, the smith dealt the quarryman a stunning blow on the chest, which quieted him for a moment. Recovering himself, the quarryman grappled Agricola by the throat, and they had a desperate struggle for the mastery. The Herculean strength of the quarryman was tested by the activity and vigour of the young blacksmith ; and alternately one or the other had the better of the fray. At length the quarryman threw Agricola heavily on the ground, and fell upon him.

While Agricola was engaged with the quarryman, the fight became bloody and terrific. A host of assailants, with irresistible fury, rushed in at the gate, while others, to avoid the crush, ran round the wall, broke a strong fence, and coming up to M. Hardy's workmen, attacked them in front and rear ; then the tall woman, followed by a number of wretched-looking creatures from the barrier, ran to the Community-house, in which the females had sought refuge.

The struggle between Agricola and the quarryman was fierce and determined. The young blacksmith was unable to release himself from the heavy weight of the quarryman ; and to add to the distressing situation of Agricola, the voice of Angèle's mother was heard from a window ; calling on him to come and rescue her daughter from the violence of the women who had broken into the Community-house.

Agricola, on hearing the cry of the mother of his betrothed, asked his opponent to allow him to rise, and he would meet him again in a short time. The quarryman would not consent to this, but held him with a firmer grasp ; and struck, and even bit the smith on his cheek. Suddenly, however, the legs of the quarryman were seized by some one behind, and he was lifted clear off from the blacksmith, and fell several paces from him.

It was Dagobert, who had arrived so opportunely, accompanied by several other men. Agricola rose up quickly, and said, " Many thanks to you, father ; you

have come to my help at the right moment." Then the young blacksmith rushed impetuously towards the Community-house, in order to rescue Angèle from the danger which threatened her. At the moment Agricola arrived, he found his betrothed in the grasp of the tall virago, who was striking and scratching Angèle in a most brutal manner. He dashed the fiendish woman to the ground, and quickly cleared the apartment of all the wretched creatures who had gained an entrance.

In the meantime, a band of miserable wretches, headed by the little ferret-faced fellow, who was an emissary of Baron Fripeaud, had entered the manufactory, where they plundered and committed outrage too horrible to relate. Several of the more moderate of the "Wolves" were greatly shocked at witnessing the devastation that was being committed; and they forthwith ranged themselves on the side of M. Hardy's workmen, declaring that they would not any longer be connected with such dastardly wretches.

Strange and painful contrast! In the midst of this horrible tumult a mournful scene was taking place in the chamber occupied by the father of Marshal Simon. The old workman, stretched on his back, his head bandaged, a portion of grey hairs clotted with blood; his son, leaning over him, was oppressed with grief; Rose and Blanche, who had been brought there, by Dagobert, were on their knees at the bedside, their hands clasped, tears rolling down their cheeks; and at a short distance, and half-hid in obscurity, stood Dagobert, his arms crossed on his bosom, his features expressive of poignant sorrow.

The marshal only raised his eyes to his father to interrogate the doctor, who, by a strange coincidence, was no other than Dr. Baleinier, whose residence was not far distant from the factory.

"Is there any hope, doctor?" inquired the marshal, anxiously.

"It is useless to excite false hopes, marshal. See, he opens his eyes."



"Oh, father, do you know me?" asked the marshal.

The old man endeavoured to lift his head; then he said, in a feeble voice, "Pierre, are you there? Give me your hand."

"Here it is, father."

At that instant the shouts and cries of the struggling parties reached the ears of the old man.

"That noise! that noise!" he exclaimed; "they are fighting! Pierre," he added, his voice growing weaker, "I shall not be long with you."

"Oh, father!" cried the marshal.

"Allow me to speak while I am able. Pierre, you asked my advice on a matter of importance. It seems to me that my desire to advise you has prolonged my life; for I should die wretched, if I thought you would act unworthy of yourself and of me. Listen, then, my son, my noble son, for a father, at such a moment as this, is seldom wrong. You have a duty to perform as a man of honour; still you ought, in respect to my dying request, to—to—Napoleon the Second—Dishonour—"

The old man's voice becoming weaker and weaker, was at length inaudible, and he expired as the cries of "Fire, fire!" struck upon the ears of the marshal.

The sound of drums was also heard, which announced that a detachment of soldiers was hastening to the place. Notwithstanding all the efforts that were put forth, the fire spread, and raged violently.

At this time a man might have been seen walking through the fields. It was M. Hardy, who, separated from the manufactory by a rising ground, could not perceive the flames. He had come from Paris on foot, thinking that the cold air would appease the fervid state of his frame. The intelligence he had received was too true. The lady from whom he would have received consolation in the grief which overwhelmed him had left France. Marguerite had gone to America without informing him. This had been effected by her mother, whom she loved tenderly.

Thus, on the same day, M. Hardy lost two links which bound him to the earth. What had this good man now left. That corner of the world where he had founded an elysium—that little colony, so peaceable, so happy, so flourishing, where worthy artizans appreciated his good acts, and were filled with affection and gratitude.

M. Hardy at length reached the summit of the hill. In surprise, he fixed his eyes upon the flames that illuminated the horizon. He looked bewildered. Shortly the wind brought the sound of the alarm-bell of the manufactory to his ears.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### LOVE'S ECCENTRICITIES.

A FEW days after the fire at M. Hardy's factory, Rose Pompon, the companion of the Bacchanalian Queen, was seated in her chamber in the Rue Clovis, when, about mid-day, some one knocked at the door. Rose inquired who was there, when she received for answer, in a loud and cheerful voice, that an old friend desired admittance.

The lively young girl, having some knowledge of the voice, opened the door, when Nini-Moulin, or Jacques Dumoulin, entered, and saluted Rose in an hilarious and jocund way. After some bantering jocularity had passed between the two, Nini assumed a more serious deportment, and told Rose that he had called two or three times before, but could not find her at home. He then told her that he had come on important business; that he had been commissioned to present her with some magnificent presents, and he should require her to go with him in a carriage, which was at the door, to a certain place, which he would not then name, and that she would henceforth pass her time as a wealthy lady.

Rose laughed at him, and asked him what mad frolic he had now got in his head.

Nini assured her he was sincere; and to convince her he was so, he first produced a magnificent bracelet, set with costly jewels, which he fastened on her arm; then he brought forth a splendid gold chain which he threw around her neck; then he drew from his pocket a rich black-lace shawl, which he spread over her shoulders; and, lastly, a costly cashmere mantle, which he told Rose to fasten with the golden clasps that decorated it.

After receiving a superb head-dress, the young girl surveyed herself as well as she could in the small looking-glass in her chamber, and then asked Nini what part she was required to act for receiving these splendid gifts; declaring that if anything criminal was required of her, she would not consent to act so

Nini assured her that nothing of the kind was expected from her. All she would have to do would be to perform the part of a lady, and money and every thing requisite for that purpose would be liberally supplied.

Upon this assurance, Rose consented to accompany Nini to the place where he wished to take her; and the two accordingly entered the carriage, and were driven away from the Rue Clovis.

We will now take our readers to the Rue d'Anjou, where Mademoiselle de Cardoville, dressed in her usual elegant and picturesque style, was seated in her cabinet, and around her was strewn several volumes of new books, which, strange to say, though by various authors, all treated on the same subject. Adrienne's appearance manifested a sort of melancholy dejection; she was pale; and a light blue circle round her large dark eyes, gave to them an expression of profound sadness. This melancholy mood was caused by a variety of circumstances; one was that for the first time in her life she had a secret to conceal, which was,

at the same time, her happiness, her shame, and her torment: another reason for her dejection was the mysterious disappearance of the Mayeux.

Adrienne was reclining on a divan, perusing one of the books recently purchased, when suddenly she uttered a slight exclamation of surprise, and from that moment appeared to read with earnest attention and intense curiosity. Her eyes soon sparkled with enthusiasm, her smile became ineffably sweet, she appeared both happy and delighted, but, on turning over the last leaf, her features manifested disappointment and chagrin. On perusing another portion of the volume, she came to a passage which produced so great an effect upon her, that her eyes filled with tears, and she hastily turned to the title-page to find the name of the author. For some minutes she gazed on the name with an expression of gratitude, and then pressed the page on which it was printed to her rosy lips.

Adrienne then relapsed into a profound reverie, and the book slid out of her hand, and fell on the carpet. In the course of this abstraction her eye rested on a beautiful bronze statue, representing the triumph of the Indian Bacchus. Never, perhaps, had Grecian art attained such rare perfection. The young conqueror, half clothed in a lion's skin, which displayed the youthful and charming symmetry of his form, was standing in a chariot drawn by a couple of tigers. One hand was resting on a javelin, the other was guiding his wild steeds with tranquil majesty. After regarding the statue with calmness for some time, the young girl suddenly arose, and going up to the figure, she, with a face suffused with burning blushes, caressed the golden-coloured visage of the Bacchanalian deity!

Adrienne started suddenly, retired from the statue, and paced the chamber in great agitation, while she pressed her hands on her burning brow. At length she fell on a chair nearly exhausted, and her tears flowed abundantly, while her features, impressed with deep sorrow, revealed her internal suffering. Having

ceased weeping, the paroxysm of painful oppression was followed by a violent fit of indignation against herself, which betrayed itself in the following words which fell from her lips: "For the first time in my life I feel myself weak and base—yes, base!"

Adrienne was diverted from her bitter reflections by the entrance of Georgette, who asked her mistress if she could receive the Count de Monthron.

"Did you tell him I was at home?" inquired Adrienne.

"I did, mademoiselle."

"Then desire him to walk in."

The Count de Monthron entered, and, approaching Adrienne, kissed her hand with a sort of paternal familiarity.

"Now," said the Count to himself, "I must endeavour to find out the truth, in order that I may ward off a heavy calamity."

Adrienne, by a great effort succeeded in regaining her wonted composure, and received the Count in a cheerful manner. De Monthron expressed his anxiety at beholding her pale and care-worn countenance, and asked her what fresh trouble had assailed her.

Adrienne assured the Count that she was not subjected to any trouble; on the contrary, she said, she was in the best of spirits, for she now congratulated herself with the idea that she was free—absolutely free.

This declaration did not satisfy the Count, he saw that her assumed gaiety contrasted sadly with her pale and altered features. It was easy to see that she sought to stifle her sorrows by this forced hilarity. M. de Monthron was extremely sorry, but concealing his emotion he appeared to reflect for a moment, and took up three of the books that were strewed around Adrienne. The first was entitled "Modern History of India;" the second, "Travels in India;" and the third, "Letters on India." The Count continued, with increasing surprise, his investigation of this Indian nomen-

elature, which ended in the sixth work, entitled, "Notes of a Traveller in the East Indies." The Count was no longer able to conceal his surprise from Adrienne, who, having entirely forgotten the books, blushed slightly; then her firmness and resolution gaining the mastery, she said, "What are you astonished at, my dear Count?"

Instead of replying, the Count appeared to be more and more absorbed, and gazing on the young girl thoughtfully, he could not forbear saying to himself, "No, no, it is impossible, and yet—"

"Perhaps it is indiscreet in me to listen to your monologue, my dear Count," said Adrienne.

"Excuse me, my dear child; but what I see surprises me to such a degree that—"

"What do you see?" interrupted Adrienne, slightly colouring.

"The traces of an active research after all that relates to India," replied M. de Monthron, placing an emphasis on the three last words, and fixing a penetrating look upon Adrienne.

"What then?" inquired the young girl.

"Why, I am trying to discover a cause for this sudden passion, for—"

"Geography?" interrupted Adrienne; "you will probably deem this study, my dear Count, rather dry for one of my age; but to occupy leisure hours in doing something that may prove beneficial is the result of an active mind. Besides, I have a cousin, who is an Indian; a kind of prince, and I have taken a fancy to find out, if possible, how I came to be related to a sort of savage."

The last words were pronounced with a bitterness which struck M. de Monthron, who replied, "It appears to me that you speak of the prince with a little rancour at heart."

"No; it is with indifference," said Adrienne.

"He deserves, however, to inspire a different sentiment."

"Perhaps in some other person," observed Adrienne, dryly.

"He is so miserable," said M. de Monthron, pitifully; "to see him pains me deeply."

"What does that matter to me? or what can I do for him?"

"Pity him, at least," said the Count, sadly.

"Pity him!" cried Adrienne, haughtily; "you are jesting, sir; you cannot in seriousness ask me to interest myself in the amorous tortures of your prince."

The cold disdain with which these last words were pronounced convinced M. de Monthron that what he had heard was true.

"Well," he said; "I have not been deceived; considering my early and constant friendship, I expected a little of your confidence; but you give it to another, which grieves me."

"What do you mean, M. de Monthron?"

"I see there is no hope for the poor prince; you love some one," said the Count. "You need not deny it—your pale looks—your sadness—your indifference for the prince—all tell me that you are in love."

Adrienne, hurt at the familiarity of the Count, said, haughtily and in anger, "You ought to know, M. de Monthron, that to discover a secret is not the result of my confidence. Besides your language astonishes me."

"My dear mademoiselle, if your old friend is too free in speech; if he suspects that you love, and almost chides you for it, he does so because your love affects the life or death of that worthy prince whom I respect and esteem as much as if he were my own son, for it is impossible to know him without being inspired with the most lively interest."

"It is strange, indeed," said Adrienne, with renewed coldness, "that my love, granting that I was affected, should have so singular an effect upon Prince Djalma." Then she added, disdainfully, "But what does it matter to him whether I love any one or not?"

"What does it matter to him? Allow me to tell

you, my dear mademoiselle; that it is you who are jesting on a painful subject. How! that poor youth, with all the ardour of a first love, who, for you, has twice attempted suicide to put a termination to his wretched existence; and you tell me, coldly, that your love matters little to him, and speak disdainfully of that on which life or death depends."

"He loves me?" cried the young girl.

"Ay, to distraction! I have seen him, and I am telling you the truth."

Adrienne appeared bewildered. Her pale cheeks became flushed; then they were pale again; her lips quivered; and for some minutes she remained silent, with her hand placed upon her heart to still its throbbings. M. de Monthron, alarmed at the change of her countenance, went towards her and said, "My dear girl, what ails you?"

Instead of answering, Adrienne waved her hand, to assure the Count that there was nothing the matter; then, thinking that she was probably under the influence of some delusion, she said, with anguish, "Loves me! It is not true; is it?"

"Alas! it is too true."

"No, no; that woman! that woman!" cried Adrienne, bitterly.

"What woman?"

"She who has caused him such an aching heart."

"You, mademoiselle, are the only one who has done so."

"I was told otherwise."

"Who told you?"

"Rodin."

"M. Rodin told you that!" cried the Count, who appeared as if struck by a sudden idea; "why it was he who told me that you were in love with another."

"I in love with another! O, no!"

"You love him, then, as much as he loves you!" cried the Count, in rapture.

"If I love him!" exclaimed Adrienne.



A knock interrupted Adrienne, who called out, "Come in."

Florine entered. "M. Rodin," she said, "is below, but afraid to disturb you, he says he will return in half an hour. Do you wish to see him now, mademoiselle?"

"Yes," said the Count, "show him up. That is your wish, my dear?"

"Why, yes, in a short time," said Adrienne, while her eyes flashed with indignation at the perfidy of the Jesuit.

"Ah, the old scoundrel!" cried the Count; "I never liked the appearance of the hoary hypocrite."

Adrienne, who felt deeply mortified at the duplicity and perfidy of Rodin, suddenly regained that blooming hue to her cheeks, which had for the last few days vanished from them; and approaching M. de Monthron with a proud step, she said, "When shall I see him?"

"To-morrow. I shall go to him in order to prepare him for the happy news, for sudden joy often produces fatal results."

Adrienne remained a few minutes in silence, then she said, "To-morrow: not till to-morrow: however, I can wait." Then, making a sign to the Count, she led him to the Indian Bacchus, adding, "Does he not resemble him?"

"You are right; how strange!"

"Strange?" said Adrienne, "that a hero—a demi-god, should, in beauty and perfection, resemble Djalma!" Then, going to the table, and taking up a book, which she opened, and pointing her finger to a passage, she said "Oblige me, Count, by perusing this."

M. de Monthron then read the following passage from the journal of a traveller in India:—

"When at Bombay, in 1829, the reigning topic of conversation in English society, was about a young hero, son of Kaja Sing, King of Mundi. Colonel Drake, after his expedition against the Indian king,

was filled with enthusiasm about his son, Prince Djalma, a young man who conducted himself with so much intrepidity, and displayed such a noble character, that his sire received the appellation of the 'Father of the Generous.'

"Colonel Drake, one of the most valiant officers of the English army, told us yesterday, that he was captured by Djalma, and taken into his camp in the village of Shumshabad, where he received the most touching marks of kindness. Speaking of him, he says—'The Prince, in one of the engagements, was accompanied by a young Indian, about twelve years of age, whom he dearly loved, and who filled the capacity of page. He was idolized by his mother, who, on confiding him to Djalma, said, 'Let him be your brother.' 'He shall be my brother,' replied the Prince. In the midst of a fearful retreat, the poor lad was wounded, and the horse shot under him. The Prince, at the peril of his life, leaped from his horse, seized the boy, placed him on his own saddle, got up behind, and fled. He was pursued; a ball struck his horse, and, staggering, it reached a massive jungle, where it fell exhausted. The boy could not walk, so the Prince took him in his arms, and fled with him into the midst of the thicket, where he remained concealed. The English arrived, and foraged every where, but could not find the fugitives. After a day and a night's marching and countermarching during the greatest fatigue and escaping un-heard-of dangers, the Prince, still carrying the lad, reached his father's camp, and, on surprise being expressed at his humane care, he said, 'I promised his mother that I would be a brother to him, and I have only acted as such.'"

"What a noble trait of humanity!" cried the Count.

"Read on, read on," cried Adrienne, wiping a tear from her eye.

"Prince Djalma, accompanied by two black slaves, went to the woods to carry off two young tigers. The old ones were absent, and one of the blacks went into

the den, while the other, aided by Djalma, hewed down the trunk of a tree to make a snare for them before they returned. The mouth of the den was a few yards down a frightful precipice. Djalma, with agility, reached the summit, and, aided by the black, was setting the snare, when a frightful roaring was heard, and the tigress bounded towards the cave. Startled, they dropped the tree, which fell across the mouth of the den, thus preventing the black from getting out with the young ones, or the tigress from entering.

"About twenty feet distant, on a rocky platform, the Prince, crouched on his hands and feet, looked at the frightful struggle. The tigress, rendered furious by the cries of her young ones, was gnawing the hands of the black, who, screaming, held on by the trunk, the only barrier between him and the ferocious animal."

"What a terrible situation," cried the Count.

"Continue, continue," cried Adrienne, "his goodness and heroism is beyond belief."

"The Prince seized his poniard between his teeth,\* fastened his sash to a block of rock, took the hatchet in one hand, with the other he guided himself, till within a few yards of the ferocious beast, at which he aimed a deathly blow, killed it, and thereby saved the black, whose strength was exhausted.

"And you appear astonished, Count, at the resemblance between Djalma and the Indian deity, of whom fable does not record a more generous act."

"I am no longer astonished, mademoiselle, I am full of admiration."

"And the generous heart of the traveller responded even as ours do at the recital. Read further, and you will see."

"Two such traits in a man's character," justly observed the colonel, "evinced a noble and generous heart; and it is with a sentiment of profound respect and admiration that I in sadness have asked myself, what would be the lot of that young prince, lost in this savage country, always devastated by war. However

humble may be the homage which I pay to this worthy young man, his name, at least, will be honoured by such of my readers as possess sympathetic and generous hearts."

"True," cried Adrienne; "a short time ago, I was so struck with these simple lines, that I involuntarily carried the name of the traveller to my lips."

"Such records bear out the good opinion that I had formed of Djalma; but, my dear mademoiselle, how do you mean to proceed with regard to him?"

"In learning his happiness, I should wish Djalma to experience a similar joy to mine—Oh that some good fairy would touch me with her wand, and make me sleep till to-morrow."

M. de Monthron laughed heartily at Adrienne's novel aspiration; and then turned the conversation to the reports which her aunt and others had circulated regarding the sanity of Adrienne. The Count suggested a plan which he thought would in some measure silence these reports; it was this: that Adrienne should go with him and his niece in the evening to the *Porte St. Martin*, where a tamer of wild beasts brings upon the stage, which represents a forest in India, lions, tigers, and panthers, and engages with them in apparently fearful combats. All Paris, the Count said, go to witness these representations; and all Paris would then see *Mademoiselle de Cardoville* more beautiful and charming than ever."

"I will go," cried Adrienne with joy, "because—"

A gentle knock at the door interrupted Adrienne, and Florine entered, introducing Rodin.

On seeing Adrienne and the Count de Monthron the wily Jesuit guessed that he was about to be placed in a difficult position. On his bowing respectfully to the Count and Adrienne, they both cast on him a look of contempt and scorn. At length the Count opened fire upon him, and upbraided Rodin in no measured terms for his duplicity and perfidy: and Adrienne followed in the same strain, telling him that his statements

were unworthy of credence ; and that she would never put trust in his word again.

Rodin winced beneath the attack of his two opponents, but he attempted to repel the charges made against him by mentioning his recent good services in behalf of Adrienne ; and other instances where he had apparently acted from generous motives.

All that he said, however, had no effect in sparing him from the attacks of his two tormentors ; and they pestered the poor Jesuit for a long time.

Adrienne told Rodin that she strongly suspected his being connected with the disappearance of the poor Mayeux ; and concluded thus : " Now I am convinced that I have been your dupe. I say this without anger or hatred, but with deep regret. It is painful, sir, to see a man of your intelligence stooping to such infamous practices ; and after having employed so many diabolical schemes, to end at last in being ridiculed. In short, sir, I regard you as a dangerous and implacable enemy. I see your object without being able to tell how you mean to attain it. Still, notwithstanding this, I am not afraid of you. To-morrow my family shall be informed of your designs, and we will be on our guard, for you are, of course, aiming at the enormous inheritance you were already nearly depriving us of. Now, sir, I speak frankly to you, beware how you proceed further."

" Most probably, my dear lady," said Rodin, " we shall never meet again. I ask you to remember that I never justify myself. I leave that to the future ; and now, my dear lady, I am, notwithstanding, your very devoted servant."

Rodin having bowed kindly, first to Adrienne, and then to the Count, hastily departed.

After the Jesuit's departure, Adrienne penned a letter to the Prince, which she desired the Count to give to him, and to call afterwards to take her for a promenade to the Champs Elysées.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE BEAST-TAMER.

A short time after Rodin's interview with Adrienne, a large concourse of people were attracted to the Champs Elysées by the serenity of the weather; and many stopped to admire the magnificent equipage, containing three persons, Adrienne, the Marchioness de Morinval, and the Count de Mopthron. Adrienne, who was in a pensive mood, was suddenly startled by a bouquet of violets falling in her lap, at the same time hearing a childish voice exclaim, "For the love of God, a sou, my good lady!"

Adrienne turned her head, and saw a poor little girl in rags, holding her hand in a supplicating manner. On beholding the ragged child, the poor Mayeux was instantly remembered by Adrienne, and she said to the supplicant, "Have you a mother, my child?"

"No, madame, I have neither father nor mother."

"Who takes care of you, then?"

"Nobody, madame. They give me bouquets to sell, and if I do not sell them, they beat me."

"My dear Count," said Adrienne, "will you lift the child into the carriage?"

The Count complied with this request, and Adrienne said to him, "We will now make off with our prey as quickly as possible. Order the postilion to drive to the Hotel."

"Now," thought Adrienne, "until I can find the poor Mayeux, which I shall endeavour to do by every means in my power, her place will, at least, not be empty."

Strange coincidence! At that moment when Adrienne's magnificent equipage took the direction of the Rue d'Anjou, and when that kind lady was thinking of her poor lost friend, a crowd had gathered round a large tree in the Champs Elysées, to gaze on a poor

deformed girl, who had fallen down from want of food—it was the Mayeux.

The poor girl had returned to Paris with the laudable purpose of snatching her sister, the Bacchanalian Queen, from the dreadful life she was pursuing. The Mayeux was on her way to Mademoiselle de Cardoville's, and was overtaken with faintness and exhaustion from want and misery.

Two hours after this, a large crowd assembled at the Porte St. Martin, for the purpose of witnessing the exhibition of Morok, who was engaged in a mimic combat with the famous black panther of Java, called Death. Adrienne and Monsieur and Madame de Morinval arrived early at the theatre, where they were to be joined by the Count de Monthron, who had left them to go to the club.

The immense theatre of the Porte St. Martin was crowded with an impatient audience, for all Paris was eager to witness the performance of the famed beast-tamer. Morok was dressing himself in a room assigned to him for that purpose. Above his armour he wore red pantaloons, that were fastened at the ankles with bright copper rings, and his dark Turkish robe was also fastened at the wrists with rings of the same metal. Seated in a corner of the room, gazing at him with a sort of stupid admiration, was Couche-tout-Nu, who, since the destruction of M. Hardy's factory, had not quitted Morok, passing his nights in orgies, the fatal effects of which were withstood by the iron constitution of the beast-tamer; but the features of Jaques were, on the contrary, greatly changed; his hollow cheeks and painful countenance betrayed the ravages of intemperance, and bitter smiles were almost constantly on his lips, yet his intellect, formerly so lively and animated, still struggled against the besotting influence of almost continual intoxication.

After Jaques had gazed at Morok for some minutes, he said—"It is a proud business yours; you can boast that there are not two men in the world like

yourself—in the whole world—it is flattering—what a pity you don't confine yourself to this—”

“What do you mean?”

“The conspiracy, at the expense of which you regale me both day and night.”

“That is going on very well,” interrupted Morok; “but the moment has not come yet! this is why I wish to have you near me until the great day—have you any reason to complain?”

“No,” said Jaques; “what should I do? if I even desire to work, I have not now strength, burnt up as I am with brandy. I have not, like you, a head of marble, and a body of iron; however, it prevents me from thinking.”

“Of what?”

“You know that when I think, I think of but one thing,” said Jaques, in a serious tone.

“Still the Bacchanalian Queen!” said Morok, disdainfully.

“Yes, and when I cease to think of her, I shall be dead, or quite besotted.”

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Goliath in a very excited state; and when Morok inquired the reason of his excitement, the giant told him that the panther was lying with its ears flat to its head, which indicated that the beast was in a most ferocious state, and he advised Morok not to venture near the animal that evening.

Morok, although manifesting some trepidation, ridiculed the fears of Goliath, and said he should certainly perform.

The giant warned Morok, saying he had never seen the panther in that state since it destroyed the white horse in Germany. But that was not all the bad omen he had to tell Morok; Goliath said he had been looking at the audience, and in a box near the stage he had seen the Englishman who had followed them from town to town with such pertinacity.

On hearing this, Morok started, and his arms fell



motionless by his side. Jacques was struck with the paleness and contraction of the beast-tamer's features.

It appeared that an Englishman had bet a considerable sum that he would be present at the performance of the destruction of the beast-tamer by the very panther, which Morok now appeared to hold in subjection.

Jacques advised Morok to apologise to the audience and tell them that the panther was ill.

The beast-tamer shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "Have you ever heard of the pleasure of the gamester who risks his honour on a single card? Well, I also, in the daily performance in which my life is at stake, find a pleasure in braving death before the shuddering crowds that are frightened at my audacity. In short, even in the fear which this Englishman creates, I find an indescribable and terrible excitement."

Morok was interrupted by the entrance of the manager, who inquired if the signal might be given; to which the beast-tamer replied in the affirmative.

The usual notice being given, the overture began, which in this instance was not much heeded, for the *beaux* and *belles* who were assembled in great numbers, were either engaged in conversation about a certain lady in such and such a box, or occupied with their opera-glasses in scanning their friends, real or imaginary, which they distinguished in the distance.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville was the centre of attraction to the occupants of the boxes; all eyes being fixed upon her. The box opposite to that in which Adrienne and her friends were seated, had only one occupant for a considerable time, a dark visaged man, who remained in the back seat, and was hid from the gaze of any one.

In a box at the left wing, sat the Englishman, who had inspired Morok with so much fear. To depict with justice the singular and grotesque physiognomy of that man, would be a difficult task. He was about fifty years of age; his head curiously elongated, perfectly bald, and not unlike in colour, to a boiled par-

snip. At the extremity of his brow, surmounted by eyebrows that formed two well-designed circumflex accents, shone two large green eyes, divided by a thin nose of extraordinary length, and shaped like a parenthesis; a chin, the extremity of which was buried in a white neckcloth, that fastened a collar of the same whiteness, whose ends reached the middle of his ear.

The stage represented, with admirable effect, a rich Indian forest. Adrienne, thinking, no doubt, of the passages she had read, was lost in contemplation, when her attention was attracted by the solitary occupant of the opposite box rising from his seat, coming forward and placing two chairs near to the front of the box. This man was Faranghea, the Indian, dressed in a long robe of orange silk, fastened with a white sash round the waist. After placing the chairs, he looked round, started, and then went out.

Immediately afterwards, a young man of rare beauty, clothed in the Indian costume, with a long poniard, the handle of which sparkled with jewels, entered. That young man was Djalma, who remained a minute at the door, contemplating the mass of spectators who had assembled. Stepping majestically forward, the prince, with ease and grace, sat down on one of the chairs; then, turning his head towards the door, he appeared astonished at not seeing some one enter whom he no doubt expected.

That person at last came—a lovely young girl, of fair complexion—who was dressed in the most attractive and costly attire. This young girl was Rose Pompon, who, notwithstanding her long gloves, and a ridiculous display of bracelets, continued to expose her delicate and lovely arm, while in her hand, she held a large bouquet of roses. Far from imitating the calm and dignified walk of Djalma, Rose Pompon entered the box half running, moved her chair with a noise, and turned herself, to adjust her gown, several times before she was finally seated. Without being abashed by the splendid assemblage, she put her bouquet to

her nose, then, with a smile and a mischievous look, she, at the risk of upsetting her chair, held it up to the face of Djalma.

Faranghea entered, shut the door, and sat down behind the prince.

Adrienne, her eyes fixed on the representation of the Indian forest, and, lost in reflection, had not observed the new comers, and as her head was turned towards the stage, Djalma, seeing only the profile of Adrienne, had not yet recognized her. Madame de Morinval had for some time been struck with the majestic appearance of Djalma and the coquettish glances of Rose Pompon ; and touching Adrienne, said with a smile, "That which is most amusing here is not on the stage, my dear. "Cast your eyes in front."

"In front," said Adrienne, in a heedless manner.

She looked. What did she see ? Djalma, seated by the side of a young girl, who was familiarly holding up her bouquet to him that he might inhale its fragrance. Astonished, struck as it were to the heart by an electric shock, Adrienne became deathly pale, and by instinct shut her eyes for a second that she might not see the insulting spectacle. To this harrowing sensation succeeded a feeling of injured pride.

"Djalma is here with that woman," she said ; "he has received my letter, in which he might have read of the happiness that awaited him."

At the idea of this infamous conduct, the blush of indignation chased away the paleness from her cheeks.

"Rodiff has not deceived me."

It is impossible to render an idea of those emotions which torture and kill in the space of a minute. Adrienne had been precipitated from radiant happiness into the abyss of grief the most torturing in less than a second, and she gave an evasive answer to Madame de Morinval.

M. de Morinval and his lady indulged in a merry colloquy on the coquettish air and apparent fondness which Rose Pompon manifested towards the young

Indian ; and called Adrienne's attention to every fresh display of the young girl's affection for her young admirer.

Djalma, whose eyes had been fixed on the stage, which brought to his recollection the scenes of his own wild country, had remained insensible to the winning looks and smiles of the young girl, nor had he yet observed Adrienne.

"Ah, for instance," said Rose Pompon, staring at Adrienne—"there is something strange, indeed a fine looking woman, with red hair ; but it is a pretty red, I must admit ; look, charming prince." And she touched the shoulder of Djalma, who startled, turned his head, and his eyes rested on Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

On seeing Adrienne, he gave a sudden start, and, bewildered, was about to rise, but the iron hand of Faranghea was laid upon his shoulder, and he whispered, in the Hindoo language, "Take courage and to-morrow that woman will be at your feet. A few minutes ago she grew pale, then became red with jealousy. Be a man, or all will be lost."

"My heart is breaking," said Djalma, in his own language.

"But to-morrow it will bound with joy and love," replied Faranghea ; "it is only contempt that subdues a proud woman. To-morrow, I tell you, trembling and confused she will supplicate at your feet."

"To-morrow she will hate me," replied the prince, sorrowfully.

"She will, if she sees you weak and cowardly—the time is come—do not now be faint-hearted. Look at her well in the face, then, with your eyes upon her, take this young girl's bouquet, and carry it to your lips ; you will see that proud woman become white and red, as she did a few minutes ago. Will you then believe me ?"

Djalma, in despair, listened to the perfidious counsel of Faranghea, took with a trembling hand the bouquet

from Rose Pompon, fixed his eyes upon Adrienne, then pressed the flowers to his lips. At that outrageous conduct, Mademoiselle de Cardoville's shook convulsively, which did not escape the eye of Djalma.

"She is yours," cried Faranghea; "did you not perceive how she shuddered from jealousy? Courage—courage—she will soon prefer you to that handsome young man who is behind her; for that is he whom she imagines she loves." Then as if guessing the rage and hatred that these words would excite in the bosom of the prince, he added—"Be calm, be calm; is it not that young man who has cause for hating you?"

The prince pressed his hand on his burning brow. It is useless to say that the letter sent by Adrienne did not reach Djalma. During the three days that M. Monthron had not seen the prince, Faranghea had persuaded him, that in feigning love for another, he would subdue and carry off triumphant the proud heart of Adrienne. As to the presence of Djalma at the theatre, Rodin had been told by Florine, that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was going that evening to the Porte St. Martin.

Before Djalma had recognized her, feeling her strength give way, Adrienne was about to leave the theatre; but when she saw she was recognized by the prince; when he outraged common decency, by staring her in the face, and by kissing the bouquet of the creature who was with him, Adrienne, influenced by a noble indignation, determined on remaining. Far from shutting her eyes, she experienced a sort of barbarous pleasure in adding to the agony, in hastening the extirpation of her pure and divine love.

Adrienne and her two companions were engaged in witnessing and passing remarks upon the conduct of the two persons who sat in front of the opposite box, when the appearance of Morok, and the roaring of the animals, attracted the attention of all. The beast-tamer was armed with a bow and arrows. He appeared in the distance as if descending from rock to rock; ap-

proaching the centre of the stage, he seemed to listen—then advancing cautiously, and casting his eyes involuntarily round the theatre, they fell upon the large green orbs of the Englishman, when the features of Morok contracted so frightfully, that Madame de Morinval, who had an excellent opera-glass, said, “My dear Adrienne, that man is afraid; something is sure to happen.”

“How horrible it will be,” said Adrienne, “if he is wounded before our eyes.”

The beast-tamer now bent his bow, and scarcely had the arrow left it, before the panther, irritated by Goliah, arched furiously.

The pantomime of Morok was very effective, and he appeared so joyous at having struck the ferocious beast, that shouts of applause burst from every part of the house. The beast-tamer adjusted another arrow, hid himself behind a jutting rock, aimed at the interior of the cave where the panther had showed its head, then pulled the bow, and the arrow whistled through the air. Casting the bow aside, he drew his poniard, placed it in his mouth, and began to creep on all-fours, as if he intended to surprise the wounded panther in his den. To render the illusion more perfect, the panther, struck by Goliah with a bar of iron, roared terribly at the bottom of the cave.

The sombre aspect of the stage, the roarings of the enraged panther, the gestures, the attitude, the physiognomy of Morok, so expressive of terror, created awe in the audience, who appeared as if they expected some dreadful catastrophe. As the beast-tamer approached the cave, he also came close to the box where the Englishman was; and, in spite of himself, Morok, enervated by fright, could not turn away his looks from the two large eyes of that man. It might be said that each of the sudden starts that he made, while on his hands and feet, was the magnetic influence caused by the fixed looks of the sinister better. The Englishman, nearly out of his box, his lips curled by a sardonic

smile, his large eyes fixed on Morok, the perspiration running down his bald head, seemed anxiously waiting the decisive moment.

There is a strange fascination in danger. Adrienne had her looks fixed upon the frightful yet interesting scene; in her hand was the bouquet of Indian flowers which she had still preserved. The beast-tamer advanced, and uttering a savage shriek, rushed upon the panther, which precipitated itself with so much fury upon its master, that Adrienne, frightened drew back, dropped her bouquet, and hid her face in her hands.

Prompt as the lightning, agile as a tiger, carried away by his love, and with savage ardour, excited by the roarrings of the panther, Djalma bounded on the stage, drew his poniard, and rushed into the cave to seize Adrienne's bouquet. At that instant a frightful cry was uttered by Morok. The panther, infuriated by the sight of Djalma, made a dreadful effort to break its chain; then rearing on its hind legs, tried to clutch Djalma, who was within reach of its claws. To lower his head, to throw himself upon his knees, at the same time plunging, with the rapidity of lightning, his dagger into the stomach of the panther, alone saved the prince from certain death. For a few seconds all was confusion. Djalma on whom the panther fell with all its weight, at length rose, pale, bleeding, and wounded, and, placing his foot upon the carcase, the bouquet in his hand, he cast a look upon Adrienne, which told his passionate love for her.

Adrienne felt her strength giving way. Superhuman courage had enabled her to witness the frightful changes of that dreadful struggle.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## THE PESTILENCE.

IT is night! the shrill blasts of the north wind—bleak, icy, ill-omened, clashing, whirling, and bursting into violent gusts—sweep with their keen and biting breath the heights of Montmartre. On the summit of the hill stands a man who is gazing down upon the huge city that is lying at his feet. Above the dark shadow of Paris, towers and steeples are seen in the clear, blue horizon, while from the centre of this ocean of stone, rises a blue vapour, which reddens the azure of the firmament.

“No,” said the traveller, “the Lord will not suffer it. Twice is enough. It is five centuries since the avenging hand of the Almighty drove me hither from the centre of Asia; and I, a solitary wanderer, left behind me more mourning, despair, disaster, and death, than would have left the innumerable armies of a thousand devastating conquerors. I then entered this city, and it was decimated. Two centuries ago, the same inexorable hand, which conducts me through the world, again brought me hither, and then, as before, the scourge, which at long intervals the Almighty places in my track, ravaged the city. And now for the third time in the space of five centuries, I have arrived on the top of one of the hills which overlook this city, and perhaps I again bring with me terror, desolation, and death. And this city, intoxicated with its nocturnal pleasures, knows not—oh, no! it knows not that I am at its threshold. Perhaps my presence here is only a menace for those it ought to intimidate. Yes, for otherwise he would strike a blow of greater terror by casting at once fear and death into the heart of this immense city. Oh! no, no! the Lord will have mercy—he will not condemn me to this new punishment. My kindred are, alas! more numerous and



miserable in this city than elsewhere; and it is I who must bring death to them. No, the Lord will have mercy; for, alas! the seven descendants of my sister are at last united in this city. And shall I bring death to them? Death! instead of the succour they require. For the woman, who, like me, wanders through the world, has, after destroying the plots of their enemies, resumed her eternal journey. In vain did she foresee that great evils again threatened those that are related to me. The invisible hand that leads me, always chases before me the wandering woman. In vain did she cry, when she was leaving my kindred, 'Let me, at least, Oh Lord, finish my task!'

"On!"

"A few days, for mercy's sake!"

"On!"

"I leave them on the brink of an abyss!"

"On, on!"

"And the wandering star is launched again in its eternal course: her voice traversing space, called me to the help of mine. When her voice reached me, I felt that my sister's descendants were exposed to frightful perils, which are still augmenting. Oh, say Lord! shall the descendants of my sister escape the doom which, for so many centuries, has weighed upon my race! Oh, wilt thou pardon me in them? Direct them that they may obey the last wishes of their ancestors; cause them to join their hearts—their strength—their intelligence—and their riches. Thus they will work for the future welfare of humanity; thus perhaps they will redeem me from my eternal punishment—let the words of the Saviour, 'Love one another,' be their sole guide. By the aid of these powerful words, they may vanquish the false priests who have abjured the precepts of love, peace and hope, of the Saviour, and have taught in their stead, doctrines of hatred, violence, and despair. Hear me, for mercy's sake, Oh, Lord! Snatch from their enemies, my sister's descendants. Suffer me to defend them, Oh, Lord, since thy all-powerful hand

has brought me hither to work thy will. I beseech thee let me not be the instrument of thy vengeance! Enough of sorrow exists on the earth. I have travelled from Asia to the frozen regions, and death hath followed in my track. Dost thou not hear the sigh that rises to thee from the earth, oh, Lord? Have mercy on me, and grant me a single day to unite and save my sister's descendants."

In saying these words, the traveller sank on his knees, and lifted his supplicating hands to heaven. Suddenly the wind howled with redoubled violence. The traveller started, and cried out in a voice of terror, "Lord, the wind of death is howling with rage! the spectre! Oh, here it is again! its yellow face is distorted with convulsions, and its red eyes are rolling in their orbits. Away—away—oh! its icy hand has seized mine. Lord have mercy!"

"On!"

"For the descendants of my sister have mercy!"

"On, on!"

"Oh Lord, have mercy! The spectre is dragging me down the hill, my steps are rapid as the death-wind—have mercy!"

"Oh, on!"

"We are now at the threshold of the city—it is yet time—have mercy, Lord, on this slumbering city, that it may not awake with cries of terror, despair, and death. I am now at the gate—it is thy will—Paris, the plague is in thy bosom! cursed, for ever cursed!"

"On, on, on!!!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The following day to that on which the unhappy traveller entered Paris, a good deal of bustle and excitement was taking place in the Hotel de St. Dizier. The Princess with her confidential adviser, Madame Grivois, about midday, were superintending the preparations that were going on in the large saloon. In the centre of this apartment stood a large round table covered with crimson velvet, and surrounded by a

number of chairs, amongst which, in the place of honour, stood a gilded chair. In one corner of the room, on a side-board, was a considerable number of silver plates, which were loaded with the choicest delicacies, and the most exquisite productions that the culinary art could invent. The cause of all this ostentatious display was that the Princess was going to receive with dignity a cardinal, who, along with d'Agrigny, and other dignitaries of the church, were about to partake of a cold collation at the Hotel de St. Dizier.

When the Princess had completed her inspection of the preparations, the noise of carriages entering the court-yard warned her of the arrival of her guests. The Roman cardinal entered; he was a tall spare man, with a villainous squint; a yellow visage, expressive of haughtiness and cunning. A Belgian bishop came next—a short, fat, pot-bellied, apoplectic-looking man, with a composed mien, and a soft, plump, delicate hand.

The visitors were in a short time assembled in the grand saloon, and the cardinal was not long before he planted himself beside the fire; while the bishop, beginning already to puff and perspire, cast a longing eye on the chocolate and iced coffee, which were to enable him to support the excessive heat.

D'Agrigny, approaching the Princess, said to her, in a low voice, "Will you give orders for the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont to be introduced as soon as he arrives?"

"Is that young priest here, then?" inquired the Princess.

"He arrived two days ago. We caused him to be summoned to Paris by his superiors. As to Father Rodin, Madame Grivois will admit him as before, at the little door in the private staircase. He has some important information to give us; and has desired the cardinal and the bishop to be present, for they have been made acquainted, at Rome, with everything by the Father-General."

The Princess having given her orders, began to serve her guests with refreshments; and D'Agrigny, addressing the cardinal, said, "Your eminence will, I have no doubt, approve of what I have done. I did not think it my duty to invite the Bishop of Ellegadon, or the Archbishop of Nauterne; as our interview with Father Rodin and the Abbé Gabriel is strictly private and confidential."

"Our dear father," answered the cardinal, "has acted quite right"; for although the entire Roman Apostolic Church is interested in the Rennepont affair, there are circumstances that must be kept secret."

D'Agrigny then informed the cardinal that an attempt was being made to separate the Church of France from that of Rome, under the pretence that the latter had corrupted the primitive purity of Christ's precepts. The Abbé Gabriel Rennepont, D'Agrigny told the cardinal, was the prime agent in this movement.

"This Abbé Gabriel, then, puts himself up for a reformer. Is he dangerous?" inquired the cardinal.

"His superiors have considered him so, and therefore have summoned him here. I have here a note, which, in a few lines, fully exposes his mischievous tendencies. The following questions respecting several of his acts were addressed to him, to which he replied as follows:—

*Question*: 'Is it true that you rendered the last services to one of your parishioners, who, seeing that he committed suicide, died in the most detestable impenitence?'

*Answer*: 'I rendered him the last services, because he, on account of his guilty end, required the prayers of the Church.'

*Question*: 'Is it true that you refused some sacred vases, and other ornaments, that one of your flock, in his pious zeal, wished to present to your parish?'

*Answer*: 'I refused them, because the house of the Lord should always be humble, and without pomp; so that the faithful may constantly bear in mind that the Saviour was born in a manger.'

**Question :** 'Is it true that you gave shelter and attention, for several days, to a person belonging to the Protestant community? Is it also true, that you not only attempted to convert him to the Catholic faith, but that you so far forgot your duty as to bury him in the ground consecrated for those of our holy communion?'

**Answer :** 'A fellow-creature, an honest and industrious man, who had laboured hard in his youth, became ill, and, when almost dying, he was driven from his wretched abode by a merciless man, to whom he owed a year's rent. I received this old man in my house, and I consoled him in his last moments. The poor creature had toiled and suffered all his life, and yet, at his death, no bitter repining at his fate escaped him; he prayed to God, piously kissed the crucifix, and his pure and simple spirit ascended to the bosom of his Creator. I closed his eyes with respect. I buried him myself; I prayed for him; and, although he died a Protestant, I thought he was a good man, and certainly worthy of resting in our burial-ground.'

"This is rank toleration," said the cardinal; "but what is your object in bringing him here?"

"His position as the heir of Rennepont is somewhat complex; and although he has yielded up his claim in favour of the Society, Father Rodin thinks it would be advisable to remove him out of the way, by sending him to Rome."

"Probably he is right," said the cardinal, after reflecting a moment. "And since we are speaking of Father Rodin, tell me frankly what is your opinion of him?"

"He is," said D'Agrigny, "so reserved and impenetrable, that it is impossible to form a correct estimate of him."

"Don't you consider him ambitious?" asked the cardinal.

"I have," said D'Agrigny, spurred on by his jealousy of Rodin, "discovered in him traits of ambition

as fearful as they are profound, and since it is necessary to be frank with your eminence——”

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of Rodin.

D'Agrigny and the two prelates rose spontaneously on Rodin's appearance. So much were they impressed with this man's superiority, that their countenances, so lately contracted by jealousy and distrust, now appeared to smile upon him with affectionate deference.

Rodin, still shabbily dressed, advanced to the table, not humbly, but with deliberate step and confident mien, conscious of his superior intellect. D'Agrigny then rose, and, addressing the cardinal, said, “I am not going to ask your eminence to judge between father Rodin and myself. Our general has ordered and I have obeyed; but as your eminence will soon see our superior, I should wish you to report to him father Rodin's replies to a few of my questions.”

The cardinal bowed, and Rodin looking at d'Agrigny with an air of astonishment, said, “The matter is settled-- what is the use of your questions?”

“Not to excuse myself, but to place the real state of things before his eminence.”

“Go on, then, but, above all things, no useless matter, for at two o'clock I must be at St. Sulpice.”

“I will be as brief as possible. When your reverence substituted your plan of action for mine, you censured in harsh terms the manner in which I had conducted the interests confided to me—interests which I candidly confess were in jeopardy.”

“Say ruined,” ironically replied Rodin; for you ordered me to write to Rome that all hope must be given up.”

“That is true,” replied d'Agrigny.

“It was, therefore, a patient absolutely despaired of, given up by the ablest physicians, which I undertook to cure.”

“Your reverence,” continued d'Agrigny, “blamed me for the military violence of my measures, which, however, but for an unheard-of fatality, would have led to success.” May I now ask your reverence what—

"What I have done more than you for the Rennepont affair? I will tell you. In the space of the last six weeks, I have joked with a grisette—spoken of humanity, liberty, and the rights of woman to a young enthusiastic girl—talked of the great Napoleon to an old imbecile soldier—spoken of the imperial glory, the humiliation of France, and the hopes of the king of Rome, with a brave Marshal of France—and talked of love with an untamed tiger. How lamentable to see an intelligent man degrade himself by these low means in order to tie together the threads of this obscure plot."

While speaking, Rodin smiled strangely, and his eyes sparkled more than usual; he had felt, for some minutes past, a sort of feverish excitement, which he attributed to his contest with d'Agrigny, who although beginning to regret having begun this struggle, said, with ill-suppressed irony, "I agree with you—your measures are puny, low, and childish; but this is not absolutely sufficient to give an excellent idea of your merits. I shall therefore ask—"

"What my measures have produced? Look at my web, and you will see the beautiful and haughty girl, who, six weeks ago was so proud of her beauty, wit, and courage—now pale, discouraged, and despairing."

"But the chivalrous intrepidity of the young Indian must have made an impression on Adrienne," said the princess.

"Yes; but I have paralysed the effect of that stupid and reckless devotion, by showing her that killing a panther is no proof of a lover's constancy and affection."

"Well," said d'Agrigny, "Adrienne is heart-stricken."

"But how will that affect the Rennepont affair?" inquired the cardinal.

"When our most dangerous enemy quits the field of battle, severely wounded, is not that something gained?" asked Rodin.

"But I wish to know," said d'Agrigny, "how this tempest of the passions will prevent Adrienne and the Prince from gaining the inheritance?"

"Is it from a tranquil or a stormy sky that the thunderbolt bursts?" said Rodin, disdainfully. "As to M. Hardy, I have wounded him in the things nearest to his heart—his workmen, his friend, and his mistress." Rodin here poured out a glass of wine, which he swallowed at a draught, and, passing his hand across his brow, said, "It is strange!"

"What ails you?" anxiously asked the princess.

"I have a slight headache, madame, but it will soon pass off."

"Your eyes appear inflamed, my dear father," said the princess.

"I have been looking too intently at my web," said the Jesuit, with a sardonic smile. "My other flies—the daughter of Marshal Simon, are becoming every day more dejected, and the Marshal, torn by contending thoughts ever since the death of his father, is at present weaker and more irresolute than a child. As to Jacques Rennepont, ask Morok to what state of imbecility, inebriety has reduced this wretch, and toward what abyss he is hastening. Here then is my account—see to what a state of helplessness this family is now reduced, which, six weeks ago, contained so many elements of power and energy, which, if united would have been dangerous. I said, I would work on their passions, and now they are so entangled in my web, that they, in vain, endeavour to escape. They are mine, I tell you—they are mine!"

During the latter part of his boasting assertions, the voice and countenance of Rodin underwent a remarkable change. His cadaverous face became flushed; his eyes, increasing in brilliancy, seemed to become more sunken, and his voice had a quick short sound. The change in his countenance, of which he appeared unconscious, was so singular, that the other actors in this scene regarded him with looks of terror.



Mistaking the cause of this feeling, he cried out in an indignant tone, and with labouring breath; "Are you pitying this impious race? Pity for a girl who never enters a church, and who erects pagan altars in her home? Pity for Hardy the sentimental blasphemer? Pity for the Indian, the disciple of Brahma? Pity for the two sisters, who have never been baptized? Pity for the brute Jaques Rennepont? Pity for the stupid soldier, whose god is Napoleon? Pity for the family of renegades, whose ancestor, an infamous heretic, not content with having defrauded us of our wealth, still excites, from the bottom of his tomb, at the end of a century and a half, his accursed race to rise against us?"

Whilst speaking thus, the Jesuit looked fearfully ferocious, his eyes sparkling with increased brilliancy; his lips dry and parched; the perspiration standing on his brow; and a cold tremor shaking his whole frame. He swallowed another glass of wine, sunk on a chair, and exclaimed, "Oh, how I am suffering!" Then—frightful to behold—his features assumed a cadaverous hue; his eyes, already hollow, filled with blood, and appeared to sink further into their sockets; nervous twitchings convulsed every muscle; his skin turned to a greenish hue; while from his lips rigid with agony, escaped, from time to time, these words, "Oh, how I suffer! I am burning!"

Then yielding to a transport of frenzy, he dug his nails into his naked breast. The spectators hastily interposed to restrain him, when he suddenly arose, as rigid as a corpse, his dress in disorder, his thin grey hairs standing erect, and fixing his red and fiery eyes on the cardinal, in a terrible voice he exclaimed—"Cardinal Malepieri, this illness is too sudden; they distrust me at Rome; you are of the race of Borgia; your secretary was at my house this morning—I am poisoned!"

Doctor Baleinier now hastily entered, when every one made way for him, except d'Agrigny, who was

holding Rodin on his chair. When the doctor had examined him, he started back as if he had trod on a serpent, and exclaimed, "*It is the cholera ! It is the cholera !*"

At these terrible words, d'Agrigny abandoned Rodin, who then fell on the carpet.

"He is lost !" cried the doctor ; "yet I will run and see what can be done for him."

The whole party then fled, and at the door they met Gabriel, when they told him what was the illness of Rodin, and warned him not to enter.

Gabriel, however, ran to Rodin's assistance.

"Oh, they leave me here to die like a dog," exclaimed Rodin, his eyes, lately so red and fiery, meeting the calm blue eyes of Gabriel.

"I am here, father, to give you succour, if it is the Lord's will," said Gabriel.

"Gabriel," murmured the prostrate Jesuit, "pardon me for the injury I have done you, and do not abandon me." Rodin then became senseless.

The evening journals of the same day contained the following announcement : "The cholera is at Paris ; the first case occurred to-day, at half-past three o'clock in the Rue de Babylone, at the hotel St. Dizier.

After this first case, the direful pestilence spread with fearful rapidity ; and mourning, lamentation, and woe prevailed in most of the streets and houses in the plague-visited city. The Place Notre Dame was the scene of the most soul-sickening horrors, for it was to this spot that the greater part of the patients of the neighbouring streets were carried on their way to the Hotel Dieu.

To add to the confusion and consternation of the populace, the most absurd and groundless stories were circulated abroad that the patients in the hospitals were being poisoned, so that they might be got rid of to make room for other patients ; and the maddened and infuriated populace vowed vengeance against the doctors. The streets of Paris swarmed with vile

wretches who plundered and maltreated unprotected persons, and entered the plague-stricken houses and robbed them of whatever they could lay their hands on. Thus was this gay city the scene of the most revolting and horrifying spectacles imaginable.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### COWARDICE AND HEROISM.

To counteract in some measure the wide-spread despondency and gloom which prevailed in the scourge-stricken city, resort was had to various kinds of amusements; at one time a masquerade, at another time a mock court of judicature, before which a criminal representing a Destroying Angel was placed at the bar of justise, and tried for high crimes and misdemeanours; and many other abominable and blasphemous pageants were represented; the actors therein being the vilest scoundrels that could be found in Paris.

The quarryman, who had been such an active agent in the destruction of M. Hardy's factory, had been excluded as too dangerous a character from the society of the Wolves. This wretch, in company with Ciboule, the tall woman who figured so conspicuously in the same outrage, with others of a similar stamp, were nightly committing horrible depredations in several parts of the plague-stricken city. The quarryman and his vile accomplice were the ready instruments which Morok made use of to effect his diabolical designs. While vast numbers of the inhabitants of Paris were paralysed with fear, Morok, Couche-tout-Nu, Nini-Moulin, the quarryman, and others were nightly carousing and indulging in the grosset Bacchanalian orgies—drinking toasts to the scourge that was decimating Paris.

At one of these saturnalias, Couche-tout-Nu ap-

peared to be in a more than usual state of despondency and gloom; and Morock, bantering him again on his foolish passion for the Bacchanalian Queen, taunted him for not taking his glass of liquor like his companions. Couche-tout-Nu, who was then tipsy, retorted by saying that he would contend with him which could drink the most brandy, and still remain in an upright position. Morok accepted the challenge, and forthwith two bottles of brandy were called for. On the waiter bringing the bottles, Couche-tout-Nu poured out a large glass full of the liquor; Morok did the same from his bottle, they then raised the glasses at once to their mouths, and both drank off the liquor before they removed the glasses from their mouths. The beast-tamer appeared to be unaffected by his libation; not so Couche-tout-Nu—in a moment or two his countenance changed, and became of a livid hue—he fell from his seat stiff and rigid as a corpse. Instantly Nini-Moulin and others hastened towards him to render assistance, but they recoiled back on witnessing his horribly-distorted features.

The door of the tavern was now suddenly opened, and a wretched-looking young woman entered; gazing around, she espied the prostrate form of Couche-tout-Nu. Rushing forward, the Bacchanalian Queen, (for it was she) threw herself down by the side of her lover, and twining her arms round his neck, cried out, "Oh, Jaques! Jaques! look upon me—speak to me! It is your own Cephyse who speaks to you!"

The dying youth opened his eyes, and, after gazing on her murmured—

"Oh—Cephyse—are you here?"

"Yes, Jaques, I am here; what can I do for you?"

"Cephyse—have you—kept yourself—innocent—"

The poor girl shook her head in reply.

After an internal struggle, Jaques whispered—"I wished you to get work—to be industrious—and—"

He relapsed again into unconsciousness, and the distracted girl rushed out of the tavern, but quickly

returned with two of those men who were engaged in carrying cholera patients to the hospitals. These men placed the yet breathing form of *Couche-tout-Nu* on a stretcher, and bore it away towards the hospital, closely followed by *Cephyse*. When, however, the men arrived at the hospital, they discovered that poor *Jaques* was dead, and *Cephyse* was in a dreadful agony of grief.

The ridiculous and erroneous impression regarding the poisoning of the patients spread wider and wider; and now a cry arose that the water at the fountain was poisoned. To this unfounded rumour another was added, it being stated that some wretches had been detected throwing arsenic into the tankards which usually stand on the counters of the wine merchants. *Goliath*, who had been delivering a message from *Morok*, called at one of these wine-stores, and, after having drank two glasses of wine, he paid for them; and whilst waiting for his change, he accidentally placed his hand on the top of a tankard that was standing within his reach. His uncouth aspect and singular gestures had already aroused the suspicions of the tavern-keeper, and when he saw him place his hand on the mouth of the tankard, he cried out, in alarm, "*Mon Dieu! you have just thrown something into that tankard!*"

Several persons in the house, on hearing the wine-seller say this, came up to the counter, and one of those cried out—"He is a poisoner!"

*Goliath*, ignorant of the reports that prevailed, did not understand the accusation; and, depending on his strength, he shrugged his shoulders, and demanded his change.

The tavern-keeper told him he should have his change when he told what he had put in the tankard; and the company, taking sides with the wine-seller, became clamorous, and again accused *Goliath* of having put poison in the tankard. One of the more forward of the company then seized the giant, saying, "*Rascal,*

you shall be arrested for attempting to poison the people!" Goliath, now seeing that he was in an awkward position, struck this man a tremendous blow, which knocked him down; then, turning round, the giant rushed from the tavern, and ran in the direction of the Place Notre Dame, followed by the crowd, crying out, "Stop the poisoner!"

A butcher's lad, who was passing, hearing this cry, threw his basket between Goliath's legs, which tripped him up; then the butcher rushed upon him, crying, "Help! help! he is a poisoner!" The crowd which was surrounding the entrance to the Hotel Dieu, among whom was the quarryman and Ciboule, his companion, now ran to see this contest, and the crowd who had pursued the pretended poisoner arrived at the same time in the Place Notre Dame. Goliath, seeing that he was lost if he did not free himself from his adversary, struck a terrific blow, which broke the butcher's jaw-bone, and succeeded in getting away from him. But the mob, by this time, had surrounded the giant on all sides, and the cries of the butcher inflaming the passions of the multitude, made Goliath's situation terribly dangerous. Seeing that flight was impossible, the giant placed himself in a defensive position. Ciboule, the quarryman's companion, now threw her wooden shoe at Goliath's head with so much force and dexterity, that it struck him on the eye, which it forced from the socket.

The giant, in his agony, raised his hand to his face, and uttered a cry. Instead, however, of waiting the onset of his assailants, Goliath rushed madly on those within his reach. Such a struggle was too unequal to last long, but despair doubling the strength of the giant, the combat was terrible. For some minutes he was almost entirely hidden by a swarm of his assailants; his sinewy arm was now seen raised aloft and then descending on the heads of his foes like a sledge hammer; but the quarryman coming up, Goliath was at length overturned. A vociferous savage shout

announced his fall. Then began one of those scenes of savage barbarity worthy of cannibals. A hundred arms were raised against him, and he was beaten and trampled under foot amid furious shouts of "Death to the poisoner!" The giant lay apparently dead for some time. At length, however, he raised his head, and gained with difficulty a sitting posture; he presented a horrid spectacle—bruised, covered with mud, his breast naked and lacerated, the blood gushing from his mouth—while he with difficulty uttered these words: "Mercy! mercy! I am not a poisoner!"

This instance of apparent resurrection had a sudden effect upon the crowd, and for a moment all recoiled in terror, except the quarryman, who, by a violent kick off the breast, prostrated his victim, whose head fell violently on the pavement. At this juncture, the Abbé de Agrigny, who was struggling through the crowd, cried out, "Stop! stop! he is innocent. Cowards! assassins! you shall answer for his life!"

"Do you know this poisoner?" asked the quarryman, seizing the Jesuit by the collar; "perhaps you are also a poisoner."

"Wretch!" cried d'Agrigny, "take your hand away."

D'Agrigny freed himself from the grasp of the quarryman, but in the struggle, a bottle, filled with a greenish liquor, fell from his pocket, and rolled near to where the prostrate giant lay. The quarryman seized the bottle, and uncorking it, said to the Jesuit, "What is this?"

"It is not poison," said d'Agrigny.

"Then drink of it," demanded the quarryman.

"Not I," said the Jesuit, pushing away the bottle from him.

"It is poison! he dare not drink it!" cried the crowd.

The bottle contained highly volatilized salts, as dangerous to drink as poison.

"If you do not drink," said the quarryman, "you

shall die like your companion ; for you are a poisoner of the people."

"To drink that is death !" cried the Jesuit.

"Hear that !" shouted the crowd ; "he confesses it is poison."

The quarryman then directed his female companion to finish the expung Goliath, while he undertook to settle with d'Agrigny.

Two parties were now formed, one of which, headed by Ciboule, despatched Goliath, and then threw his body into the river ; the other headed by the quarryman, seized d'Agrigny, and appeared bent upon his destruction. After struggling for some time with his implacable foe, the Jesuit succeeded in freeing himself from the powerful grasp of the quarryman, and retreated slowly before the crowd, endeavouring to ward off the blows that were aimed at him, until he came to a small door-way in the church wall, which afforded him a partial shelter from the attacks of his assailants ; but the quarryman, wishing to deprive him of this chance of safety, rushed upon him, to drag him out in the midst of the crowd, where he would have been trampled to death. Fear, however, imparted sufficient strength to d'Agrigny to repulse the quarryman, and he remained as if riveted to the corner in which he had found shelter. The resistance of the victim increased the rage of the assailants, and the cries of death resounded with increased violence. The quarryman again rushed on the Jesuit, whose strength was now exhausted. "To die from the blows of these brutes, after having so many times escaped death on the field of battle !" such was the thought that passed through d'Agrigny's mind when the quarryman resumed his attack. Suddenly, and at the moment when the Jesuit, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, called aloud for help, the door against which he was leaning was opened, and a firm hand hastily drew him into the church. The quarryman, who found himself face to face to the person that had, as it were, taken the place



of the victim, now recoiled a few paces, struck with surprise at the sudden appearance of this apparition, and filled with a vague sentiment of admiration and respect for him who had so miraculously rescued d'Agrigny.

It was Gabriel. The young missionary stood at the threshold of the door. His countenance shone with such angelic sweetness, and was beaming with such tender compassion, that the crowd felt moved, when Gabriel, his large blue eyes wet with tears, and his hands raised in supplication, cried out, "Mercy, my brethren; be humane—be just!"

"No mercy for a poisoner! Give him up, or we will come and take him."

"What, my brethren, in the church! in a place of sanctity and refuge for all who are oppressed!" replied Gabriel.

"The poisoner is in the church," said the quarryman; "we must bring him out;" and, followed by the determined rabble, he approached Gabriel, who, having expected this event, drew hastily back into the church, and barricaded the door in the best manner he could, crying out, at the same time to d'Agrigny to make his escape by the vestry, for that every place else was closed. The Jesuit, exhausted and covered with bruises, thinking he was in safety, had thrown himself on a chair, and at the sound of Gabriel's voice, he rose, and with difficult and tottering steps, endeavoured to reach the choir, which was surrounded by a railing; but his strength failing, he reeled, and fell senseless on the ground. Gabriel, finding that he could not hold the door any longer, ran as quick as thought, and dragged d'Agrigny under the choir. When he came out, and was fastening the door, the quarryman and his band rushed into the church. The young missionary, who had been all but crucified by the savage—the Rocky Mountains, had too much courage not to lose his life for d'Agrigny, who had deceived him with such base and cruel hypocrisy.

The quarryman, his eyes sparkling with rage, ran up to Gabriel, who was standing in front of the choir, and said, "Where is the poisoner?"

"Who told you he was a poisoner, my brethren?" asked Gabriel; "where are the proofs? Where are the witnesses and the victims?"

"We are not at confession now," retorted the quarryman; "we must have him, or we'll take you instead."

"Yes," cried several voices, "we must have one of them."

"Well, here I am," said Gabriel, advancing with calm and dignified resignation. "You wish for blood; take mine, and I will forgive you, for your reason is blinded by rage."

"The poisoner is behind the railing," cried one of the crowd. "Look, there, he is lying on the cushion."

The crowd now rushed toward the choir. Gabriel lost all hope of saving the Jesuit, yet he cried out, throwing himself in front of them, "Stop, madmen, stop! do you want to take his life?"

"Yes, yes," cried the crowd.

"Well then, let him die," said the missionary; "let him die instantly."

These words struck the crowd with surprise.

"This man is guilty, you say," resumed Gabriel, in a voice trembling with emotion. "You have condemned him without proofs—without witnesses; no matter—he must die. You accuse him of being a poisoner—and his victims—where are they? You know not. What does that signify—you have condemned him. His defence—that sacred right of every one accused—you have refused to hear—it matters not—you have passed sentence upon him. You are at the same time accusers, judges, and executioners. What! you have never seen this unfortunate man before—he has never done you any harm—you know not whether he has ever harmed any one, and you take upon yourselves the terrible responsibility of his death. Let it be so;

the condemned shall die—the sanctity of God's house shall not save him!"

"Not so!" shouted a number of voices.

"You wish to spill his blood in the temple of the Lord," continued Gabriel. "It is, you say, your right. You administer terrible justice, but what need of so many robust arms to punish a dying man? Why so much fury and violence? Is it thus that the people, equitable and powerful, administer justice? No, no, when they know they are right they strike their enemy with the calmness of an upright judge, not with blind fury, and in uttering cries of rage, as if they wished to stun themselves while committing some base and horrible assassination. No, it is not thus that the formidable right you are about to exercise, ought to be fulfilled; for you still desire it?"

"Yes," cried the quarryman, and several others, while the rest remained mute, astounded at the words of Gabriel, who described to them in such vivid colours, the odious crime they were about to commit. "Yes, it is our right, and we will kill the poisoner."

The quarryman, followed by a resolute group, advanced, and by his gestures seemed as if he intended pushing Gabriel aside, but the missionary, instead of reproaching him, took him by the arm, saying, in a firm voice, "Come!" and then led the astonished quarryman, whom his companions hesitated to follow, into the choir, right up to the body of d'Agriigny, and said, "Here is your victim—you have condemned him—strike!"

"What I only!" cried the quarryman.

"Oh!" replied Gabriel, "there is no danger—he is exhausted by suffering—there is scarcely a breath of life in him—he will offer no resistance—fear nothing—strike him—here are the judges, and you are the executioner."

"No," cried the quarryman, drawing back, "I am not the executioner."

The crowd was mute, and for some minutes not a

word, not a cry, broke the solemn silence that reigned in the cathedral. In this desperate moment Gabriel had acted with a profound knowledge of the human heart. When a savage multitude rushes on its victim, and every one strikes his blow, this sort of murder in common appears less horrible, because its responsibility is divided; but select one of them, tell him to strike, and you will find he will recoil at the idea. So was it with the quarryman. Some of the band accused him of cowardice.

"If," said he, "there is any one bolder than I am, let him become the executioner."

This proposition was followed by a profound silence.

D'Agrigny uttered a cry of agony, raised his head for a moment, and then fell back, as if he had expired. Gabriel rushed to where he lay, and fell on his knees, saying, "Oh God, he is dead!"

These words were circulated among the crowd, while Gabriel was endeavouring to feel the beating of the Jesuit's pulse.

"Is there no hope?" asked the quarryman of Gabriel.

"God be praised!" cried Gabriel, "his heart still beats; quick, and help me to carry him to a neighbouring house, where he will be attended to."

The quarryman obeyed with eagerness, and when his companions saw him, aided by the young priest, carrying the man, whom they had so lately pursued with cries of death, they were seized with a sudden fit of pity, and were all anxious to offer their services. A boy now ran for a coach, and while they were waiting, Gabriel, hearing d'Agrigny heave a deep sigh, exclaimed, "He is saved!"

"So much the better," cried several voices.

"Yes, so much the better, my brethren," resumed Gabriel, "for instead of being overwhelmed with remorse for a crime, you will have to remember a just and charitable action. Let us thank God that he has changed your blind fury into compassion." Gabriel

then knelt down, and was respectfully imitated by all present. After Gabriel's prayer, the organist, who had witnessed the scene, gave a voluntary on the organ, at first in solemn and subdued tones, gradually changing into grand and lofty strains, which rose to heaven like the song of gratitude and love. The coach having arrived, d'Agreigny, who had now recovered his senses, desired to be taken to the Rue de Vaugirard, where, accompanied by Gabriel, he was driven, amidst the respectful adieus of the crowd.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### SCHEMES AND COUNTER-SCHEMES.

FOR some time the life of Rodin was in the utmost jeopardy, and the dignitaries of the Order, especially Cardinal Malipieri, were extremely anxious that he should receive the sacrament, and make a full confession. Doctor Baleinier was in constant attendance upon his patient, and all his entreaties and warnings to induce Rodin to make confession were of no avail. He obstinately refused to comply with the wishes of the doctor and all others who attempted to reason with him on the subject; telling them in an irreverent and imperious tone that he was not going to die; that he had some grand and important objects to accomplish before he succumbed to death.

Rodin had during his affliction imbibed a bitter hatred towards the Cardinal Malipieri, which was intensified by the patient overhearing a conversation that took place between the cardinal and two or three others belonging to the Order, wherein they were discussing the propriety of having Rodin's body embalmed, and publicly exhibiting it, as a means to further the interests of the Order. The cardinal was extremely urgent in advocating this matter, and spoke with so

much warmth and in so loud a tone, that Rodin heard all he said, and therefore bitterly hated him.

On the cardinal's next visit to Rodin, after the conversation, all the efforts of his eminence to induce the patient to speak to him were in vain. Rodin pretended to be sleeping, or, if he stirred, he made such significant gestures, that Malipieri could not mistake them. Whilst the cardinal was pestering Rodin, the door suddenly opened, and d'Agrigny entered, saying, "Excellent news!"

Rodin started at these words, and raising himself up, he made a sign for d'Agrigny to approach, and, in a voice scarcely audible, he said—

"I am very ill—the cardinal has almost finished me, but if this excellent news relates to the Rennepont affair, I believe it will save me."

"Then you are saved," cried d'Agrigny, forgetting the caution of Doctor Baleinier, who ordered silence on all important matters, in the presence of Rodin—"Yes, you are saved—read and congratulate yourself, for your predictions are beginning to be verified."

When Rodin had read the paper that d'Agrigny handed to him, he cried out—"There is one of them—it is beginning—it is taking effect." A proud smile of triumph now passed over his hideous features, and his emotion was so great, that the paper dropped from his trembling hand.

The cardinal asked d'Agrigny the purport of the intelligence which so affected Rodin; and was answered by being told that Jacques Rennepont, one of the claimants to the Rennepont inheritance, had died through the effects of a Bacchanalian orgie.

A knock was now heard at the door; and on d'Agrigny going to see who was there, he found Doctor Baleinier's assistant, who presented him with a package of papers, saying he had been requested to give them to d'Agrigny.

The Abbé then returned to Rodin, and having opened the packet, he found it contained several notes, each

in a different handwriting. Rodin requested the Abbé to read the notes aloud to him. D'Agrigny acquiesced, and the first that he read was as follows:—

"Florine has died of the cholera; and what is worse, this miserable creature, before her death, acknowledged to Mademoiselle de Cardoville that she had acted as a spy on her for a long time, by the order of M. Rodin."

The second note was to the following effect:—  
"Marshal Simon is a little better; he passed, a short time since, two hours in the company of his daughters, a thing which has not occurred for some time past. The hard countenance of Dagobert is assuming every day a more joyous expression. This is regarded as a certain sign of the Marshal's convalescence."

The Abbé then took up a third note, which ran thus:—"It is feared that Agricola Baudoin has discovered that his old master, M. Hardy, is residing in our house, and that he has succeeded in conveying a letter to him. This is very unfortunate."

The cardinal attempted to give consolation and encouragement to the Abbé and Rodin, who were greatly cast down at this adverse intelligence.

"Let us now peruse the last note," resumed d'Agrigny; "I have confidence enough in the person who sent it to be answerable for the accuracy of its contents." He then read as follows:—

"Three days ago Gabriel, who had never before visited Mademoiselle de Cardoville, entered her hotel at half-past one in the afternoon, and remained until five; immediately after his departure, two servants, also, left the hotel, one of whom went to the residence of Marshal Simon, and the other to that of Agricola Baudoin, and afterwards to that of Prince Djalma. Yesterday, about midday, Marshal Simon and his two daughters visited Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and shortly after, Gabriel, accompanied by Agricola Baudoin, also visited her. Agricola, on his departure, went to a wine merchant's in the Rue de la Harpe. About half an hour after he was joined by a tall man

blind in the left eye; an animated conversation took place between them, but unfortunately it could not be overheard. Agricola gave the man a little packet, which from its size, and the profound air of gratitude with which the other received it, appeared to contain gold. He also gave him a letter, and then they separated with a promise to meet on the following day. The man was followed to the house in the Rue Vaugirard, which he entered. The next day they again met at the wine merchant's, when the man gave Agricola a letter, which the latter read with apparent satisfaction; they then departed, and Agricola was followed to the house of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. On the same evening two distinguished advocates, and a judge, held a conference at Mademoiselle de Cardoville's, at which Agricola, and two other of M. Hardy's workmen were present. To-day Prince Djalma visited Marshal Simon, and after remaining about three hours, he and the Marshal went out in the direction of Mademoiselle de Cardoville's: a warrant has just been issued against a man named Leonard, the agent of the Baron Frippeaud. He is suspected of being the author of the fire at M. Hardy's factory. From all this it is evident that the Hotel de Cardoville, has lately become the centre of active proceedings, in which Adrienne, Gabriel, and Agricola, are the most indefatigable and it is feared, the most dangerous agents."

The effect of this note on Rodin may be easily imagined. There he lay in a state of utter helplessness, as he saw falling asunder, piece by piece, his laborious scaffolding.

After lying for some time in deep thought, Rodin suddenly leaped out of bed. D'Agrigny rushed toward him to persuade him to lie down again, but he pushed the Abbé on one side, and proceeded with a grave step to a writing-desk, sat down, took a pen, and began to write with a firm hand.

D'Agrigny again attempted to induce Rodin to go back to his bed, but he shrugged his shoulders, and



shortly gave the Abbé the note he had just written. After he had perused the note, d'Agrigny cried out, "Astonishing! this will neutralise the efforts of Gabriel and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who appear, in fact, to be the most dangerous leaders in this coalition."

The cardinal and d'Agrigny were expressing their surprise at the almost miraculous resuscitation of the nearly dying man, when Rodin presented another note, accompanied by a paper on which were written these words:—"To be executed immediately."

D'Agrigny having read this second note, cried, "That is right, I did not think of that; so, then, the correspondence of M. Hardy, instead of proving unfortunate, may, on the contrary, produce the best results."

Doctor Balienier now entered, and was thunderstruck at seeing Rodin out of bed and writing. The doctor went up to his patient, felt his pulse, and expressed his astonishment at its regular beating. He turned to d'Agrigny and the cardinal, and inquired by what miraculous power this wonderful change had been accomplished.

D'Agrigny and the cardinal replied that some disagreeable intelligence had, as it were for a time paralysed the faculties of father Rodin, then, in an instant, new life seemed imparted to him, and he sprung from his bed, and commenced writing.

"This crisis is favourable," said the doctor, "but it will not last long; and if we do not profit immediately from it by commencing the operation I mentioned to you, I will not, I tell you plainly, be answerable for the result; in a word reverend father, do you wish to live or not?"

Rodin hastily penned these words—"To live I would permit my legs and arms to be cut off."

"I must tell you, my reverend father, to prevent you hesitating, that this operation is an extremely painful one."

Rodin shrugged his shoulders, and penned again

with a firm hand—"Leave me my head, you may take the rest."

"You must, my reverend father, get into bed again."

Rodin answered in writing—"Prepare, I have orders to write which are urgent. Tell me when you are ready."

He then wrote on a piece of paper, which he gave to d'Agrigny, accompanied with a note, the following words:—"Send this note immediately to the agent that addressed the anonymous letters to Marshal Simon."

The patient was now assisted to the bed; a slight relapse took place, and he was in a fainting state for a short time.

The doctor's assistant now arrived, bringing with him a case of instruments. .

Doctor Balicnier, after administering a restorative potion to Rodin, turned to three ecclesiastics whom he had brought with him to assist in performing the operation, and said, "My reverend fathers, what you have to do will be very simple, and, with the blessing of the Lord, this operation will save the life of our dear Abbé Rodin."

The three black robes raised their eyes to heaven, and then bowed simultaneously.

Rodin, quite indifferent to what was passing, had not ceased writing, yet from time to time his difficult breathing somewhat alarmed the doctor, who, going up to his patient, said, "Courage, my reverend father; now is the important moment."

No sign of fear manifested itself on the features of the Jesuit. For an instant he glanced round on the witnesses of this scene; then he folded up a note, and having placed it on a table, made a sign to the doctor, signifying that he was ready.

"In the first place, you must take off your shirt and flannel waistcoat, my dear Abbé," said the doctor; "we want to get to both sides of your chest."

The operation was then proceeded with; and from

the contortions and hideous grimaces of the patient was extremely painful. When the operation had been going on for a short time, Rodin made a sign that he wished to write. The doctor humoured him, and the patient penned the following notes, and handed them to d'Agrigny:—

"It is better not to lose time. Warn Baron Fripeaud immediately of the warrant issued against his agent, Leonard, so that he may provide against it."

The other note ran thus:—"Send B. to Faranghea, from whom he will receive a report of the latest events concerning Djalma. B. will return here immediately with the report."

The operation again recommenced, and, without further stoppage was concluded, and successfully concluded to the satisfaction and delight of all parties concerned—Rodin's chest was relieved—his breathing was free and unimpeded—his voice was restored to its natural tone—in short, the cure was completely successful.

This astonishing restoration had not been accomplished without the most excruciating pain to the sufferer. Four or five large round holes were cauterised or burnt in Rodin's breast. The patient looked at them for a few minutes; a strange smile played on his lips, and casting a glance at d'Agrigny, he said, while counting the wounds: "Father d'Agrigny—what a presage! look here—one Rennepont—two—three—four—Where is the fifth? Oh, here it is! this one will count for two. Yes, I say, this impious race will be reduced to dust, like the pieces of my flesh that have been reduced to ashes. I say it—and it will take place—for I resolved to live—and behold me!"

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## ELUCIDATIONS.

WE will now conduct our readers to that miserable portion of the city the Rue Clovis—now, alas! rendered more miserable by the desolating scourge which was sweeping households into eternity by its withering blast. The little shop kept by Mother Arsène was now closed, the body of its once thrifty occupant was lying uncoffined in a little room, the cholera having struck down the poor woman that very morning. In a third story above the shop were two miserable creatures—sisters—who were at that very moment devising and carrying out a plan to put an end to their miserable existence. The one sister was pure and innocent, the other was tainted with vice and profligacy. Yet the poor Mayeux loved her sister Cephyse as ardently and devotedly as ever one sister loved another.

These two sisters, brought to the extreme verge of destitution, had resolved to end their misery by a suicidal death—through the fumes of burning charcoal. All their arrangements were carried on and completed without any reflection on the sinfulness of the act they were about to perpetrate. The charcoal was laid in the stove—ignited—and every crevice in the room closed—when the two victims threw themselves down on their pallet to await the fatal denouement. As the hours went on, they discoursed together on their sensations and feelings, until the effect of the noxious vapour appeared to have wrought its fatal effects on the poor Mayeux.

But hark! what noise is that? Footsteps are heard on the stairs; and Cephyse starts and rises from the pallet. Some one is trying the door. "I will not survive my sister!" cries Cephyse, rushing to the window, and, as the door is burst open, the poor girl

throws herself out of the aperture—three story's from the ground.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville and Agricola Baudoin entered the room together, and were nearly overpowered by the suffocating vapour. Adrienne cried out that the unfortunate child had killed herself. Agricola told her that at the moment he was entering the room, he saw a human form disappear from the window.

On looking round, Adrienne discovered the Mayeux laid upon the pallet, and, kneeling down, she placed her hand on the poor girl's breast, but felt no pulsation. In a little while, however, the fresh air coming in at the door and window had the effect of partially reviving her; and Adrienne told Agricola to run for help, while she tried the effect of her smelling-bottle.

Agricola ran down stairs, and searched for Cephyse, whom he found laid in a neighbouring house, into which she had been taken. The poor girl was unconscious, and evidently at the point of death. Seeing that he could do nothing for the dying girl, he asked a decent-looking woman to go back with him to render assistance to the Mayeux. When, however, they got to the chamber, the poor girl was so far recovered as not to need assistance.

Agricola, seeing that the service of the woman was not required, whispered to her, saying, "Come, we will go back, and see what we can do for her poor sister;" so they departed together.

When Adrienne and the Mayeux were left together, they held a long conversation on the various trials and sufferings which each had had to endure, Adrienne informing the poor girl of the perfidy of Rodin; of Florine's confession before her death; and of several other matters relating to the persecutions which Adrienne's family had endured through the vile machinations of the Jesuits. The Mayeux was surprised and grieved at hearing these statements; and expressed her sorrow that so kind-hearted a lady as she had ever found Mademoiselle de Cardoville, should have to suffer so severely.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Agricola and Rose Pompon. Adrienne's heart bounded with indignation on recognising the young girl she had seen in company with Djalma, at the Porte St. Martin. Rose also recognised Adrienne as the person who had sat opposite to her in the theatre, at the time of the adventure with the black panther; and being glad at this unexpected encounter with her rival, she threw on her a glance of malicious joy, which it would be impossible to describe.

The silly young girl boasted with the greatest effrontery of the part she had acted with so much success in arousing the jealousy of Adrienne, and in fascinating the affections of Djalma; and whilst recounting the various stratagems she made use of to effect her object, she displayed such a bold and indelicate demeanour, that Adrienne pitied her, being convinced that Rose was no other than one of those fallen creatures that had forsook the paths of virtue, and now gloried in her shame.

Adrienne, anxious to have her mind set at ease regarding Djalma, asked Rose to accompany her into another room, where they could converse together with more freedom. The young girl consented; and, during the conversation that followed, the mind of Adrienne was relieved of the weight that had oppressed it on Djalma's account; Rose acknowledging that, after all her efforts to lure and fascinate the Prince, he remained indifferent to her professions of love, and that his affection for Adrienne was so strong that all that wealth or beauty could present to him would not be able to remove it.

Before the two separated, Rose who was not wholly corrupted, begged Adrienne's pardon for having acted the part she had been acting; and this being freely granted her, the somewhat sobered girl went down stairs, and Adrienne returned to the Mayeux.

An affecting scene happened between the Mayeux and Agricola, during the time that Adrienne and Rose

Pompon were conversing together in another apartment. Agricola, with deep emotion said to the Mayeux, "Now that we are by ourselves, I can tell you what it is that weighs heavy on my heart—do you not know that what you have done is terrible indeed? To die of misery and despair, and not call in our help!"

"Listen to me, Agricola."

"You can have no excuse. Where was the use of your pretended affection for your brother and sister, when you determine to leave the world by a rash act, in the hour of trouble; it would seem to say of your relatives, 'you are nothing to me.'"

"Forgive me, you are right, Agricola. But misery and want of work."

"Would I not have helped you?"

"Despair."

"Why are you a victim to despair. A good lady admitted you into her home and family, and you became a favourite with her, and at the moment when we all thought you was happy, you wandered away, leaving us in a dreadful state of anxiety as to your fate."

"I was afraid of becoming a burthen to my benefactress." With a look of thoughtfulness Agricola gazed on the poor girl, who at length exclaimed:

"What are you meditating about, Agricola?"

"I was thinking of the pain that I have given you."

"Explain yourself, Agricola, have you injured me?"

"Did I not make use of a sobriquet odiously ridiculous, instead of calling you by your own proper name."

The Mayeux fearful lest Agricola should know her secret, looked at him in terror, tryed to calm herself by thinking that perhaps he only reflected on the humiliation she felt at being called the Mayeux; she therefore attempted to smile, and answered,

"Surely you are not troubled at this childish freak, besides, your mother, who loved me as a daughter, always called me the same."

"Was it my mother who spoke to you of my wedding?"

'Who conversed with you of the great beauty of her I loved? who wished to bring you into her company that you might discover her true character, so that you might be the better able to tell whether I had made a judicious choice or not? Speak, was my mother guilty of such cruelty as this? No, it was I who thus wounded your heart.'

The Mayeux in great fear concluded that Agricola knew her secret, and was overwhelmed with confusion; yet, trying to be calm, she said, "Yes, it was you, and not your mother, and I was pleased at your confidence."

"No, no, not pleased," cried Agricola, "for my conduct was cruel towards you, but I did not know it."

"Why do you think so?" asked the Mayeux.

"Because you were in love with me," said Agricola, his voice tremulous with emotion, at the same time fondly and affectionately embracing the Mayeux.

"Oh, Heaven! he knows all!" cried the poor girl.

"I do know all," said Agricola, affectionately, "and you need not blush for a sentiment which makes me feel proud. The noblest heart in the whole world, is and ever shall be mine. Madeline, come, shame belongs to bad passions; lift your eyes, and look up into my countenance—you know that it never portrayed a false emotion. Do you hear, Madeline?—cheer up, and learn how proud I shall feel of your love."

Overcome by the excitement through which she had passed, the Mayeux was some time before she could look into the face of Agricola, but at length, after a great many assurances of requited love on the part of Agricola, in which he told her of the strength and fervour of his attachment, and the hope that in the future their happiness would be completed, her confidence and self-possession returned. "Your kind words, Agricola, have dispelled the doubts which drove me to despair," said the Mayeux, with a sweet smile, "I attempted to commit suicide under the influence of despair brought on by unrequited affection, but now I am happy. This day, so fatally begun, has a joyous termination. I have



found my benefactress. and I am easy with regard to my sister in the future. Shall I not see her soon, for I wish her to share in my happiness?"

"My dear Madeline, it will be prudent to let her remain quiet to-day," replied Agricola, tenderly.

"I shall be patient, then. How sweet Madeline sounds from your lips. Your charming Angèle and your children, Agricola! will also call me the good Madeline!"

Adrienne, who had been a witness to part of this scene, now entered, and said, "This is one of the happiest days of my life, for others are happy as well as myself."

"Despite my promise, mademoiselle," said Agricola, "I have told Madeline that I knew she loved me."

"I have no need to be ashamed of my love for Agricola, even before you, mademoiselle, who have been so good to me that I cannot find words to express the depth of my gratitude to you."

"The plans of the wicked often turn against themselves, my friend," said Adrienne. "The poor Florine was ordered to steal your journal; this affair, which very nearly caused your death, has brought to light the plotting of my enemies. Now we are more united and happy than ever. Courage! then, our turn will come next."

"Oh, what pleasure it will be to unmask them," said Agricola.

"You are to have an interview with M. Hardy to-morrow, remember," said Adrienne.

"I have not forgot it, nor your generous offer either."

"Tell him the money to rebuild his factory is at his service, but persuade him above all to quit the house he is now in, for he has many reasons to distrust those who surround his path."

"I shall prevail with him, mademoiselle, for he has the utmost confidence in my fidelity."

"Cheer up, then, Monsieur Agricola," said Adrienne.

"Come with me, and I will give you a letter for M.

Hardy, and you must let me know the result of your visit. You can either write to me, or come to my house on the following day at mid-day.

As they all left in the carriage along with Adrienne, the Mayeux expressed a wish to see her sister, but Agricola told her it would not be proper to delay Mademoiselle de Cardolle, who was anxious to return home.

Adrienne, distrusting everybody about Djalma, thought from what she had heard from Rose, that she had found means to get a letter into the hands of the prince that evening.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### AUSPICIOUS ANTICIPATIONS.

ON the evening of the same day that the Mayeux was saved from committing suicide, a coach drove up the Rue Blanche, where the house occupied by Djalma is situated; the coachman descended from his box at the direction of the occupant of the coach, who in a strong Italian accent said, "Search for a little door in the wall; it is No. 50."

With the assistance of his lantern the coachman at last discovered the door and cried, "Is this right? here is a little door, just beside is the No. 50?"

"Yes; give three knocks, pause, and then give three more, say to the person who comes to the door, 'They are waiting for you;' and bring him to the coach."

The coachman followed the directions exactly. A man enveloped in a mantle came out at the little door, and entered into deep conversation with the Italian in the coach. Another coach came up at that moment, from which a man alighted, and entered at the little door.

"All is settled then?" said the Italian.

"Yes, so far as we can see, monsieur."

"Continue to merit the confidence of him you serve."

"I shall, monsieur, because I admire the man of powerful mind. I could worship him, for his religion, like mine, is to change life into nothingness."

"Hem! That is foreign to our purpose!"

"He knows my devotion to him. Were he to bid me strike; then this prince would —"

"Do not think any such thing," said the Italian. "I know your intelligence, zeal, and perseverance, and that you are able to circumvent this young Indian, and knowing this I have acquainted you with all. You are devoted to the man whom you serve, strive ever to be obedient. Remember, and prove yourself worthy of the confidence placed in you."

"Will he soon be able to hear me, monsieur?"

"Yes, in a day or two. Yesterday a providential crisis saved him, and he has so much energy that his cure will be very rapid."

Just after the clock had struck the hour of midnight Cardinal Malipieri departed; and Faranghea, who was the man in the mantle, was about to unlock the door, when, to his great surprise, it was opened, and a man came out, whom Faranghea seized. After some little altercation, the stranger said his name was Dupont, secretary to Mademoiselle de Cardoville. M. Dupont then told his interlocutor that he had seen him before at the Hotel de Cardoville, where he was humanely treated after being shipwrecked. He then entered the coach, and departed.

On the following day Djalma, after impatiently pacing the little saloon, and reading for the twentieth time the letter he had received from Adrienne, ordered his carriage to be ready at half-past two. Faranghea anxiously watched every movement of the prince.

After a short time Faranghea began to speak in terms of congratulation to the Prince on the reciprocal love which now existed between Mademoiselle de Cardoville and Prince Djalma; and had the effrontery to attribute the successful issue to the wise counsel and advice which he (Faranghea) had given to Djalma.

The Prince looked at Faranghea, and was about to speak harshly to him, but he checked himself, and remarked, in a cool tone of voice, that he was much indebted to him for his faithful services.

Faranghea, however, continued to extol the part he had acted in bringing Adrienne to look with favour on the Prince, until Djalma looked irritated, and gave his tormentor to understand that he strongly suspected him of being insincere in his professions of fidelity to himself.

Faranghea was about to defend himself, but the Prince bade him desist; and as it was now nearly half-past two, he presented his hand to Faranghea and said, "I am about to depart, come, let us part friends; and you strive to deserve my friendship."

The Prince then left the apartment, got into his carriage, and was driven off to the Hotel de Cardoville.

Being ushered into the presence of Adrienne, the Prince, notwithstanding his impetuosity, approached her with a timid step and downcast eye, which betrayed the deepest emotion; and Adrienne, too, notwithstanding her knowledge of the world, and her proud and independent spirit, was not less embarrassed. Djalma at length raised his eyes; they were humid, and sparkled with the ardour of youth. His exalted admiration for beauty was pictured in his passionate glance, which was, however, imprinted with respectful timidity, that gave to his countenance an indefinable expression; so, when Adrienne met the glance of the prince, her whole body trembled. Endeavouring to calm her feelings, she arose, with grace and dignity, and said, "Prince, I am happy to receive you here;" then, pointing to one of the portraits, she added, "Prince, my mother."

Djalma understood Adrienne's allusion, and gracefully bending on one knee, he said, looking at the portrait, in a soft manly voice, "I shall love you and bless you, and my mother also will, in my thoughts, be present by the side of her child."

Adrienne then pointed to a seat, and said, "Sit down, cousin, let us call each other by this name; and now let us talk like friends."

"Yes, cousin," replied Djalma.

"Now, as frankness is best between friends," said Adrienne, smiling, "I must reproach you for being so late."

"Perhaps, my cousin, you will blame me for not coming later."

"What do you mean?"

"When I left my house, a man approached my carriage, and implored me to go to the assistance of Marshal Simon, who, he said, was in great danger."

"It was a snare," said Adrienne, "for an hour has scarcely elapsed since the Marshal called here."

"Then I am relieved of a great weight; this happy day, at least, will not be saddened."

"But how was it you did not suspect this emissary?"

"I thought the Marshal might be in danger, for I know he has enemies."

"You were right; our enemies are implacable; but our happiness will triumph over their hatred! We will still talk a few minutes of the past, which has been so painful to us, and then forget it like a dream. How could you show yourself in public with that—"

"With that young girl?"

"Yes," replied Adrienne.

"A stranger to the customs of your country, I was misled by the mischievous advice of a man devoted to our enemies! I was told that in exciting your jealousy—"

"I understand," interrupted Adrienne. "One question more; did you receive the letter I sent you on the morning of the day I saw you at the theatre?"

Djalma replied not; a sombre cloud passed over his fine countenance, which for a moment assumed an aspect so threatening, that a momentary terror crept over the senses of Adrienne; he, however, soon regained his composure, and said calmly,

"I have been more merciful than I thought. I pardoned the man, who to serve my enemies gave me such mischievous advice; he must have kept back your letter. A short time ago, on thinking of the evils he has brought upon me, I regretted my clemency. I thought of the letter received yesterday, and my anger vanished."

"The distrust and suspicion which have so long tormented us are now banished for ever," cried Adrienne; "a smiling future is before us, without a single cloud: a beautiful horizon, so pure in its immensity, that its limits stretch beyond our view."

Djalma involuntarily dropped on his knees, and lifted his eyes to Adrienne, with a look almost of adoration; then, bending his head, he covered his face with his hands. Adrienne observed a tear trickling through his fingers, and stooping towards him, she withdrew his hands from his face, which was covered with tears.

"You are weeping!" exclaimed Adrienne.

"My happiness is complete," replied Djalma; "my only regret is I am unworthy of you."

"We are both, my friend, so to speak, overwhelmed with happiness, for henceforth our felicity will have no bounds, although, from different causes, sad thoughts still crowd in upon us. There are moments when, in the full tide of happiness, the soul refuses to contain all, and thereby overwhelms us, even as flowers droop by the too powerful rays of the sun, which is, notwithstanding, their source of life and love. Oh! my friend, this sadness is sweet!"

In uttering this, Adrienne gently bent her head, so that her golden tresses fell on the ebony locks of Djalma, and the tears of the two lovers fell silently on their clasped hands.

While this scene was passing in the Hotel de Car-doville, Agricola was proceeding to M. Hardy, in the Rue Vaugirard, with Adrienne's letter.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE SPURIOUS AND THE GENUINE.

THE three distressing disasters which had so suddenly fallen upon M. Hardy—the treachery of his friend, the inconstancy of his mistress, and the destruction of his factory—had so broken the spirit of that good man, that he had renounced the world, and retired to a dwelling in the House of Retreat adjoining the Rue Vaugirard, which was inhabited by a goodly number of the reverend fathers connected with the Society of Jesuits. This retreat did not secure him against the unwelcome company and pestiferous influence of the advice of d'Agrigny, who was daily pouring into the ears of M. Hardy, the withering dogmas propounded by the Order of Jesuits.

The apartment in which M. Hardy passed his days was hung round with various mottoes or passages, selected from the books published by the Order, all evidently intended to arouse the fears and excite the despair of those who perused them. In each of the rooms occupied by those who had sought shelter in these tombs for the living, was an aperture so contrived that any one so disposed could listen to the conversation which took place within the apartment without being seen or suspected.

At the close of the preceding chapter, we stated that Agricola Baudoin was on his way to visit M. Hardy, with a letter from Mademoiselle de Cardoville. In the early part of the day d'Agrigny had visited M. Hardy, and apprized him that the young blacksmith was about to visit him, and the Abbé had exerted all his efforts to persuade the good man to refuse granting an interview to Agricola; but he could not accomplish his object; M. Hardy was determined to see the artizan.

In a short time after the d'Agrigny had left M. Hardy's apartment, a noise was heard at the door,

which was soon rudely pushed open, and the Abbé, driven by Agricola, staggered into the room.

"Dare you employ violence?" cried d'Agrigny, pale with rage.

"I dare do anything to see M. Hardy," replied Agricola, advancing to his employer, who was standing bewildered in the middle of the apartment.

The three actors in this scene remained mute for several minutes. Agricola was struck with surprise at M. Hardy's wasted features, but as yet he had not discovered the debilitated state of his mind.

D'Agrigny was the first to break silence, by appealing to M. Hardy in a canting tone of voice, and asking if it was not his wish to maintain privacy, and not to have his devotional exercises broke in upon by every rude person who chose to violate the sanctity of his retreat.

M. Hardy did not reply; and Agricola, turning his back upon d'Agrigny, said to his employer, "Ah, sir, how glad I am to see you, although you appear to be suffering greatly. My comrades would be happy to be in my place. We all cherish and venerate you."

D'Agrigny again tried to induce M. Hardy to get rid of Agricola, but being unsuccessful, the Abbé, in a furious rage, quitted the apartment, and left the good employer and his honest workman together.

Agricola, after the departure of d'Agrigny, made use of all the powerful arguments he could to persuade M. Hardy to leave his solitary abode, and enter again upon a useful and beneficial career of life. Telling him that his friends who were many and sincere, were extremely anxious to have him again in their midst; and that the future for him was auspicious and bright with the prospect of increased usefulness to his work-people and to society in general.

All the efforts of the artizan could not, however, remove the impression which had been so deeply engraved on the mind of M. Hardy by his Jesuitical advisers, namely, an inveterate distaste to all worldly



occupations and worldly associations; and he resolutely refused to accede to Agricola's wishes.

The young blacksmith then showed his employer Adrienne's letter, and requested him to read it, which, after much entreaty, he consented to. After perusing the letter, the good man appeared deeply affected; which reanimated the hopes of Agricola that he should yet be able to induce M. Hardy to gratify his wishes. But, alas, he was soon doomed to disappointment, for, after a few moments' reflection, the poor victim of Jesuitical power, absolutely refused to leave his present abode.

Agricola was distracted with grief; and, as a last resource, he asked M. Hardy if he would grant an interview to his adopted brother, Gabriel Rennepont, who was a good and holy man, and a priest endowed with all the excellencies belonging to a religious life.

M. Hardy hesitated, and inquired where he was. Agricola answered that he was close by in an ante-room, and he went and brought Gabriel into the presence of his employer.

During the time that Agricola had been using his efforts to induce M. Hardy to return again to the world, two persons had been planted near to the aperture in the room in which they were conversing. These persons were M. Rodin and the Abbé de Agrigny, who had been intently listening to all that been said by the young blacksmith to his recent employer. The eavesdroppers continued their infamous occupation during the time that M. Hardy and Gabriel were together.

When Agricola left the chamber, M. Hardy advancing towards Gabriel said, "Monsieur Abbé."

"Call me brother," said the young missionary.

"Well, brother, then, your words reassure me, and recall duties to my mind which I had almost forgotten. May I have strength to bear the fresh trial I am about to undergo. I have terrible disclosures to reveal—will you hear my confession?"

"Call it your confidence."

"As my confessor, will you listen to me?"

"As much as I can I desire to avoid that," answered Gabriel. "There are many inconveniences attending such a course; but I feel pleased when I find confidence and friendship combined, for it always brings out a mutual interchange of thought and sentiment; and in all the doubt and suffering as well as joy and happiness through which I have to pass, I am one who can sympathize and console, as well as rejoice and be glad. I will listen if you wish."

"Do you obey laws in which you do not believe?" said M. Hardy, surprised at this submission.

"Brother," said Gabriel, "a vow, is a sacred engagement to a priest, and so long as I stay in the church I will obey its rules though they may be unpleasant."

"Unpleasant to you, brother?"

"Yes, but I can best serve the cause of the disinherited by staying in the church. I adhere to all its rules that we may serve each other; you are able to serve Christ more effectually than I am by your good deeds."

"I shall continue to do so if I have strength."

"Will your strength fail, do you think?"

"If you knew how miserable I am!"

"The destruction of your factory is a great trouble."

"Ah!" said M. Hardy, "that is nothing; my fortitude would not have deserted me for anything money can purchase; I have had losses which nothing can compensate; but your kind language animates me for the future; you have imparted courage to my weary soul by reminding me of the mission I had to carry out in the world. Alas! new fears assail me when I think of the agitated life which has brought to me so much suffering."

"What is the cause of your fears?" asked Gabriel.

"Hear me, I had placed all my affection on two beings—a friend whom I thought faithful, and a being I loved most fondly. Shamefully deceived was I by my friend; and the lady I loved slighted me at the wish

of her mother—she has left France for ever. So much have I taken these sorrows to heart, that they have well-nigh deprived me of all hope in the future.”

“But you are surrounded by honest artizans who are ever ready to bless you.”

“True,” replied M. Hardy, sorrowfully, “but besides the pleasure of doing good, was added the love of those who were dear to my heart, whose departure has left a void which I had hoped would be entirely filled up with religion. But no! my failing heart is filled with despair, and I feel myself deserted both by man and God.”

“Undeceive yourself, my good brother, for happiness awaits you. God will never leave you.”

“My wounded spirit might have been healed had I heard you sooner. I might have found true consolation by trusting more implicitly on God, had I sought him earlier, and counted in his love in preference to the tickle human affection on which I have relied.”

“Cheer up, my friend, your case is not a hopeless one, as you imagine. When you leave the wicked associations by which you are now surrounded, and forget the painful circumstances which annoy and harass your mind, you will thank God that he ‘led you by a way that you knew not,’ and brought you to himself. Imitate Christ in his conduct to his enemies, and then your happiness will be complete: and though treachery and perfidy has characterised the conduct of your enemies, carry out the precepts of the golden rule towards them, by returning good for evil, and you will yet find yourself one of the happiest beings on earth.”

M. Hardy was silent for a few minutes, carried away in thought by the beauty of the word picture of the young missionary; then with palpitating heart, he cried: “Oh! what a divine influence there is in your words; it appears as if peace was already taking possession of my soul, in thinking of prayer and the everlasting love of the Saviour—prayer is such a delightful exercise to my weary and troubled soul, and so full of consolation and hope.”

"You will discover," resumed Gabriel, "what joys are in store for you. Why should the memory of her you loved be so painful? Think of it only that you may purify and sanctify it by prayer. Let heavenly love supersede earthly love; if she you loved has erred in the sight of God, pray for her, and he will pardon her. Did not Christ intercede for Mary of Magdalen, and the woman who was taken in adultery? he did not curse, but pitied and prayed for them."

"You have restored me to hope and to life!" cried M. Hardy, embracing Gabriel.

D'Agrigny and Rodin witnessed this scene, and as soon as they saw M. Hardy embrace Gabriel, Rodin looked at d'Agrigny with an air of diabolical triumph, and said, "Is there a travelling carriage here?"

"A carriage?" asked d'Agrigny, in astonishment.

"Yes, a carriage?" said Rodin, impatiently.

"Yes, here is mine."

"Send for post-horses immediately then."

"What to do?"

"To convey M. Hardy to Saint Hérem at once."

"To that gloomy solitude, when Gabriel has just—"

"In less than half an hour M. Hardy will beg of me to take him from Paris to the end of the world if I can." Rodin and d'Agrigny then left their place of concealment.

A servant now entered the room and handed Gabriel a letter, he hastily broke the seal, read it, and then involuntarily exclaimed, "My God!" then turning to M. Hardy, he added, "Pardon me, Monsieur."

"Have you received bad news?" asked M. Hardy.

"Yes," said Gabriel. "They have condemned me without giving me a chance to defend myself; no matter—my vows force me to obey."

M. Hardy was both surprised and uneasy, and said, "Though our acquaintance is not of long standing, I would most willingly do something for you, and shall feel most happy in being able to assist you."

"I must leave you now, and search out how this let-

ter has found me here. Agricola is coming here, and he will let me know your determination. Give me your address, and when you wish, we will meet again."

"Let it be to-morrow, then."

"Well then, to-morrow, until then farewell."

The missionary left; and a letter was delivered to M. Hardy which was as follows:—

"Sir,—Accidentally I learned that you are residing in the same respectable house as myself; long affliction and my entire retirement will account for my ignorance of our living so near each other. Although we have only met once, the circumstance which procured me the honour of visiting you, was of such importance, that I believe you still cherish it in your memory. That circumstance, sir, has inspired me with such ardent sympathy for you, that I cannot resist the desire of presenting my respects, and expressing a desire to see you, especially, as I have learnt, from the excellent and worthy Abbé Gabriel, a man whom I esteem and admire, that you are going to leave here to-day. May I hope, sir, that as you are about to leave this retreat, to enter the world again, you will deign to receive favourably the prayer of an old man, devoted henceforth to profound solitude, and who cannot hope to meet you amid the turmoil of society, which he has quitted for ever. In waiting for the favour of your reply, sir, accept the assurance of the sincere esteem of your humble and obedient servant, "RODIN."

After making some inquiries of the bearer of the note, M. Hardy told him to ask Rodin to visit him in his apartment.

The servant went out, and in a few minutes after Rodin entered. M. Hardy uttered a slight exclamation of surprise on first seeing him, then recovering his composure, he said, "What, you here, sir! Ah! you were right in saying that the circumstance attending our first interview was important."

"Ah! my dear sir," said Rodin, "I was quite sure you had not forgotten me."

The two then discoursed on what occurred at their former interview at the Community-house, where Rodin denounced M. Blessac as a false friend, and also regarding the distressing intelligence M. Hardy had received, which induced him to set out for Paris so abruptly.

Rodin then in a whining canting tone of voice related a story about himself having had to suffer from the ingratitude and profligacy of an adopted son; saying that he would have sunk under the blow, had it not been for the prayers and holy ministrations of the Abbé Gabriel, whom he lauded with the most fulsome adulation and praise.

The arch Jesuit then launched out in a long discourse on the power and efficacy of prayer, illustrating the subject by recounting a story of one M. Rancy having fallen in love with a lady of high rank, but insurmountable obstacles prevented their union. They met each other privately from time to time, and gave themselves up to the intoxication of passion, forgetful of the world, and of their maker. At length M. Rancy received orders to join his regiment; and the lovers parted with reciprocal vows of attachment. After a short campaign, M. Rancy returned; and he hastened to visit the lady whom he loved more than ever. It was night; he entered the lady's chamber. She had died in the morning. Two candles were burning beside the couch of death. He would not believe she was dead. He threw himself on his knees, and raised the beautiful head which he cherished and adored, to cover it with kisses. It parted from the body, and remained in his hands. The lady had sunk under a disease, so rapid and extraordinary, that there had not been time for her to receive the last sacrament. After her decease, the doctors cut up her beautiful form to find out the cause of her death."

During the recital of this story, M. Harings were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and he asked Rodin what became of M. H

Rodin answered that he renounced the world, and shut himself up in solitude. He had frightful visions; seeing her he had loved in the midst of eternal flames. She gnashed her teeth with rage, and writhed in agony, she wept tears of blood, and cried out in a terrible voice, "You who deceived me, may you be cursed—cursed—cursed!"

In pronouncing the three last words, Rodin advanced three steps towards M. Hardy, accompanying each step with a menacing gesture. The latter, trembling in every limb, his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed and dilated with terror, repeated after Rodin—"Cursed—cursed—cursed!" Then he cried out, "And I, too, shall be cursed! She whom I caused to forget her sacred duties in the eyes of man, and rendered guilty in the eyes of God; she, one day plunged in eternal flames, writhing in agony, and weeping tears of blood, will cry to me from the bottom of the abyss, 'Cursed—cursed—cursed!' Who knows whether she is not now cursing me. Perhaps she has been drowned in crossing the ocean. Oh, God! she, too, has perhaps died in her sins, and is damned for ever! Oh! have pity on her; let thy wrath fall upon me, for I alone am guilty."

"My dear son," said Rodin, "calm yourself, and listen to me, for you will see that it was prayer that saved M. Rancy, and made a saint of him. One day, when his sorrow was at its height, he was visited by a good priest—an Abbé Gabriel—who initiated him into the holy mysteries of prayer, by which his sufferings were relieved, and his faith and his hope augmented. Then, instead of forgetting the woman he loved, he passed hours in thinking of her, and in praying for her salvation. Divine music at length broke on his ear, a light, not of this world, penetrated his eyes, and the woman he adored appeared encircled with light."

"She was saved by his prayers!" exclaimed M. Hardy.

"Yes," replied Rodin; "she no longer wept tears

of blood, nor writhed in agony; she was a thousand times more beautiful than before, and smiling on her lover she said to him in a tender tone, "Thy prayers have saved me." Then, radiant with felicity, she stooped, and, with her lips perfumed with immortality, she pressed those of her lover."

"Oh," cried M. Hardy, completely beside himself, "take me to a cell, or the tomb, and let me have only one moment of such bliss."

The door of the apartment was now opened, and d'Agrigny entered with a cloak on his arm, and a servant following with a light."

About ten minutes after this scene, a dozen robust-looking men, headed by Agricola, entered the Rue Vaugirard, and directed their steps towards the house of the Jesuits. This was a deputation of M. Hardy's workmen coming to thank him for having promised to return among them. Agricola saw a post-chaise leave the door of the asylum; the horses, whipped and goaded by the postilion, were galloping swiftly. The nearer the vehicle approached Agricola, the more alarmed he became. At length, yielding to a presentiment which he could not repress, he rushed towards the horses, crying, "Follow me, my friends!"

"Postilion, ten louis! Gallop!—Crush him down under the wheels!" cried d'Agrigny.

The postilion struck Agricola a violent blow with the handle of his whip, knocked him down, and then drove rapidly away.

Agricola's companions, who neither understood his conduct nor the meaning of his words, hastened to his assistance.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

MARSHAL SIMON occupied a modest abode in the Rue des Trois Frères. Two o'clock in the afternoon had



just struck by the clock in the marshal's bed-room. The temperature without was far from being cool, yet there was a large fire in the room, for the marshal, owing to his long residence in India, had become very susceptible to cold. A private door was opened, and a man carrying a basket of wood entered, and going to the fire-place, knelt down, and began to pile up the wood in a box. After a short time, the man, still on his knees, slowly approached a door not far from the fire-place, and appeared to listen with great attention. This man, from his idiotic appearance, was the laughing-stock of all the other servants; and Dagobert, in one of his moments of humour, had given him the name of Jocrisse. At the moment when Jocrisse was listening, his usually dull and stupid countenance was lighted up with a ray of intelligence. Going back to the fire-place, and taking up his basket of wood, he returned to the door, and after knocking thereon three times, and no one answering, Jocrisse put his basket down, opened the door gently, walked in, and in a few minutes afterwards returned, looking anxiously about, like one who had accomplished something important and mysterious. Taking up his basket again, he was preparing to leave the Marshal's chamber, when Dagobert entered.

The soldier, greatly surprised at seeing Jocrisse there, demanded in a stern tone what the imbecile was doing there; Rabat Joie, who was at Dagobert's heels, gave an angry growl; and Jocrisse sank on his knees, apparently in great fear, and muttered that he had brought some wood for the duke.

Dagobert ordered the fellow to leave the room instantly; but Jocrisse began to murmur something about being frightened, when the soldier pushed him out of the room.

After getting quit of the idiot Dagobert paced the room with uneasy steps, being evidently greatly disturbed in his mind. He kept muttering to himself as he walked up and down the room; at length his steps

were interrupted by a knock at the door, and he inquired who was there.

Not receiving a reply the soldier impatiently opened the door, and saw the stupid countenance of Jocrisse.

"What do you want?" asked Dagobert.

"Don't be angry, and I will tell you," replied the imbecile; "a young man wishes to speak to you."

"What is his name?"

"What is the use of telling you, Monsieur Dagobert, when you already know."

"Oh, what an idiot!" said the soldier, clasping his hands.

"Yes, you know, Monsier Dagobert, for the young man is your son; he is below, and wishes to speak to you immediately."

The stupidity of Jocrisse was acted so perfectly, that Dagobert was duped; and, more sorry than angry at such imbecility, he shrugged his shoulders, telling Jocrisse to follow him, and then left the apartment. The idiot obeyed; but before he shut the door, he drew a letter from his pocket, and without turning his head, threw it behind him, confident of having placed it in the marshal's chamber; but he had forgotten Rabat Joie, who, having seen the letter thrown down, carefully took it up in his mouth, and followed close on the heels of Jocrisse, who did not see this new proof of Rabat Joie's intelligence.

The old soldier not having seen Agricola for several days, when they met, the father and son embraced each other affectionately.

Agricola appeared in such a melancholy mood, that Dagobert asked what new trouble had come upon him. The son then told his father all the particulars connected with his visit to M. Hardy; how through the judicious advice of Gabriel, he had consented to leave his dreary abode and mix in society again; how through Jesuitical management he had been carried away to a dreary abode in the Val de Saint Hérem; how he (Agricola) by the advice and with the help of

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, had followed his old master thither ; and how in an interview, M. Hardy had declared that he should never leave his present abode. Agricola said that M. Hardy told him to give his kind love to his late workpeople and to all his friends, for he should never see them again. The grief-stricken artizan then added, "I left my old master almost heart-broken."

"Oh, those black robes," said Dagobert ; "I had rather meet a square of Russian grenadiers than a dozen of them : but I have other subjects of fear and regret."

"What are you afraid of, father ?"

"Anonymous letters are sent to us every day, reproaching the marshal for not taking vengeance on d'Agriigny, the persecutor of his wife and children ; and other letters, the contents of which I am not acquainted with, are also sent. The marshal has become dejected and irritable : he has lately been visited by a gentleman who has the appearance of an old soldier, and I have remarked that the sadness of the marshal is always greater after these visits. Twice or thrice I have spoken to him on the subject, but I saw he was displeased, therefore I desisted."

"What can be the matter with him, father ?"

"I know not ; he is greatly changed. He has not seen his daughters for two days past. Poor things ! Their governess tells me she has seen them shed tears in their sleep."

Hearing the steps of some one in the court, Dagobert looked up, and saw the marshal, pale and agitated, holding in his hand a letter which he read with feverish anxiety.

While Marshal Simon was engaged reading the anonymous letter he had taken from the mouth of Rabat Joie, Rose and Blanche were holding a conversation in their apartment, on their disappointment in not finding Paris the golden city they had pictured in their dreams of former times. The two maidens min-

gled their sorrowful remarks on the increasing dejection and despondency of their father ; and encouraged each other in their determination to cherish towards him continued affection and love.

In taking her handkerchief from a small basket on the table to wipe her eyes, Rose found a letter wrapped in it : " Another of those letters," cried she ; and, opening it, read as follows : " Continue to love your father, my dear children, for he is very unhappy, and it is you who are the cause of his sorrows ; you can never know the sacrifices that your presence imposes on him ; he is, alas ! the victim of his paternal duty ; spare him, then, the demonstrations of tenderness which cause him more grief than happiness ; every one of your caresses is like the piercing of a dagger to him, for he sees in you the innocent cause of his sorrow. Keep this secret, my dear children, for otherwise you, your father, Dagobert, and your unknown friend, who writes this, would be in great danger, for you have dreadful enemies. Burn this as you have done the others." When Rose had read this infamous epistle, she threw it into the fire.

During the latter part of the time his daughters were expressing their sorrow on account of their father's unhappiness, Marshal Simon was pacing his room in a state of frenzy, holding an open letter in his hand. He had rung a bell twice before, and had ordered the servant to send Dagobert to him ; and now he rang the bell a third time, and Dagobert made his appearance.

" I sent for you a long time ago," said the marshal, in an irritated tone.

Dagobert, more grieved than surprised at this new fit of anger, which he correctly attributed to the marshal's almost continued state of over-excitement, mildly replied, " Excuse me, marshal, I went to the door with my son, and—"

" Road that," interrupted the Marshal, holding out the letter.

When Dagobert had perused it, he threw it into the fire, saying, "This is another act of infamy added to the others."

"Yes," replied the marshal, "it is an infamous letter, but it speaks the truth. Do you know who placed it in my hands? One would imagine that the devil was concerned in it, for it was given to me by your dog."

"Rabat Joie?" cried Dagobert in great surprise.

"Yes," replied the marshal; "it was no doubt a pleasantry of your invention."

"I am not in a jesting humour, marshal," said Dagobert, sorrowfully. "Rabat Joie, no doubt, found the letter in the house."

"I have for twenty-five years been engaged in war," said the marshal; "I have struggled victoriously against proscription and exile; I have survived the blows of a club, and shall I be killed by the scratching of a pen? Shall I be followed even in my own house, and be incessantly harassed and tortured with impunity, by I know not what wretched malignity? But I err in saying I don't know; for the renegade d'Agriigny is at the bottom of all this, I am sure. I have but one enemy in the world, and it is this man. I must settle with him, for I am weary—"

"Remember, marshal, he is a priest."

"No matter, I must put an end to these dark intrigues that beset me on all sides. No one, you know, attempts to spare me the vexation which is slowly consuming me. I cannot rely on any one. I am now scorned and despised. For some time past I have noticed that my old companions in arms shun me. When I appear among them conversation ceases suddenly; instead of treating me like a comrade, they affect towards me a cold and formal politeness. This was intolerable; so I visited this morning General Harrencourt, and as we had been colonels together, and fought side by side, I sought an explanation from him of the reason why former familiarity and friendship was not

manifested towards me by himself and my brother officers. I could get no satisfactory reply from him; he pretended that he knew nothing of any change of feeling in himself or the other officers towards me; and evinced a spirit of indifference and coolness that pained me deeply. I returned home, hoping to find consolation in my own house; but no! I am again assailed with infamous letters; and, besides, I find that my children are becoming more and more indifferent towards me."

"Your daughters indifferent?" cried Dagobert, in surprise.

"Yes; I ask you, without bitterness or jealousy, are they not more familiar and confiding with you than with me?"

"Why, marshal, if that be all, they are still more familiar with Rabat Joie than with me. You are their father, and however kind a father may be, he is yet looked up to. But what respect would you have them show me, when, saving my moustaches, I am like an old nurse to them? Your children have remarked your sorrow, and you take their concern for coldness: this is not just. You complain because they are too fond of you."

A few minutes after, the marshal wiped the sweat from his brow, and exerting himself to conceal his agitation, entered the apartment of Rose and Blanche. His countenance was so expressive of his sufferings, that his affectionate daughters were on the point of throwing themselves into their father's arms, but, remembering the advice of their anonymous friend, who told them that the sight of their tenderness was extremely painful to their father, they exchanged a rapid glance, and restrained themselves. The marshal, who evidently desired to open his arms to receive his children, gazed on them with tenderness, and made a slight motion as if calling them to him; but the poor children, paralysed by the perfidious advice they had received, stood motionless. The marshal felt his

heart sink within him at this apparent insensibility—still the same coolness, thought he—then striving to conceal his feeling, he said, “Good-day my children!”

“Good-day, father,” replied Rose, less afraid than her sister.

“I was so busy yesterday, I was not able to see you; you will pardon me for this neglect, will you not?” said the marshal, with a smile.

“Yes, father,” said Blanche, casting down her eyes.

“And if I were forced to leave you for a while, you would still pardon me, and console yourselves during my absence—would you not?”

“We should feel sorry if you were to incommode yourself for us,” said Rose, remembering the advice she had received. “It is all over,” thought the unhappy father; “whether I stay or go, is of no consequence to them.” During this painful reflection, the marshal still gazed tenderly on his daughters, and his manly countenance assumed an expression so touching and heart-rending—so expressive of the torture of his despairing soul, that Rose and Blanche, yielding to a spontaneous movement, threw their arms around his neck, and covered him with tears. Neither the marshal or his daughters had spoken a word, yet they understood each other; a feeling of sympathy had electrified their hearts—fears, doubts, delusive advice—all yielded to the irresistible emotion, which threw the girls into the arms of their father—a sudden revelation inspired them with confidence at the fatal moment when incurable mistrust was about to separate them for ever. The marshal felt all this in a moment, but could not find language to give utterance to his feelings; transported with delight, he embraced them, wept and laughed alternately, and at length exclaimed, “They love me! what care I now for my enemies—I defy them all!”

“And you, father, love us as much as we love you!” cried Rose, with charming simplicity; we may then embrace you every day, and tell you how happy we are when we are near you.”

Dagobert appeared at the door, accompanied by Rehab Joie, and the marshal cried out, "Well, my old friend, you were right; my daughters love me!"

Jocrisse now presented his stupid visage at the door, and told the marshal that M. Robert wished to see him. M. Robert was the secret agent employed by Rodin to induce the marshal to attempt the rescue of Napoleon II.

"Desire M. Robert to wait a moment," said the marshal to Jocrisse.

"Yes, Monsieur le Maréchal," said the idiot, bowing to the ground as he left the apartment.

The marshal approached a writing-table, and penning a short note, gave it to Dagobert, telling him to present it to M. Robert, whilst he enjoyed a little more conversation with his daughters.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### ST. JEAN LE DECAPITE.—CALVARY.

IN the depth of an immense forest of fir-trees, in the midst of a gloomy solitude, stand the ruins of an abbey which was formerly dedicated to St. Jean le Décapité. Rising above the ruins is still standing, on a shattered pedestal, a colossal statue of stone. It has a strange and sinister appearance, and represents a man that has been beheaded. It is robed in the ancient toga, and is holding a plate in its hand, in which there is a head, the head of St. John the Martyr, who was beheaded by the desire of Herodias. A solemn silence prevails, interrupted only, from time to time, by the low rustling of the trees, stirred by the wind. Suddenly, in the shadow cast by lofty trees, appears a human form. It is a woman; she is slowly approaching the ruins; she has reached them, and is now treading on what was once consecrated ground; her counte-



nance is pale and sad, her long robe is floating in the breeze, her feet are dusty, and her gait is weary and unsteady. A block of stone is placed at the brink of a fountain, almost below the statue of St. John. On this stone the woman drops, exhausted and breathless with fatigue: and yet, for many days, for many years, for many ages, she has wandered on, and on, indefatigably, but she now feels, for the first time, an invincible lassitude; for the first time her feet are sore; and, for the first time, she who traversed with steady step the moving lava of torrid deserts, whilst whole caravans were buried beneath their burning sands—she who trod with an unfaltering step the eternal snow of the polar regions, those frozen solitudes where no human being can live—she who had escaped devouring fires and impetuous torrents, and who, during so many centuries, had had nothing in common with humanity—she, for the first time, feels pain. Her feet are bleeding, her limbs are weary with fatigue, and a burning thirst is consuming her; she experiences the sufferings of these infirmities, and yet dare hardly credit their reality—her joy would be too great. But her throat, growing more parched, is contracting; her breast is on fire; and, perceiving the fountain, she throws herself on her knees to assuage her thirst at the crystal stream, scarcely had her parched lips touched the pure fresh water, when she abruptly ceases drinking, and gazes earnestly in the clear fountain. Suddenly forgetting her burning thirst, she utters a loud cry of profound joy, like an act of fervent thanksgiving. In this mirror she discovers that she has grown old. In a few minutes she has reached mature age. She, who for more than eighteen centuries had appeared only twenty years old, has grown aged, and can at length expect to die. Transported with this ineffable hope, she arose, raised her eyes to heaven, and joined her hands in an attitude of fervent prayer. Then her eyes fell on the large statue of St. Jean le Décapité and the head which it held in its hand

seemed, through its eyelids of stone, half closed in death, to cast on the wandering Jewess a look of pity and commiseration. And it was she, Herodias, who, in the cruel intoxication of a pagan feast, asked for the head of the saint! And it is at the foot of the martyr's statue that, for the first time, the immortality which had weighed upon her during so many centuries, seems to grow lighter! "Oh, impenetrable mystery! Oh, divine hope!" cried she; "celestial anger is at length appeased; the hand of the Lord has brought me to the foot of this holy martyr; at his feet I begin to be a human creature; it was to avenge his death that the Lord condemned me to eternal wandering! Oh, God! let me not be the only one pardoned! the artizan, who, like me, has wandered for so many centuries, may he not also, like me, hope to reach the term of his earthly career? Where is he? The power that thou gavest me to hear and see him through space, hast thou taken it from me? Oh, return me this divine gift! for, as I feel those human infirmities, which I bless, as the close of my continued woe, my sight loses the power of piercing through immensity, and my ear the power of hearing the wanderer from one end of the earth to the other."

Night had arrived, dark and stormy; the wind arose among the tall trees, and above their dark summits slowly began to ascend, through sombre clouds, the silvery disc of the moon. The invocation of the wandering Jewess was, perhaps, heard: her eyes suddenly closed, her hands became clasped, and she, on her knees, in the midst of the ruins, immoveable as a statue, had then a strange vision!

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Such is the dream of Herodias: On the summit of a high mountain stands a place of prayer, a Calvary. The sun was sinking when the tired Jewess arrived amid the ruins of St. Jean le Décapité.

The figure of Christ crucified overlooks the Calvary, while dark ominous clouds everywhere cover the sky.

No vegetation can be seen in this gloomy desert, which is covered with sand and pebbles, like some dried-up ocean. Silence pervaded the whole region. Sometimes large, black vultures, alight with their bleeding prey, amid the solitude. How has this place of prayer been built so far from the dwelling of man? It was raised by some repentant sinner who had done evil to his fellow-man, in order to obtain pardon for his numerous crimes, he crawled up the mountain-side on his hands and knees to the top, turned ascetic, and dwelt at the foot of the cross, till death had released him as he lay under a poorly-thatched roof, which the wind had long since taken away. The sun was still sinking, and the sky becoming darker. The feet of the traveller, who has been for an hour ascending the mountain, have set the loose stones in motion. The firm footstep of the traveller can be heard in the distance. At length he reaches the summit of the mountain, and his tall figure is visible amid the clouds. The traveller is as pale as the figure on the cross. A dark line, stretching across his temples. This is the workman of Jerusalem, whom tyranny and misery made wicked, and who, without pity for the Son of Man bearing his cross, repulsed him from his door, crying, "On, on."

Ever since then, an avenging God has said to him, "On, on, on!" and he has kept on in his wandering. Not staying his vengeance here alone, the Lord sometimes attached death to the footsteps of the wanderer, and many victims fell in his homicidal track. It was some consolation to the wanderer when he could see the hand of God leading him through deep solitudes, like the desert through which he was then dragging his footsteps; for, at least, he no longer heard the mournful tolling for the dead, which he constantly heard in countries which he had inhabited. Always in deep thought, following wherever his invisible guide led him, the wanderer traversed mountain and plain in deep thoughtfulness, and he saw not the Calvary, nor the figure on the cross. He was thinking of those he

had left in peril, the last descendants of his race; in deep despair, he seated himself at the foot of the Calvary. The sun, now pouring his rays through the clouds that shrouded the horizon, cast on the Calvary, at the summit of the mountain, a glowing light, like the reflection of a fire. The Jew was then resting his brow on his hand; his long hair waved in the evening wind, his countenance was pale, he suddenly started as he gazed at a lock of hair that he lifted from his brow. His hair, lately so black, had become grey. He, like Herodias, had grown old. His age, which had been arrested for eighteen centuries, now resumed its course. Like the Jewess, he should soon expect to descend to the tomb. Falling on his knees, he raised his head to heaven, as if to ask for an explanation of this mystery, which filled him with hope. His eyes then fell on the crucified figure, whose head, bent under the weight of the crown of thorns, seemed, from the top of the cross, to regard with mildness and forgiveness the artizan, whom he had cursed during so many centuries, and who was now on his knees, in an attitude of prayer.\*

"Oh, Christ!" cried the Jew, "the avenging arm of the Lord has brought me to the foot of the cross, which thou bore, when, weary with fatigue, thou desiredst to repose on the threshold of my poor dwelling, and I, in my pitiless obduracy, repulsed thee, saying, 'On, on!' And now, after my wandering life, I again find myself before this cross, and my hair is at last turned grey. Oh! say, hast thou, in thy divine goodness, pardoned me? Have I arrived at the close of my eternal course? Has thy divine clemency at length granted me the repose of the tomb? Oh! if thy forgiveness is descending on me, let it, too, descend on her whose suffering is equal to mine! Protect, also, the last descendants of my race! What will be their fate? Already, the only one of them perverted by misfortune, has disappeared from the earth. Is it for this that my hair has grown grey? Will not my

crime be forgiven, while there is one of my race left ? Or does this proof of divine goodness, which restores me to humanity, announce thy forgiveness, and the happiness of my descendants ? Will they triumph over the perils that menace them ? Can they, in accomplishing the good which their ancestors wished to confer on humanity, work out both their own pardon and mine ? Or hast thou inexorably condemned them to atone for my crime ? Oh ! say, shall I be pardoned with them, or will they be punished with me ?”

The twilight had given place to a dark and stormy night ; but the Jew was still praying on his knees, at the foot of the Calvary.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE PROGRESS OF INIQUITY.

Two days after Marshal Simon's reconciliation with his daughters, the Princess de St. Dizier and M. Rodin were in close consultation together on the progress of their infamous plot to gain possession of the Rennepont inheritance. Rodin informed the princess that M. Hardy had been initiated into the Order, and thus any further attempts of the Abbé Gabriel to induce the manufacturer to enter upon a worldly life would be vain. The Jesuit also told the princess that Gabriel had been suspended by the bishop from the curacy which he held, for interfering too much with the designs of the Order. Whilst they were conversing together d'Agrigny entered with a beaming smile on his usually gloomy countenance, and announced to his two confederates that, thanks to M. Robert, Marshal Simon had departed on his dangerous expedition regarding Napoleon II. D'Agrigny also informed his auditors that Morok had caught the prevailing epidemic, and that he had likewise been bitten by a mad animal, and was under close surveillance.

Rodin intimated to the princess that it would be advisable for them to lose no time in visiting the daughters of Marshal Simon; and pressed upon the princess the necessity of exerting all her talent to further the schemes of the Order. Rodin then gave a note to d'Agrigny, announcing the departure of the marshal, and told him to send it off immediately to Vienna.

After the departure of Marshal Simon, Dagobert more vigilantly watched over Rose and Blanche; for, unfortunately, the cholera had seized upon Augustine, their governess, but the soldier endeavoured to prevent the young girls from gaining any knowledge of this sad event. Two days after the marshal had left them, Dagobert and his youthful charge were laughing and joking together, when the door of the saloon was opened, and Jocrisse entered, announcing, in a loud voice, "M. Rodin!" It would be difficult to paint the surprise of the sisters and the anger of the soldier at this unexpected visit. Dagobert seized the idiot by the collar, and asked him who gave him authority to admit any one without having first got consent. Jocrisse excused himself by saying, "I was so bewildered on account of the misfortune that has happened to Augustine, that I forgot—" Dagobert dealt the imbecile a furious blow, and drove him out of the room. Then, turning to Rodin, he said, "If you do not instantly go, I will serve you in the same way." The Jesuit, however, did not wait a second bidding, but went out immediately.

Quickly Rodin returned, saying that he had received some intelligence of Marshal Simon, and wished to communicate it to his daughters; Dagobert, however, would not allow him to speak to Rose and Blanche, but told the Jesuit that if he had anything to report regarding the marshal, he must leave the room with him, and give to him what news he had to impart, and he (Dagobert) would communicate it to the daughters of Marshal Simon. Rodin, seeing that he

had met with his master, reluctantly complied, and went away with the soldier.

In about a quarter of an hour Dagobert returned to the sisters, when they eagerly inquired what the gentleman had told him regarding their father. The soldier answered that all the information he had gained was, that their father was in good health, and hoped to be soon with them again. Dagobert further added he strongly suspected that *the gentleman* had some base purpose to serve in coming to see the young girls, but he would watch him. Rose and Blanche now asked their guardian what misfortune had befallen Mademoiselle Augustine, their governess; and, after in vain trying all methods to evade giving an answer, Dagobert was compelled to inform them that their governess had been seized by the cholera; at hearing which the young girls were deeply troubled.

A servant appeared and said, that a lady in a carriage wished to speak to the daughters of Marshal Simon. Dagobert ordered the servant to show the lady up to the apartment, and in a short time the Princess de St. Dizier was shown into the room. The soldier was rather dazzled and bewildered with the appearance of the princess, but when she saluted the sisters in such an affable and affectionate tone of voice, she was regarded with veneration and esteem by the young girls and their guardian. Madame de St. Dizier pretended that her errand to the young ladies was to solicit subscriptions for a charitable object; and the wily princess expatiated at some length on the miseries that abounded in the city at that time; and launched out in praise of generosity and benevolence. Rose left the room and quickly returned with a well-filled purse, which she presented to the princess.

A knock was now heard at the door, which the princess appeared to be expecting, and when the soldier inquired who was there, a servant answered that a person below wished to speak to Monsieur Dagobert. The soldier hesitated, not relishing the idea of leav-

ing the sisters in company with the strange lady ; however, he retired, asking the princess to excuse him for having to leave the apartment. When Dagobert had gone, Madame de St. Dizier began to expatiate on the melancholy pleasure of visiting the hospitals, and giving consolation and relief to the suffering and the dying. The princess added that she had just been visiting the infirmary in the Rue Mont Blanc, and of the many cases that moved her sympathy in that institution, there was one that more than others deeply impressed her ; this was a young lady who had been seized with the cholera, but was now recovering : and from the conversation she had with the invalid, the princess said she was a lady possessed of the most amiable qualities. The name of this young lady, Madame de St. Dizier said, was Mademoiselle Augustine de Tremblay.

On the princess mentioning that name, Rose and Blanche cried out simultaneously, "It is our governess ! Oh, we should so like to see her !" The princess pretended to be surprised ; and after a short pause, told the sisters that if they wished to see their governess, she would conduct them to the infirmary in which she was a patient. The two girls said that Dagobert would not be agreeable for them to go there, if it came to his knowledge. The wily princess told them they had no occasion to let the soldier know anything about it ; they could seize the opportunity when he was absent, and leave the house, and she would be waiting for them at a short distance from their abode. The princess and the sisters then hastily made an arrangement that on the day but one after that, they would so contrive to elude the vigilance of their guardian, that at such an hour they would join the princess at a certain place, in order to be conducted to the Rue Mont Blanc infirmary. Dagobert now returned, and shortly after the Princess de St. Dizier took her leave.

In the morning of the second day from that on



which the interview between the Princess de St. Dizier and the daughters of Marshal Simon had occurred, Dagobert had some business to transact which took him away for a short time from the marshal's abode, and Rose and Blanche, seizing the opportunity, left the house together, and proceeded to the place appointed to meet the Princess de St. Dizier. There they found a carriage waiting to receive them, but the princess was not within the vehicle. The coachman told the sisters that Madame de St. Dizier was indisposed, and had ordered him to convey the young ladies to the infirmary in the Rue Mont Blanc, which he was now ready and willing to do. The sisters were rather disappointed at not meeting the princess, but they were assisted into the carriage, and driven to the infirmary. On arriving there, they descended from the vehicle, and were admitted into the institution.

Rose and Blanche stood irresolute, and ventured to enter an ante-chamber, with a timid and anxious look. A man connected with the institution approached them, and inquired of the young girls who it was they wanted. Rose answered that they were anxious to see a young lady who had been brought there two or three days ago, her name was Mademoiselle Augustine de Tremblay. The man warned them that it was very dangerous to go among the patients at that time. Rose replied that they were extremely anxious to see the young lady whom she had mentioned, and would take it as a particular favour if he would direct them where to find her. In answer to this urgent request the man said he did not know the person they were in search of, but that if they would go into the ante-room, which he pointed out to them, they would find good Sister Martha, who would give them all the information they required. The sisters then entered the room, and found Sister Martha.

Scarcely had Rose and Blanche got within the room, when a loud tumult arose in an adjoining apartment; Morok, the beast-tamer, had broken the bands which

had confined him ; he being at the time suffering from hydrophobia in its worst form, and was rushing out of the room foaming at the mouth, and making the most horrible noises imaginable. Every one fled in dismay from the infuriated madman. He rushed madly against the door of the room in which Sister Martha and Rose and Blanche were conversing. Morok tried to force it open, but Martha and the two sisters exerted all their strength to keep it closed. Just as the mad fellow had got the door partly open, Gabriel appeared on the scene.

Seeing one of the servants of the institution with a chafing-dish full of burning-coal, in which were several rons red hot, Gabriel told the man to remain at the door, while he went into the room, where Morok was. Then, seizing a red-hot iron, Gabriel entered the room : the madman rushed on him, and attempted to clutch him by the throat, but Gabriel made good use of the iron, and kept Morok at bay for some time—then they had a violent struggle together, but eventually he got the madman down, knelt upon him, and calling others to come to his assistance, Morok was securely bound, and taken back to the place from whence he had escaped.

Shortly after this dreadful scene, Rose and Blanche, accompanied by Sister Martha, entered a large apartment, which contained a number of women who had been suddenly seized with the cholera. The daughters of Marshal Simon had, when in exile, during their long journey with Dagobert, been exposed to many rude trials ; but they had never witnessed such a spectacle as that which now met their eyes. The long rows of beds, where so many creatures were prostrated, some writhing and moaning with pain, others delirious with fever, calling on those from whom death was about to separate them. This frightful spectacle must inevitably, according to the execrable foresight of Rodin and his accomplices, produce a fatal effect upon the two young girls. For a moment Rose and Blanche,

at the sight of this dismal scene, felt their resolution give way ; a gloomy presentiment made them regret their heroic imprudence ; and they began to feel a cold feverish tremor , but they continued their search.

When Gabriel had recovered from his conflict with Morok he returned to the women's apartment ; for it was there he was giving pious consolation to a dying woman, when he was informed of Morok's escape. A few minutes before the entrance of Gabriel, Rose and Blanche had finished their search, but had not yet rejoined each other. Their steps became gradually feeble, and they were obliged to support themselves by taking hold of the beds as they proceeded on their way. Alas ! the poor sisters had just been seized almost at the same moment, with the frightful symptoms of the cholera. Separated by the partition which divided the apartment, they could not then see each other : but, when they met, a painful scene ensued.

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## CHAPTER XL."

### PURITY AND VILENESS.

A LIVID paleness overspread the countenances of Rose and Blanche ; their large blue eyes began to sink in their sockets ; their lips were already become of a violet hue, and a sensation of chillness and faintness was felt by each of the sisters. No longer able to control their emotion, they rushed into each other's arms.

"Sister, our dream was true !" cried Rose, almost delirious, throwing her arms round Blanche's neck. "Look—look—the angel Gabriel is coming to seek us !"

Gabriel in fact had just entered the saloon.

"Heavens ! what do I see ?—the daughters of Marshal Simon," cried the young priest ; and rushing towards the sisters, he received them in his arms.

They were no longer able to stand; already their drooping heads, their sinking eyes, and their difficult breathing, announced the approach of death. Aided by Sister Martha, Gabriel carried them to the bed reserved for the doctor. There, during a nervous paroxysm, their hands became so firmly clasped, that they could not be disjoined. Gabriel stood at the bedside, looking at them with inexpressible sorrow. He was thinking of the strangeness of fate, that had brought him to witness the death of these two girls, his relations, whom, a few months before, he had saved from the horrors of the tempest. In spite of his firmness, he could not prevent himself from shuddering, when he reflected on the destiny of the sisters, on the death of Jacques Rennepont, and on the fearful intrigue which, after having cast M. Hardy into cloistral solitude at St. Hérem, had, almost in his dying moments, made him a member of the society of Jesuits. He said to himself, "Already have four members of the Rennepont family—my own family—been successively struck by a concurrence of fatal circumstances." He asked himself with fear how the interests of the sons of Loyola were aided by this providential calamity? But if he had known the part which Rodin and his accomplices had acted, his astonishment would have given place to the deepest horror.

Rose and Blanche becoming more and more delirious, fixed their gaze on the angelic countenance of Gabriel.

"Sister," said Rose, in a feeble voice, "do you see the archangel—as in our dream—in Germany?"

"Yes, he is come to seek us."

"Alas!" said Rose, "our father will not find us on his return. Tell him that the last thoughts of his dying children were of him."

"And ask Dagobert to pardon us for the sorrow we have caused him."

"Oh! it is frightful! so young, and no hope of saving them!" cried Gabriel. "Thy ways are inscru-

table, oh, Lord! Alas! why strike these children with so cruel a death?"

Rose heaved a deep sigh, and said in a weak voice, "Let us be buried together, that we may in death, as in life, be together."

The sisters here turned their dying eyes on Gabriel.

"Oh! holy martyrs of the most generous devotedness," cried the missionary, raising his tearful eyes to heaven. "Angelic beings! jewels of candour and innocence!—return, return to heaven! since, alas! God calls you to Him, as if the earth were unworthy of you!"

"Sister—father!"—exclaimed the dying girls. Then with a last instinctive movement they seemed to wish to press against each other; their heavy eyelids became partly raised, as if to exchange another look; they shuddered twice or thrice; and then a deep sigh escaped from their lips.

Rose and Blanche were dead!

Gabriel and Sister Martha knelt down to pray.

Suddenly a tumult was heard, and Dagobert, pale and agitated, entered the saloon. At the sight of Gabriel and Martha kneeling beside the bodies of his children, the soldier uttered a fearful cry, fell backwards, and his grey head rebounded on the floor.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is night—dark and stormy. One o'clock has just struck by the church clock of Montmartre. Through the dark shadow which envelopes the field of the dead, is seen striding a faint light. It is the grave-digger. He is cautiously walking with a lantern in his hand, accompanied by a man wrapped in a mantle, who is shedding tears. This is Samuel, the guardian of the house in the Rue St. Francis. On the night of the funeral of Jacques Rennepont, who was buried in a different cemetery, Samuel also went there, and conversed secretly with the grave-digger to obtain, for gold, a favour strange and fearful! After having traversed many paths bordered with cypress, and

walked over many graves, the Jew and the grave-digger reached a small glade, situated near the western wall of the cemetery.

"There it is," said the grave-digger, pointing to some newly-raised earth at the foot of a large yew-tree.

"Are you sure of it?"

"Yes, yes; two bodies in one coffin: that is not met with every day. And now that you know the place, what else do you want?"

Samuel, without answering, knelt down and piously kissed the earth which covered the grave; then he arose, and a conversation in a low tone commenced between the Jew and the grave-digger; the latter determinately refusing to accede to a proposal which Samuel made to him. After hearing the reason of the Jew for making the proposal, and a golden bribe, the grave-digger consented; and said to Samuel,

"To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock."

"Yes. I will be ready, and give you a signal," said Samuel.

The Jew then mounted the wall and disappeared; and the grave-digger hurried home with precipitation.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the evening that Rose and Blanche were buried Rodin wrote two notes. The first, addressed to his mysterious correspondent at Rome, mentioned the deaths of Jacques Rennepont and Rose and Blanche Simon, the inveigling of M. Hardy, and the donation of Gabriel; events which reduced the number of the heirs to two—Adrienne and Djalma. This note contained only the following words: "Whoever takes five from seven leaves—*two*. Acquaint the cardinal with this result; and let him proceed, for I am advancing—advancing—advancing."

The second note was addressed to Marshal Simon, and ran thus: "Return—your daughters are dead. You will know who has killed them."

We will now return to Mademoiselle de Cardoville. The day after the melancholy death of Marshal Si-

mon's daughters, of which sad event Adrienne was as yet ignorant, the Mayeux and her protectress were sat together in the saloon of the Hotel de Cardoville, conversing in a friendly manner on various topics, when a servant knocked at the door, and, on it being opened, the servant said, "The Princess de St. Dizier desires to know if Mademoiselle can receive her?" "Certainly," said Adrienne. The Mayeux rose to leave the apartment, but Adrienne requested her to remain.

The princess entered with a haughty and imposing mien; and, addressing her niece, told her that the business she was come upon was between their two selves. Adrienne replied that she kept no secrets from her friend, and told the princess to proceed to business at once. The aunt and the niece then entered into a wordy contest, each striving to exasperate the other as much as possible; the aunt winding up her denunciations with the terrible intelligence that in twenty-four hours her niece would be reduced to the most abject poverty—her house—her furniture—her equipage altogether would be entirely swept away.

Just as the princess had arrived at this climax of mendacity, the Prince Djalma entered the saloon, and paid his respects to the princess in his usual affable manner. Madame de St. Dizier then commenced, in a tone of raillery her congratulations to Djalma that he was about to relieve her of an irksome and painful task which she had been tired of for some time, that of watching over and protecting her niece. The Prince replied that it would be to him the most delightful task he had ever had to perform. The vindictive and unscrupulous princess, before retiring, attempted to give a fatal stab to the reputation of her niece, by insinuating that Adrienne required strictly watching over, for, not so long since, a young artizan was found concealed in her bed-room at the pavilion, for what purpose she knew not. The unprincipled woman then departed in an imperious and hasty manner.

It was well the Princess de St. Dizier had quitted the presence of Djalma so abruptly, or she might have had cause to deeply regret her diabolical conduct. The prince for some time was in a violent rage, and it required all the efforts of Adrienne and the Mayeux to appease his wrath. A full explanation was given the prince of the affair to which the vindictive woman had alluded.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE LAST VICTIMS.

A FEW days after the interview between the Princess de St. Dizier and Adrienne, Rodin was pacing his bed-chamber in the house situated in the Rue de Vaugirard, his hands were plunged behind him in his coat pockets, his chin was resting on his breast; he was meditating deeply, and his step, now slow, now hurried, betrayed his agitation.

"As regards Rome," said Rodin to himself, "I am easy—all is progressing well: the abdication is as good as settled, if I can pay them what I agreed to, the Cardinal Prince told me of a majority of nine in the next conclave. Our General favours my projects—the suspicions of Cardinal Malipieri are either dissipated, or have produced no effect. Yet I am uneasy regarding the correspondence which d'Agrigny is said to be carrying on with Malipieri. I have been unable to find it out; this old swordsman has received his sentence: a little patience, and he will be *executed*."

Rodin gave one of his hideous frightful smiles.

"The funeral of the free-thinker," Rodin said, "of the philanthropic friend of the artizan—took place a day or two ago at St. Hérem. He died in a fit of extatic delirium. I had the paper proving his donation; but this is safer. Everything is brought before the tribunals. The dead, however, do not plead."



In a short time he added, "There remains that red-haired girl and her mulatto. This is the 27th of May; the first of June is drawing nigh, and these two amorous doves seem invulnerable. The princess believed she had hit the right nail on the head, I should have thought, to mention that Agricola was found in her bed-room, for the Indian tiger roared with savage jealousy; but scarcely had the amorous dove cooed with her rosy mouth, than the silly tiger sheathed his claws, and laid himself quietly down at her feet. It is a pity; the device was not a bad one."

Rodin became agitated, "Nothing is stranger," he resumed, "than the generating power of ideas. In comparing this silly girl to a *Colombe*, how came I to think of the infamous old woman, called St. Colombe, whom Jacques Doumoulin is courting? I have often remarked, that in the same way as the merest chance gives excellent rhymes to poets, so the germs of the best ideas often found in a word—an absurd comparison, like this. The abominable hag, St. Colombe, and the beautiful Adrienne—they look about as well together as a necklace on a fish. No; there is nothing in this."

As soon as he had uttered these words, his face betokened great joy; then it assumed an expression of astonishment, as if he had made some important discovery, then crossing his arms with an expression of triumph, he cried, "Oh! how wonderful are the mysterious evolutions of the human mind. From the mention of a single word, a light has burst upon the darkness which I have in vain endeavoured to penetrate, in thinking of those two invulnerable lovers—yes, a single words has given me a thread of thought which has been completely closed for a long time."

Again he paced the room in an excited manner:

"It is worth trying," he cried. "The more I study the project the more I think it likely to succeed—only, this St. Colombe—through what medium?—Oh! Jacques Doumoulin—good—but the other?"

where is she to be found? Besides, how shall we persuade her? This is the stumbling-block! I was too hasty in my cry of victory."

Rodin paced the room in deep thought, and so great was his anxiety, that large drops of sweat stood upon his brow; in his hurried march he stamped the floor, now looking up to heaven for counsel, now scratching his head, while he occasionally uttered cries of hope and despair.

If the cause of his agitation had not been hateful, it would have been both a curious and interesting sight to have witnessed the throes of his powerful mind; to have traced on that changing countenance the progress of the project on which his thoughts were centred, all the powers of his intellect exercised. He appeared at length to have solved the difficulty, for he resumed,

"Yes, it is hazardous, but it is prompt, and the consequences may prove incalculable. Who can foretell the effects of the explosion of a mine? Oh, the passions! the passions! what magic chords, for he that knows how to touch them with a light and vigorous hand! how marvellous is the power of the mind! After this, talk not of the wonders of the acorn which becomes an oak; centuries are required before it arrives at maturity, while one word, a single germ, will find maturity on the brain in a few minutes. Yes, this one word was the germ of an idea, which, like the oak, has a thousand subterraneous branches, and like it too lifts its head to heaven, for I am acting for the glory of the Lord, as it is believed, and as I shall maintain if I succeed, and I shall, for those wretched Rennepons will soon depart like shadows. And what does it signify in the moral code of which I shall be the founder, whether these people live or die? What would such lives have weighed in the great balance of the world's destiny? While this heritage that I, with a bold hand, am about to throw into the scale, will cause me to rise to an eminence which still overawes many kings and nations, whatever may be said to the

contrary. Fools think to crush us by crying out, 'You shall rule over spiritual affairs, but we will manage temporal matters.' The venerable asses see not, that the mind rules the body. They leave us spiritual matters, that is, the dominion of the mind, and heart, and conscience, the power of giving pardon, reward, and punishment, and that too without control, in the privacy and shadow of the confessional, where the booby *Temporal* has no influence. Only, from time to time, he sees, when it is too late, that the body is guided by the mind, and that both are consequently under our control. He stares with his mouth wide open, and says, 'Is it possible?' "

Here Rodin burst out into a contemptuous laugh.

"Let me have but the good fortune of Sixtus V., and the world will see what spiritual power there is in such hands as mine."

In uttering this, Rodin became hideous to look upon. All the sanguinary, sacrilegious, and execrable ambition of his nature seemed to flash in blood-red rays from the brow of this son of Loyola; he was covered with perspiration, and a kind of nauseous vapour spread itself around him.

A servant now entered with a letter.

"Where is this letter from?"

"From St. Hérem, father."

Rodin looked attentively at the writing, saw it was the hand of d'Agrigny, who had been charged to attend M. Hardy in his dying moments.

"The letter was as follows:—"I send an express to acquaint your reverence with an incident, which is, perhaps, more strange than important. The coffin containing the body of M. Hardy was placed in a cell under the chapel, to remain there until it could be taken to the cemetery of a neighbouring town. This morning, when our people went to the cellar to make the necessary preparations for the removal of the body, the coffin had disappeared."

"That is strange, indeed," said Rodin.

"All our endeavours to find out the perpetrators of this sacrilegious act have been fruitless. Fortunately, his death has been duly registered; and, consequently, his donation is perfectly secure. I thought it was better, however, in any case to inform your reverence."

"D'Agrigny is right," said Rodin, after a moment's reflection; "this is more strange than important." He then requested his servant to take the letter he had just written to Nini Moulin.

Cabocconi, a Roman Jesuit, now came into the room. He was a little stout man, thirty years old, with a ruddy face, chestnut-coloured hair, and blind of one eye. Rodin scanned the face of his Italian emissary, whose manners were extremely courteous. In his impetuous zeal, the little man heartily embraced Rodin. As a guilty conscience is ever ready to accuse others, so Rodin began to suspect the conduct of his brother Jesuit.

"Tell me the object of your visit?" said Rodin.

"This rescript of his excellency the General will tell you," replied Cabocconi, presenting a letter to Rodin, which he hastily read, and said:

"His excellency shall be obeyed."

"I shall be most happy to serve constantly, truthfully, and to the utmost of my ability, either as your secretary or in any way you choose," said Cabocconi.

"It is well played," thought Rodin, "but old birds are not so easily caught."

On the evening of the day on which Rodin had been maturing his plot, Nini-Moulin paid a visit to his old flame, Madame de la St. Colombe. After some conversation together, "She is, then, twenty years old," Nini said to Madame de St. Colombe.

"Not more," replied she.

"Could the person be found between this and to-morrow?"

"A friend of mine told me where she was, and I will do my best to find her by that time."

Nini then began to renew his professions of attachment to the old widow; but she burst into a loud shout of laughter, and Nini-Moulin made his escape.

On the following day, Rodin put into the post a letter, bearing the following address :

"Monsieur Agricola Baudoin,  
"Rue Brise-Miche, No. 2, Paris."

Djalma, contrary to his custom, had not visited Adrienne that morning, for she had told him that she wished to be alone that day to make the necessary arrangements for their union. He was reclining on a divan. Suddenly Faranghea entered without knocking at the door. The Prince looked up in surprise ; but on seeing the haggard appearance of the slave, he rose up hastily, and inquired what was the matter.

Faranghea pretended to be very unhappy, having, he said, fixed his affections on a young girl, who returned his love, but now she had basely slighted him, and had given her affections to another man ; and he had heard that she was to meet this person on the evening of that day, at a certain house, which he knew ; and Faranghea declared that he would go there, and slay them both.

Djalma was deeply concerned at hearing this story, and endeavoured to soothe the wounded feelings of his slave ; advising him to do nothing rashly. The Prince said that if Faranghea was determined to go to the house, he would go with him, and perhaps he might prevent the shedding of blood.

When night came on, Djalma and Faranghea, enveloped in their mantles, proceeded to the house of Madame de la St. Colombe.

Before describing the scene which follows, we must inform the reader that Rodin had, through the agency of Nini-Moulin, hired for the day the apartments of Madame de la St. Colombe, who had taken her servants on a day's pleasure, under pretence of rewarding them for their good behaviour.

As Djalma and Faranghea were proceeding to the house of Madame de la St. Colombe, the Prince again cautioned his companion not to be hasty in avenging himself, but avoid shedding blood, if possible.

Faranghea appeared to be impressed with the words of Djalma, and, presenting his *handjiar* to the Prince, said, "This dagger, managed with a firm hand, is terrible, and in this flask is enclosed a subtle poison of our own clime." Here the slave showed Djalma a small phial, concealed in the hilt of the *handjiar*.

"Two or three drops of this poison on the lips," continued Faranghea, "and in a few hours death comes slowly and calmly, without pain; but whoever should empty the bottle at a draught, would die instantly. Here, monseigneur, take the *handjiar*, to prevent me from using it." The Prince gladly took the weapon, and fastened it to his belt.

The two Indians had now reached the dwelling of Madame de la St. Colombe. They entered; the door was closed after them; and they found themselves in a narrow corridor, in the midst of profound darkness.

"Your hand, monseigneur," said Faranghea; "let me guide you. Now, the decisive moment draws near. Wait here a few minutes."

The darkness was so complete, that Djalma could not distinguish a single object. Presently he heard Faranghea open a door, and then hastily shut it and lock it after him. This sudden disappearance began to render the Prince uneasy. A few minutes after, he heard the voice of Faranghea say, "Monseigneur, you said to me, 'be my friend;' and I am acting like a friend. I have employed stratagem to bring you here; for the blindness of your passion would have prevented you from following me. The Princess de t. Dizier spoke to you of Agricola Baudoin, the lover of Adrienne de Cardoville. Look! listen! and judge for yourself."

Djalma, still plunged in darkness, now recognised, when it was too late, that he had fallen into a snare.

"Faranghea," cried the Prince, trembling with rage, "open the door: I wish to leave this instantly."

But he received no answer. Without reigned the most profound silence; within total darkness. Pre-

scently a soft, subtle, and perfumed vapour stole gradually into the little room in which Djalma was confined; but he in his wrath did not heed it; soon, however, he felt his temples beat more rapidly—a burning heat circulated through his veins, and he felt a delicious sensation impossible to describe. The violent resentment which agitated him seemed gradually to subside into a pleasing torpor, almost without his being conscious of the change which had come over him. Then a strange scene presented itself. In the adjoining room, a faint light became visible, through a small aperture in the partition which divided the two apartments; and a moment after, the Prince saw a woman enter, carefully enveloped in a long mantle, the sight of which caused him to start with surprise. The delicious feeling he at first experienced, was succeeded by a feverish agitation, like that caused by the increasing fumes of intoxication; and his ears were filled with that strange buzzing noise, which a person hears who has his head under water. Being now completely under the influence of the odour which disturbed his reason, and having entirely forgotten Faranghea and the circumstances which had conducted him hither, he concentrated all the force of his attention on the spectacle which now presented itself to his sight. Suddenly the woman threw off her mantle—the Prince stood as if thunderstruck—Adrienne de Cardoville was standing there! Yes, as near as Djalma could judge, by the faint light which illuminated the apartment, it was the nymph-like form of Adrienne—her shoulders of alabaster, her swan-like neck, so proud and graceful. Burning drops of perspiration ran down his face—his feverish excitement increased—his eyes became inflamed—his chest heaved—and he gazed on the woman with a sort of wild stupor. For a moment she disappeared, and he heard a voice say, “She is waiting for Agricola Baudoin, her lover.”

These terrible words passed through his heart and brain, like a flash of lightning, and a mist of blood floated before his eyes. The young girl returned, and

at the same moment, the door of the apartment in which Djalma was in, was opened, and he heard some one knock twice at an outer door.

"It is Agricola Baudoin—listen!" said the same voice which Djalma had heard before.

Goaded and excited into a state of madness, the Prince drew out the dagger which Faranghea had given him; presently he saw the young girl go to answer the knock at the door.

"Who is there?" asked she. "I, Agricola Baudoin," replied a strong manly voice.

The girl opened the door, and no sooner had Agricola stepped over the threshold, than Djalma, bounding like a tiger, struck, with the rapidity of thought, the young girl dead at his feet; and wounded Agricola, so that he fell beside her lifeless body. A moment after the light was extinguished, and Faranghea, grasping the Prince by the arm, said, "You are avenged: come, escape is certain." And Djalma, inert and stupefied, suffered himself to be led away by Faranghea.

• • • • •

A soft light, coming from a globular lamp of oriental alabaster, which is suspended from the ceiling by three silver chains, faintly lights the bed-chamber of Adrienne de Cardoville. The large ivory bedstead, overlaid with mother-of-pearl, is nearly hidden by the heavy white-muslin curtains. On the white marble chimney-piece is a vase filled with fresh flowers; the fire sends forth a warm ruddy glow, and a fragrant odour fills the apartment. All is calm and silent—it is scarcely eleven o'clock—the door is opened, and Djalma enters. Two hours have elapsed since he had committed a double murder. He thinks he has killed Adrienne in a fit of jealous fury. On entering the virginal sanctuary, Djalma shut the door, and cast off his white turban, for it seemed as if a ring of burning iron encircled his brow; his raven hair surrounded his pale visage; he crossed his arms on his breast, and looked slowly around him, when, resting his eyes



on Adrienne's bed, he gave a sudden start, the colour rushed to his face, and he stood motionless, betraying no emotions of the vengeance he formerly displayed. "Dead!" he murmured; "she, who on this very morning was so happy in her nuptial bed, is dead! and by my hands, too, yet she deceived me, and loved the man whom I stabbed; and for this I have killed her!—I know that I shall kill myself, but that will not restore her." He then took the phial of poison from the hilt of his dagger, and added: "In this very chamber I will end my life!" Then he swallowed a portion of the poison, and fell on his knees. Adrienne in her night-clothes entered the room. Djalma gave a cry of surprise and alarm when he saw her. She inquired what was the matter, but received no reply in return, for Djalma thought it was her ghost, and he was in great terror. He told her that he had killed her, but she assured him of his mistake. On examining his dagger she found spots of blood on it, and on asking for an explanation, he told her he had stabbed a person whom he mistook for herself, because, as he thought, she was unfaithful to him by being in company with another man, but now he rejoiced that it was a mistake, and she was alive. That he had committed murder there could not be any doubt from the spots of blood on the dagger, but who the person was neither of them could tell. She was also startled by him telling her that he had taken poison; she inquired if the dose he had taken was quick in its operation, but he could not reply, for the fatal draught had begun its deadly work upon him. Djalma, as death approached, saw through the deception that had been practised upon him by Faranghea; he had prepared a person in dress and appearance exactly like Adrienne to meet a man at this house, where he invited Djalma to witness what Faranghea represented as Adrienne's unfaithfulness. When the man and the woman approached each other with warm and affectionate embraces, Djalma, in a fit of jealousy stabbed them both with his dagger, and then in his despair he retraced his

steps, to die by the means already stated, in the nuptial chamber. Adrienne comprehended the plot, and determining to prove her faithfulness and love, seized the phial and took the remainder of the poison; soon she felt its power upon her, and, falling upon the form of her Indian lover, she embraced him tenderly. Consoling each other in the hour of death by fond and endearing language, the two deceived lovers soothed and cheered their dying moments by uttering afresh their vows of affection and fidelity here on earth, and viewed the approach of death in anticipation of their happy reunion in heaven. Two hours after, Adrienne and Djalma both breathed their last. The nuptial bed became the funeral couch.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE DECISIVE DAY.

ADRIENNE and Djalma died on the 30th of May, on the following day, the one previous to that fixed for the final meeting of the heirs of Rennepont, d'Agrigny was sitting in a room in the house of the Jesuits, in the Rue Vaugirard. The Abbé was pondering over the successful criminality of his superior, Rodin: "Who could have told a few months ago," said he to himself, "when the man was my humble secretary, that he was filled with the most daring ambition; that he had cast his eyes on the papal throne, and that by means of skilful intrigue, this desire was likely to be gratified? But, patience, a day of reckoning is at hand."

D'Agrigny was suddenly interrupted in his reflections, by the entrance of Marshal Simon, who was followed by Rodin. The latter, after casting a demoniac glance of exultation at the Abbé, quickly disappeared, locked the door, and d'Agrigny and the Marshal were left together.

The Marshal took off his cloak, and d'Agrigny

saw two swords hanging at his belt. The Jesuit knew well what this meant. There was no way of escape. The Marshal loosed the swords from his belt, laid them on the table, and then advanced towards the Abbé.

"My children are dead," said the Marshal, in a slow and hollow voice. "I must have your life!" Then going to the table, he took one of the swords, and said to d'Agrigny, "Come, renegade, traitor, defend yourself."

The Jesuit refused to fight; saying that his holy calling forbade him.

The Marshal then taunted him with every opprobrious epithet he could make use of, struck and kicked d'Agrigny, but he maintained his refusal to fight, and snapped his sword in two. The Marshal also broke his sword in two, saying, he would make use of no undue advantage.

D'Agrigny again attempted to address the Marshal, who held in his hand one part of his broken weapon, and, when the Abbé approached near him, the Marshal spit in his face, saying, "Take that, coward!" The Abbé now took his handkerchief, wrapped it round the broken portion of the blade of his sword, and attacked the Marshal. A desperate struggle then took place—the infuriated combatants striking each other with the greatest ferocity. At length the Marshal fell, exclaiming, "My children! Dagobert!" and expired instantly.

D'Agrigny also staggered, and fell, being mortally wounded.

Rodin now appeared on the scene, and the expiring Abbé accused him of being the cause of his death.

On the evening of this day, Cabocchini, Rodin's secretary, gave a sealed note from Cardinal Malipieri, to Faranghea, which, when the latter had read, he answered, "All right—I will attend to it."

\* \* \* \* \*

As soon as the Jesuit's chapel in the Rue Vaugirard was opened, on the 1st of June, Faranghea entered,

and took his stand in the shadow of one of the pillars. Not long after, Rodin entered, followed by Caboccini, and dipped his fingers into a basin of holy water, not far from which Faranghea was standing as motionless as a statue. After Rodin had remained kneeling for a few minutes, he rose, and proceeded to the door, followed by his secretary. As Rodin approached the basin of holy water, he perceived the Indian, who bowed respectfully to him.

"Come to me at two o'clock," said Rodin to Faranghea, as he was about to dip his fingers in the holy water; but the Indian spared him that trouble, by presenting to him the *goupillon* which was usually in the holy water. When Rodin had wetted sufficiently his fingers, he traced the sign of the cross on his brow, and then left the chapel. Caboccini next approached Faranghea to wet his fingers with the *goupillon*, but the Indian drew it quickly away, and the good father was obliged to pass on, for he had received orders not to lose sight of Rodin for a moment on that day.

When Rodin reached the house, in the Rue St. Francis, he knocked loudly at the door, which was opened by Samuel, the guardian.

"Who are you, gentlemen?" said Samuel.

"I am the agent on the part of the Abbé Gabriel, who is sole heir of the Rennepont family, and this gentleman is my secretary," replied Rodin.

"Now I recognize you—walk in, sir," said Samuel.

Bethsabée, the wife of Samuel, was standing at the door of the building occupied by her and her husband. Samuel then led the way for the reverend fathers, up a staircase.

"We assembled last time on the ground floor," replied Rodin, who had an excellent memory for localities.

"We go up stairs this time to the *mourning-chamber*," replied Samuel.

"What is the *mourning-chamber*?" said Rodin, rather surprised.—"A place of mourning and death," replied the Israelite.

"But why go there, then?" asked Rodin.

"The money is there," replied Samuel.

"The money is there! that is a different thing."

"It is not very high," said Rodin to his secretary;  
"yet my legs are tired. I am quite out of breath, and  
my temples beat heavily."

Cabocchini, contrary to his usual tender manners,  
did not reply; his mind seemed occupied.

"Are we near to it?" inquired Rodin, impatiently.

"Yes; here it is," replied Samuel.

"At last! that is fortunate," said Rodin.

"Very fortunate," replied the Israelite, pointing to  
a door, from which issued a faint light.

Rodin, followed by Cabocchini and Samuel, entered  
a large chamber, which could receive daylight only  
through a square glass turret; but the four sides of  
this species of cupola were covered with sheets of lead,  
each of which was pierced with seven holes, in form  
of a cross—



so that it would have been extremely dark in this  
chamber, had it not been lighted by a lamp. Samuel,  
addressing Rodin, who was wiping the sweat off his  
brow, and looking about him much surprised, but not  
at all intimidated, said, "However whimsical the  
wishes of the testator may appear to you, they are  
sacred to me. I will therefore fulfil all of them, with  
your permission." "That is right enough," replied  
Rodin; "but what have we come here to do?"

"You shall know presently, sir. You are the agent  
of Gabriel de Rennepont—the only heir of the Renne-  
pont family."

"Yes, sir; here are my claims," replied Rodin.

"In order to save time," said Samuel, "I will  
show to you the inventory of the value of the Renne-  
pont inheritance, which is inclosed in that iron casket."

"In this casket?" exclaimed Rodin, making towards it. "Yes, sir," replied Samuel.

The papers were soon examined, and found to be correct.

"Yes; the total is 212,175,000 francs," said Rodin, almost suffocated with joy; his breathing grew difficult, his eyes closed, and he was obliged to lean on Caboccini for support.

"This is singular," said he. "I thought I was proof against such emotions. What I feel is very extraordinary."

While Caboccini was attending to Rodin, Samuel replaced the cheques in the iron casket.

When Rodin had recovered a little, Caboccini's countenance, usually so smiling, now assumed such a firm, stern, dominant expression, that Rodin drew back as he looked at him.

Caboccini then took a paper from his pocket, and read in a sonorous and menacing tone as follows:—"On receiving this rescript, the reverend Father Rodin will resign his authority to the reverend Father Caboccini, who, together with the reverend Father d'Agrigny, will take charge of the Rennepont inheritance. The reverend Father Rodin, moreover, will be conducted to our home at Laval, and there wait in his cell, in perfect solitude, till further orders."

Caboccini offered the rescript to Rodin, in order that he might see their General's signature, but Rodin suddenly burst out into a laugh of triumph, and said, "Of what date is this rescript?"

"The 11th of May," replied Caboccini, quite amazed.

"Here is one I received last night from Rome; it is dated the 18th, and informs me I am made General of the Order. Read it."

Caboccini, after having read it, returned it to Rodin, and respectfully went on his knees before him.

Thus the first aim of Rodin's ambition, in spite of all suspicion and mistrust, was accomplished.

Samuel, who had silently witnessed this scene, also smiled with an air of triumph after closing the casket.

The noise made by the shutting of the casket recalled Rodin from the heights of his unbridled ambition to the realities of life, and he said, addressing Samuel—"You understand these millions are mine—mine only," and he extended his eager hands to take possession before the arrival of the magistrate. But Samuel, crossing his arms on his breast, raised his body, which was bent with age; his eyes sparkled with indignation, and he cried in a solemn voice, "This fortune—at first the wreck of the inheritance of one of the noblest of mankind, whom the plots of the Jesuits drove to commit suicide—this fortune, became a princely one, owing to the probity of three generations of guardians—shall not be the prize of falsehood, hypocrisy, and murder. No, no, God in his everlasting justice will not permit this."

"Why do you speak of murder?" boldly asked Rodin.

Samuel did not reply. He stamped his foot, and pointed to the other end of the apartment. Then Rodin and Cabocchini beheld a fearful spectacle. A curtain was withdrawn by an invisible hand, and there, in a kind of crypt illuminated by the blue funereal light of a silver lamp, reposed six bodies arrayed in long black robes. They were the bodies of Jacques Rennepont, Francis Hardy, Rose and Blanche Simon, and Adrienne and Diolma. They appeared as if they were asleep; their eyelids were closed, and their hands were crossed on their breasts.

Cabocchini shook in every limb, crossed himself, and retreated to the opposite side of the room. Rodin, on the contrary—his features agitated, his eyes fixed, his hair on end, yielding to a sort of irresistible attraction, advanced toward the inanimate bodies. It appeared as if the last of the Renneponts had just expired, for they seemed as if they were in the first hour of their eternal sleep.

"Behold them—those whom you have murdered," resumed Samuel. "Yes, your horrible plots have caused their death. I have possessed myself of their remains

with pious care, for alas ! they must all repose in the same sepulchre. Oh ! curses on you—you who have destroyed them ; but their spoils shall escape from your homicidal hands.”

Rodin now recoiled with horror. For some minutes he shook convulsively, but the first shock over, his invincible energy returned with reflection. Then, passing his hand across his brow, his features assumed an imperious and ironical expression, and, turning to Samuel, he said, “ I need not show you the registry of their deaths, for here they are in person.”

Gaboccini, as afraid as if he had seen a demon, again crossed himself on hearing the reply of his General.

“ Oh God,” said Samuel ; “ thou hast then quite abandoned him.”

“ Come, come, sir,” said Rodin, with a hideous smile ; “ this is enough ; let us to business, for I have an appointment at two o’clock. Give me the casket.”

Samuel pressed heavily on the casket, and said, “ Since your wicked soul is not susceptible of remorse, perhaps baffled cupidity will move you.”

“ What does he say ?” said Rodin.

“ Look,” replied Samuel ; “ I told you their spoils would escape from your hands.” Smoke was seen to rise out of the crevices of the casket, which Rodin appeared to understand. “ Fire !” he cried, rushing to the casket in great alarm.

“ Yes, fire,” said Samuel. “ Better destroyed than in your hands. I have the right to destroy it, for Gabriel de Rennepont will be faithful to his oath.”

“ Water ! help !” cried Rodin, endeavouring in vain to extinguish the flames, which completely destroyed the casket. Rodin, in his desperation, shed tears, but suddenly, acute pain in his chest seized him, which gradually increased in intensity, becoming so excruciating that he fell on his knees, and pressed his hands upon the place where he felt the pain, endeavouring to smile, he said, “ It is nothing ; do not triumph ; only a few spasms ; that is all. The treasure is de-



stroyed, but I am General of the Order, and I ——. Oh! how I suffer; what a furnace!" added he, writhing with agony. "Since I have been in this infernal house, I know not what has ailed me; if I had not been abstemious, living on bread and water, which I purchased myself, I would think that I had taken poison, for I am triumphant, and Cardinal Malipieri has long arms: Yes, I am triumphant; therefore I shall not die." Here he gave a convulsive start. "Fire is consuming me. No doubt they strove to poison me to-day; but where? who? Help! help me! You are both standing like spectres. Help! Help me!"

Cabocchini and Samuel were unable to stir from their terror at the dreadful agony which he exhibited.

"Help!" cried Rodin. "This poison is horrible." Then uttering a fearful yell, he added, "Oh! I remember; Faranghea this morning; the holy water he gave me; he is acquainted with subtle poisons. Yes, yes; he had an interview with Malipieri. Oh! fiend; it is well played, I allow. The race of Borgia does not degenerate. Oh! it is all over. I am dying. They will regret me; the fools. Oh! perdition! No, the church does not know what it has lost; but I am on fire! help!" Dr. Balcinier, followed by the Princess de St. Dizier, now hastily entered the mourning-chamber. The Princess having heard a rumour of the death of d'Agrigny, came to question Rodin on this subject; but when she saw him writhing in agony, she thought of the six dead bodies, among which were those of her niece, and those of the two orphans, whom she had sent to death, she stood petrified; her reason could not sustain the shock. After looking round slowly, she burst into a wild laugh. She was a maniac!

While the doctor held the head of Rodin, who expired in his arms, Faranghea appeared standing in the shadow of the door, and, casting a stern glance on the body of Rodin, he said, "He wished to make himself chief of the Jesuits, that he might destroy them. For me the Order replaces Bohwanie. I have obeyed the Cardinal."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## EPILOGUE—FOUR YEARS LATER.

Four years after the occurrence of the preceding events, Gabriel sent the following letter to the Abbe Joseph Carpentier, curate of the parish of St. Aubin, a small village in Sologne:—

*“ Métrire des Vires. Eaux, 2nd of June, 1836.*

“ I know not, my friend, whether I ever told you how I came to be located here; but thus it was:—On the evening before her death, Mademoiselle de Cardoville placed in my possession a considerable sum of money, saying, ‘ I am threatened with ruin; this however, shall be saved for the poor. Give, give largely, relieve as many as you can. I wish to begin my happiness right royally.’ Well, seeing Dagobert and his wife, my adopted father and mother, the Mayeux and Agricola, reduced to want, I employed a small portion of the sum committed to my care for the relief of the distressed, in purchasing this farm in the name of Dagobert. Yes, my friend, such is the origin of my fortune. You have been with us in the winter nights, and have remarked the charming delicacy and gentleness of the Mayeux, the rare poetical genius of Agricola, the admirable maternal tenderness of his mother, the strong manly sense of his father, and the graceful manners of Angèle. How many long winter nights have we passed together, round a bright cheering fire, reading by turns, or commenting on those few books—always new, imperishable, divine—that warm the heart, and elevate the soul. But think not, my friend, that in the happiness of our family circle, we are forgetful of the welfare of others. No; not a day passes that the poor do not find a place at our table, and a shelter under our roof. But, alas! our means are only moderate, and we must give up all idea of extending social improvement on a large scale. Sometimes when I think of this, I am filled with sorrow. I do not, however, regret having kept my oath, by the renuncia-

tion of my rights to the immense inheritance which fell to me by the death of all my relations. I at last accomplished a great duty, by inducing the guardian of this treasure to reduce it to ashes, rather than let it fall into hands that would have made an execrable use of it. Yet when I think of the magnificent projects of my ancestor for the welfare of humanity; when I remember that it was the intention of my relations to carry them into effect, on coming into possession of the inheritance—my horror and hatred of that infamous Society, whose dark intrigues have caused the failure of those great and glorious plans, know no bounds. Of all these splendid projects what now remains? Seven tombs . . . . . for mine is also made in the mausoleum, which Samuel has caused to be erected on the site of the house in the Rue St. Francis, and of which, ever faithful, he has constituted himself the guardian.

"I have just received your letter. Your bishop then has forbidden you to correspond with me. I am too much incensed to say more in this letter, which, since it is necessary, will be the last. My heart is sad; I now bid you a final adieu.

"GABRIEL DE RENNEPONT."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### REDEMPTION.

It was near the dawn. A faint red streak appeared in the east, but the sparkling stars shone in the blue zenith. A thin light vapour rose from the herbage, which was saturated with night-dew, whilst the approaching dawn was reflected in the clear, tranquil bosom of a large blue lake. Everything announced one of those warm and joyous days in the commencement of summer. About the middle of the valley, on the side facing the east, a thicket of old willows, covered almost with moss and ivy, formed a sort of natural harbour, in which were seated a man and wo-

man, whose white hair, wrinkled visages and stooping forms announced extreme age. And yet the woman was, only lately, young and beautiful, with her long hair waving over her pale brow; and the man, too, was, but a short time ago, in the vigour of life.

"Oh, sister!" said the old man, "how many-times, since the hand of the Lord, centuries ago, launched us on our journey, apart from each other, we have wandered from pole to pole; how often we have witnessed the awakening of nature with incurable sorrow!"

"But oh, what happiness, my brother, the Lord, in his mercy, has at length permitted—glory be to him!—each day that we now live, to bring us nearer to the tomb!"

"Yes, glory be to him, sister; for ever since he, by his will, brought us together yesterday, I have felt that langour which must be the forerunner of death."

"And I feel like you, brother; no doubt our lives are drawing to a close; the anger of the Lord is appeased."

"Alas, sister, the last of my doomed race is, by his approaching death, about to purchase my redemption; for the will of the Lord has at length manifested itself. I shall be pardoned when the last of my descendants have disappeared from the face of the earth; for him—holy amongst the most holy—is reserved the favour of procuring my pardon; he who has done so much for the salvation of his brethren."

"Yes, brother, he who has suffered so much, who has drained the bitter cup without complaint, he, a minister of the Lord, Christ's image on earth, he is to be the instrument of this redemption."

"Yes, yes, sister, I feel your words are prophetic; yes, we shall close our heavy eyes in looking on the dawn of this happy day of deliverance. My tears are tears of pride and joy, for those of my race, who have perhaps died to procure this redemption! holy martyrs, who have been sacrificed by the eternal enemies of mankind; for the wretches who blasphemously call their society by the blessed name of Jesus are the Phari-

sees—the false and worthless priests whom Christ has denounced. Yes, glory to the descendants of my race, who have been immolated by the abettors of slavery and despotism, and the enemies of all enfranchisement of those who suffer and who wish to enjoy a share of that bounty which the Creator intended for the whole human family. Yes, yes, the time is coming—the downfall is near of the Pharisees and false priests, who lend their aid to the merciless selfishness of the strong against the weak, in daring to maintain, in face of the inexhaustible treasures of creation, that God made man for tears, misery, and wretchedness. No, no; he was not made for these; God intended him to be upright, intellectual, free, and happy.”

“Oh! your words are also prophetic, brother; see the dawn of this beautiful day approaches, like the happy moment which will end our earthly career.”

“Sister, I feel as if my frame was dissolving; and my soul seems as if it would ascend to heaven.”

“Brother, my eyes grow dim—I can scarcely see the rosy light, which lately appeared in the east. God be praised! the commencement of our eternal repose draws near.”

“Yes, it approaches, sister; my eyes are closing—we are pardoned!”

“Oh, brother, this redemption will extend to all who suffer on earth.”

“Die in peace, sister—see the sun is rising.”

“God be praised!”

“God be praised!”

And at the moment these two voices ceased for ever. The dazzling sun shone out, and inundated the valley with his rays!

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